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THE BEQUEST OF
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JACK ADAMS,

The Mutineer.

BY

CAPT. FREDERICK CHAMIER, R. N.,

AUTHOR OF "THE SPITFIRE," "TOM BOWLING," "BEN BRACE," "BEN BRADSHAW,"
ETC. ETC. ETC.

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JACK ADAMS.

CHAPTER I.

JACK ADAMS was born in the year 1761, and, according to the general rule whereby good seamen are made, he was in reality born under a gun, and educated in the galley. Never did a better seaman tread the fore-castle of any of His Majesty's ships than the father of the hero of our tale. He stood to his gun when the shot of the Dutchman rattled against the side of the ship. He had been, from a boy to a quartermaster, the pet of the whole crew. He had twice risked his life to save that of his messmate—he had been wounded—he had led the boarders, and was the first on board; and old Adams, the coxswain of the launch, the once captain of the fore-castle, and now quartermaster of the *Renown*, was as true a seaman as ever wore a tail or danced a horn-pipe.

A sailor's life, says one, is a life of woe. He works both late and early; but a sailor's life is one scene of constant exertion and enterprise—one long day of excitement—a span which encircles the world. To him are all countries and all people familiar; and, with the exception of the return to his own land, it is immaterial if he make the tall cocoa-nut tree on the low coast of Sierra Leone; or the mountain of Orizava, the snow-covered peak of which may be seen from the Gulf of Mexico. But the coast of England brings back recollections of home—of youth; and, whatever the ill-natured world may say, of love. Jack may love, and does sometimes love sincerely. Really good seamen, even before the time of Dibden, had quaint ditties in celebration of their mistresses' affection—and they hailed the return to them and their country with the cheers of love and of loyalty.

The *Renown* had anchored at Spithead. The captain had gone on shore to report the arrival of his ship—and the shore-

boats surrounded the new arrival from a foreign station, laden with live cargoes—of what impertinent first lieutenants sometimes call—live lumber.

In those days grog was the liquor of life; and tea, which is now drunk, would have been voted an abomination. A sailor was a rough, uncouth animal, mixing with his apparent savage appearance a certain portion of feminine vanity, which now is reversed in every respect. Firstly, for instance, we will draw the likeness of Jack Adams, the father of our hero, and then give a sketch of a modern sailor of 1838.

Jack was one of King John's men:—very short and very broad. He wore a small round straw hat, which the slightest breeze, one might have supposed, would whisk off the load of hair which formed the maintop of his head. His face was covered with curls; his large bushy whiskers seemed to creep to the corners of his mouth; whilst the upper part, between the temple and the angle of the mouth, was concealed by long ringlets, which many a modern lady might have coveted. From the back of his head fell a tail—a long, thick, stout bundle of hair—carefully parcelled together with black ribbon, having a fly at the end, about as long as the ever-moving appendage to a water-wagtail. On one cheek might always be seen a small hillock of rising flesh, projected from the jaw by the roll of tobacco in his mouth, which was seldom removed, excepting when he used the weed of Virginia in a pipe; it was then carefully put in his pocket, or kept warm in the mouth of his messmate. He wore a rough round jacket which came over his hips. His trousers fitted tight to his person, excepting on the legs—and there they were sufficiently large to have enclosed any other pair of legs. Stockings were not generally used, but when Jack took a cruise on shore he wore them, covering

the end with long-quartered shoes,—the foot part of which was concealed by a large buckle.

In his language he was different from his countrymen. His salutation was, "What cheer, lads?" His height of ideal luxury was a glass of grog—a jolly glass—and a Saturday night at sea.

Of such stuff, rough it is true, were the seamen of England composed. In a line-of-battle ship's crew it would have been difficult to have found four men who could read or write, or six who did not believe all landmen to be unpolished bears, who were destitute of manners because they had never been on board a man-of-war.

In the present day the picture will be more polished. The hair is cut short—the face visible and clean—the hat sufficient in size and glazed, with the ship's name marked in front—a round jacket of good cloth and proper length of trousers made to fit—and always shoes and stockings, the former without buckles, and the latter generally clean. In these days a pipe is not necessary to constitute an able seaman; nor is tobacco in such general use. Grog has given way to tea; and out of a line-of-battle ship's crew, it would be difficult perhaps to find forty who could not read or write. They are distinctly different from those men who swept the seas in appearance—and just as much changed as the rigging of a ship to which they belong is different from the rigging of the *Renown* at the time of the birth of Jack Adams. Only one thing remains the same—that is, the thoughts of seamen. Men thought and spoke much the same in the days of Solomon as in the present day; and hence, with the uncouth animal pictured above, we shall have the same ideas as with the more polished sailor of the present time.

The *Renown* had been absent from Portsmouth about eight months; and Jack, when he welcomed his wife on board, whom he had married in right good earnest, and not under false colors, saw, when she stepped up the companion-ladder, that she had either swallowed a tornado, or that he was in a fair road to being a father. He ran his sleeve across his lips before he kissed the little pouting cherries, and as he said, "What cheer, missus?"—he gave her an overhauling glance, that made her answer—"Very shortly, Jack."

Three days after this tender and conjugal meeting a little curly-pated midshipman, sufficiently poor to be condemned to

do the work for some nobleman's brat who was on the books of the ship, but living on shore, announced to the first lieutenant that another person had entered on board the ship without permission, and formally apprised the commanding officer that Jack Adams' wife was as well as could be expected, after the birth of a fine boy.

"Where is she?" asked the first lieutenant.

"She's between two of the guns, forward on the maindeck," was the answer.

"Tell the carpenter to nail up a piece of canvass, and put her in a screen berth,—and Gallipot, the doctor's mate, to look after her."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the boy; and from that moment Mrs. Adams was sedulously attended, and received all the comforts the *Renown* could supply.

In 1761 ships were not refitted with the wonderful activity and despatch of the present day;—a refit, however trivial, occupied some weeks; and before the *Renown* was ready for sea, Jack Adams, seeing his wife sufficiently restored to health, asked leave of the first lieutenant to go on shore to make a Christian of his baby; and Mrs. Adams, with the little creature wrapped carefully up, not even his nose visible, was handed over the side, accompanied by Jack and four of his messmates, all of whom were on the liberty list for twenty-four hours, with full permission to come on board as drunk as owls at the expiration of that time. There was no want of money, and if there had been, some kind hearted Jew would have advanced it upon good security as to prize-money. Moses was ever on the alert to accommodate a tar when the security was good, and he was sure of making at least one hundred per cent.

On arriving on shore Jack carried the baby, as he called his fat child, and consoled the infant with much affection, as the poor little thing kept crying and bellowing from the uncomfortable position in which it was placed in the unaccustomed arms of its father.

"There," said Jack, "don't make such a thundering row about nothing. They'll make you a Christian in the turn of a capstan; and then, if you die, your soul will go aloft, and your carcass into a churchyard. One would suppose from this eternal squeak, you thought they were going to make a Turk of you."

Little Jack certainly did make a howl, which might have been heard the length of Common Hard at low water.

"I say," continued the father, as he ad-

dressed his wife—"this here little one will make more noise in the world than half a dozen trumpeters with all their breath and their brass. I should not wonder if he was to be a king or a commander-in-chief, and I see very little difference between them."

"I think," said Mrs. Adams, who certainly had not sprung even from the middle class of society, "that you will be drunk before either of these two things comes to pass."

"That you may safely depend on," said Jack; "for this night I'll be just as glorious as a lord; so come along, messmates, let's steer for the Blue Anchor, and moor ourselves in a stream of grog strong enough to float both cables. Take the child, Mary, and put it to sleep, and then come and let's settle what it's to be called; and get the clerk to give the parson a hail that he'll be wanted to-morrow. You know all about these things, and here we shall be, I'll be bound, until you return, even if it should not be until dark. But avast parting company, Moll—you must set yourself up for the christening like a quartermaster's wife—a new suit of rigging—a regular shift of sails."

"Shift of sails, indeed!" interrupted the indignant lady, who forthwith departed to lodge the treasure with any other woman who cared not to be disturbed by an infant's melodious scream after a truant and not very affectionate mother.

Sailors in days past went on shore purposely to get drunk; and we should do them a considerable wrong if we said that they ever balked themselves of their intentions. Money was no object—rum was. From the time any of the brave defenders of the country landed, until they were carried on board, they never so far forgot the object of their cruise on shore as to be seen sober. It would have been a total violation of all rules, regulations, and intentions; and sailors, being men accustomed to regularity, did not break down that barrier. Old Jack, who was as steady as a parson on board, was generally quite the reverse on shore. As he and his messmates got round the table, and before they became confused, the conversation was chiefly about the ceremony—not one of the present company ever having witnessed it. Jack said it was requisite to get the lesson by heart, or he might make a mistake; so he called the landlady, and after begging her to be seated, and offering her a glass of her own liquor, he sounded the ground as follows:

"I say, ma'am, can you tell us what the parson does when he makes a babby a Christian man?"

"Ay, that I can, Mr. Adams, for I've had eight of my own regularly done."

"Well, let's hear all about it, that's a good woman—so fill your glass again; people are always thirsty before they go to church."

"Why, Mr. Adams," said the landlady, by no means evading the order, "in the first place you must get two sponsors."

"Sponsors!" said Jack—"what the devil is that?"

"You must get," resumed the landlady, with a smile, "two persons to take all the child's sins upon themselves until he's old enough to know right from wrong—and who must bind themselves to teach him the vulgar tongue."

"I don't know," said Jack, shaking his head, "any two persons, as you call them, quite such fools as that comes to; but as to the vulgar tongue, here's Tom, Robinson here, who could teach the crew of a gun-brig more than they ever knew—and I'll back him to finish off my son's education four months after the boy can say papa."

"No fear about that," said Tom; "I'll undertake to make him as great a black-guard as the parson can wish—and as for his sins, Jack, I'm not over nice upon that business, because, you see, by the same rule, somebody besides myself must be booked up for my own. So, as far as I can volunteer in this service, I'll stand vulgar-master, and sin-holder, or anything else for an old messmate, rather than he should run up and down the streets looking out for such people."

"That's a good fellow, Tom," said Jack, filling his glass.

"Well," said Sam Sampson, "I never yet was backward in volunteering for any desperate service in this world—so you may clap me down for an oar in the same boat with Tom, and if we don't feather our oars properly, we can but catch a crab."

"I don't think you'll have any thing of that kind to do," said the lady; "at least I never had when my children were christened. I only carried the child to church—the parson took it out of my arms, and, after dipping his finger into some water, he made a cross upon the child's forehead, and gave it me back again."

"Yes, yes," said Adams, interrupting the lady, "that in course, ma'am, as your child was not born on board a man-of-war; but a sailor, you know, never gets

crossed with fresh water, and in consequence the gentleman can't have any objection to a little rum in it."

"I should think, Mr. Adams, very strong."

"Oh, ma'am, as to that, he may have it as strong as he likes—but I'm not going to have my boy made a fresh water sailor of—he was born on board a ship, and he shall be served as a seaman."

"You mistake me, Mr. Adams—the clergyman would not allow any such thing; and, besides, you must pay him and the clerk something."

"If I do, may I be—you know what, ma'am. No, young Adams shall never give a parson a bounty for giving him a name—if that's the case, he shan't put his foot inside the church—I'll christen him myself. Tom shall have the finishing of his tongue, Sam shall be Sampson's post, and carry his sins, and I'll make a regular sailor of him, or I'm mistaken. So, whilst we are all sober, we'll make a Christian of him, and after that we'll drink long life to the youngster, and a good conscience to keep him clear of the shoals and rocks of life, and all the eddies and whirlpools of man's existence. I'm blessed if I don't think I could twist just as good a yarn about all that kind of thing as any man in a black jacket."

At this moment Mrs. Adams returned with the child. All her friends were out holiday making, and none could be found willing to be bored by the young gentleman; so she brought him back, as she wanted to drink his health, and be present at the council, when his name should be decided upon. She was told of the father's resolution, and loudly applauded it; and as the frolics would begin when the ceremony was concluded, it was resolved forthwith to proceed to operations.

"Now, ma'am," said Adams, "you must get us a wash-hand basin, full to the brim, of half-and-half—he shan't be christened in three-water grog—and you shall just tell us how we are to set about it—for if we douse him neck and crop in the basin, half the grog will run over, and the other half get down the child's mouth, or into its eyes. Give him to me, my love," said Adams, "and let's see how it will look with a bit of tobacco in its cheek."

"You'll kill the child, Jack," said the mother, "if you stuff its mouth full of tobacco."

"A vast there, Mary," said Jack, "you women are always talking about what you don't understand. There's Sam there was born with a swelling on his cheek

exactly like what his father had, and there's no doubt in the universal world but that the first word he ever uttered was grog, and that showed him to be one of the chips from the old block—for his father went round the fleet for stealing tobacco, and was married to the gunner's daughter, before he was fourteen, for being drunk. I tell you, Mary, if this boy does not like the quid, I shall begin to count up how many days we have been at sea. There!" said Jack, as he jammed a piece of the weed between the toothless jaws of his child—"there's a dear! Blow me, Tom, if he does not suck it like a monkey with a piece of sugar-cane. Now, missus, what are we to do?"

"Any thing you like, Mr. Adams; but I've told you what you are to do, and you must ask your friends here if they will be sponsors."

"To be sure we will," said both the messmates, whilst the other two volunteered to stand half the chance of the burthen of sins likely to be imposed upon the first speakers.

"Well, Tom, will you edify the boy according to your wonderful talent?"

"There's not a word of doubt about it," replied Tom.

"Sam," said Adams, "will you carry his cargo of sins until he's old enough to unload his ship himself?"

"Ay, ay, Jack; and if the weight of his, added to my own, swamps us both, why, Davy Jones will have more in his locker than could swim in the basin."

"Now, then, my lads, you all bear witness to this"—and he dipped his hand into the basin, and making a cross on the child's forehead, said, "This is Jack Adams—born on board a ship—a servant of the king's (God bless him!)—to be a true, good, and loyal subject and sailor, never to lower his flag to an enemy, or ever rise up against his friend—never to desert from his country, or mutiny against his captain."

At this moment the child was taken violently sick, and he was carried away: but not before his tender-hearted father had poured a little of the grog down its throat, and Sam had signed and sealed it by puffing a mouthful of smoke in the poor creature's face.

Thus was Adams christened. The party who had contributed to forward this laudable undertaking, each placed their greedy lips to the bowl, and taking it by turns, drank eagerly until not a drop remained. Three cheers were given for young Jack Adams—the fiddler was

called in—a few more *ladies* joined the party—and before midnight all hands were dead drunk.

CHAPTER II.

OLD Adams and his companions returned on board their ship at the expiration of their leave, and it required some few hours of quiet before they were fit to answer muster. They had kept up the evening of the christening with very great glee. They had managed to get an advance of prize-money from a Jew, who calculated upon doubling the loan, and Adams had decorated his wife with an imitation coral necklace, and three or four rings made of brass and glass, but sold for gold and pearls. The happy father, after having made his messmates a present each of a watch, bought two for himself, with chains about a yard long, kept straight by a bunch of seals which would have been sufficient for the use of seventeen clerks at a public board—for they all had the same device, which was a head with a laurel round it.

Mrs. Adams was well provided for in the liberal moments of her husband; and as for the child, it was covered with all the showy ribbons of Portsmouth, and was carried to the boat by its amiable sponsors, who were barely able to walk in unison, in a cradle decorated with divers pieces of the same colors, mostly blue and red, with which the cap of young Jack Adams was covered.

No sooner was the brat on board than about a dozen hairy nurses volunteered to sing the child to sleep, and they succeeded every bit as well as the most adroit maid, who, in more mellifluous accents, warbles out "Hush-a-by baby upon the tree top," or any other nursery nonsense early dinned into the ears of young people.

There is a vast deal of tenderness about the roughest tars: cruelty is unknown to them. They are, one and all, excessively partial to children; and, certainly, a much more ludicrous sight could not, in these days, be imagined, than that of a sailor of the old school rocking a baby to sleep, between two guns on the main deck, ever and anon singing some description of a fight at sea, and consoling the unwilling sleeper by a small administration of tobacco. The poor little thing seems in imminent danger, when dangled by such

apparently awkward nurses; but their large hands are placed gently about the child, and they give it the rolling motion of the ship with the most somniferous effect.

The refit of the *Renown* being finished, she was ordered to sea, and, as in those days, one or two women were always permitted on board, the application of old Adams was not refused, and he, his wife and his child, took a cruise in the Channel.

In this manner, and without anything to mark the time, worth recording, ten years passed away; during which period the captain's clerk, who took a fancy to young Adams, taught him to read and write; accomplishments so rare in those days, that every one so instructed was sure to be reckoned a dangerous man, and was designated, out of compliment to the craft on shore, "sea lawyers."

Young Adams was about nine years of age when he saw his father drowned. It was but a moment's pain as to the sight. It occurred during a heavy squall. Adams was on the mainyard, refitting the mainsail—the weather brace was well in and secured—but as the ship fell off, the wind caught the sail and blew it over the lee yardarm. Adams, who was there, for it is the most dangerous situation, was at that time reaching over for the point—he was thrown from his situation and fell overboard. He who had saved others, found no one to save him. The sea was running high—the ship was fast drifting to leeward—the gallant old fellow strove his utmost to contend against his fate—but each exertion for his life grew fainter and fainter. Those who watched him waved their hats to cheer him—great exertions were made to lower the quarter-boat, and the brave fellows who did their utmost to reach their old friend and shipmate, only succeeded in saving his hat—the body of old John Adams having sunk to rise no more. There was a report, when the hat was seen taken into the boat, that the man was saved; but brief, indeed, was the hope which the report inspired. The boat was shortly alongside, and the long countenances of the almost exhausted crew gave the lie to hope. Adams was drowned—his widow and his child saw the last struggle of the husband and the father; and many of that ship's crew joined in lamentations which neither the widow nor young Adams could control.

The boy felt the loss of his parent very severely, and it was evident that although one of the sponsors had faithfully fulfilled his trust, as far as the vulgar tongue was

concerned, he had not been able to alter the natural affection of the boy, who had burst into a flood of tears when the boat's crew announced that old Jack Adams was no more.

On the return of the *Renown* into harbor, the widow was sent on shore; the officers of the ship each contributed a little to place her in comfortable quarters; and thus Adams, bereft of both parents at the early age of nine years, was left to fight his way through life, with advantages arising from an inferior education, which placed him above his companions of the same age. At the same time, he experienced all the mortifications arising from the envy and jealousy of his shipmates, who, in those times, detested any man or boy who could, by reading and writing, be independent of the rest, and do as a favor (such as writing his shipmates' letters) what others did for grog or money.

John Adams was not so young as to pass unnoticed the results of successful opposition, as had been exemplified during the time of his initiation in seamanship, in the independence of America. Adams had been present at many gallant enterprises, nor was he too young to record, in his memory, that his own namesake was one of those who signed the spirited petition to the king, on the 5th of September, 1774, and which ultimately led to American independence. When this petition was circulated, Adams was the lad who read it to the little assemblies of the ship's companies, and when he came to that part which noticed that the petitioners had been treated more like slaves than freemen—their money taken from them without their consent, their trade arbitrarily restricted, the provincial assemblies frequently debarred from meeting, the rights granted by charter invaded, and a despotic power apparently established, his voice rose as he read the declaration of rights, preceded by a detail of grievances, his eyes flashed fire, and he struck his hand against the combings of the fore hatchway, as he said—"And right, too—who would be trod upon?"

"I say, young fire-eater," said Sampson, "what's the meaning of all those words you have been spinning together into a yarn, for I'm blessed if I understand that language, and it's none of that I ever taught you. Put it into English, that's a good fellow, for I hear nothing but war with America, and I don't understand how we can go to war with our own selves like. Why, we are all one nation, as it were, on board this ship; the

captain's the king, the lieutenants are the people who see the duty done and give the orders, and all the rest of us do as we are bid. Now, how the devil could we go to war one with the other?"

"Why, by a mutiny, to be sure," replied the boy. "Then the marines would fire upon us, and we upon them—the captain would take one side, and —"

"Hush! youngster," said Sam, his hair getting right out of curl from fright—"damn it, do you know what you are talking about? why, the very word is enough to get the yard-ropes rove. I never heard tell of a mutiny that did not end in death and destruction. Never, boy, mention the word—it's a kind of an upstart that never did well in this world—and as sure as those Yankees have spouted all those long words to the king, so surely he'll hang them all without benefit of clergy, as they say in the sentences."

"Ay, ay, Sam," said the boy, "that's all mighty fine for us to talk about, who are comfortable and snug; but, for them on shore, who talk about rights and liberties, it's another affair. If I was amongst them, blow me if I would not do my best to keep my own."

"I tell you, Master Adams, you are a foolish young monkey even to say so if you thought so; but there's nothing in the universal world that ought to make men mutiny against their king—God bless him! If they are badly used, let them bring their officers to a court martial, but don't take to mutiny. Lord love you, boy, the very word makes me sick, and I'm blessed if I think all the allowance of grog from our mess would take away the feeling. Why, it's in the Articles of War, which are read to us every month, that any man guilty of mutiny shall be hanged—why, it's as bad as murder, for the punishment's the same—and I'm blessed if you don't sit there on your starn talking about it just as coolly as if there was no danger of its setting fire to the magazine."

"Well, Sam, don't be in a rage about it—we can place it in another view."

"Not a bit of it, Jack—I've seen quite enough, and I won't see any more—it's just as foolish as if the water in the grog-tub should try to swamp the rum. I tell you the rum's the strongest, and you must have a taste of it."

"Not exactly so," said Adams, as he got up; "for if you put water enough, you will kill the rum, let it be ever so strong."

"Stop, boy," said Sampson; "when you were christened, and your father declared you to be a lad that, in after life, never would rise against his captain, you turned sick. Here, listen to me. I have not got book-learning as you have, nor can I make out how a number of scratches and marks upon paper make words; but I can hear what is said, and I have a skull, over all, able to see what's right and what's wrong. I tell you that no country, and no ship, can go on well and orderly without discipline. If every one of us was to call out 'Mainsail haul' in tacking ship, I don't think any two out of the four hundred would say the word at the same time, and then every thing would go wrong. But where one commands, and all the rest obey, then every thing works well, and the ship is kept out of danger and difficulty. You are a good lad—a forward lad—a generous lad—and as brave a boy as your father was a man; but don't you get into the sea attorney's ship, or you will get into difficulties—the cat will come scratching your back—you will get discontented—and then the Lord only knows what will become of my godson. Learn to believe that those above us know more about their own business than we do. They are put there because they have been found qualified for the duty, and we have entered into service (to be sure, some of us without being asked), and have got the Articles of War and the ship's orders for our guide. There, don't look so cursed sulky—its my duty to teach you yours—and so away with you aloft—for there's hands, reef top-sails."

Jack Adams was ripening fast into a seaman. He was now in the mizen-top—one of the most active of the lads aloft—a great favorite with the crew—always ready to assist them in reading the letters they received—and whenever a newspaper got amongst the men, Adams was placed in the centre of the circle, and read aloud, with all the gravity of a Methodist parson, every word concerning the American war—a subject which was near the hearts of those who calculated prize-money, and who never liked to enter the harbor without having some expectation from the Jews.

Whenever the youngsters proposed to play at "sling the monkey," Adams would call out, "I'll be the first monkey, but you must catch me first." As he said this, away he would scud aloft, with half the boys in the ship in chase of him—up to the fore-top-masthead—down by the

backstay—away to the main-top-mast-head—down the main-topmast stay into the fore-top—up and down like a bucket in a well,—and no one could catch him.

Jack had never been out of the ship, except to be christened, since he was born. The ship was to him a house, with every part of which he was familiar, and he never expressed a wish to go on shore; and if he had, it was a thousand to one but it would not have been gratified. For his mother he retained a fond affection, and whenever a cutter brought out the admiral's linen, or some fish or eggs, and her commander had kindly volunteered to take the different ships' letters, Adams always received one, and always answered it. His pay, small as it was, was given, every penny of it, to his mother; and as far as his sponsors could judge, little Jack promised as fairly to be one day a quartermaster, or a warrant officer, as any man fore and aft the deck. But Jack gained golden opinions from his shipmates, from the following circumstance:—The *Renown* was in the Bay of Biscay, going merrily before the wind, at about the rate of seven knots an hour. She was under a good deal of canvas, steering to the southward. It was during the morning watch. The decks had been cleaned, and between the last swabbing and the flemishing of the ropes down, a great number of porpoises were seen rolling about alongside, and sporting ahead of the ship, with as much apparent facility as if the ship were at anchor. The boatswain was soon seen with a harpoon—for the sea-pig is a savory morsel; its fry is exactly similar to that of your grunTERS on shore; whilst a pie made of the meat might be mistaken (barring a little taste of oil) for a pork pastry of undoubted character.

The captain of the fore-castle had got a pair of grains, and whenever the unfortunate porpoise rolled within reach, smack went harpoon and grains at him. The end of the line which secured the harpoon was made fast to the sprit-sail yard; and one of the midshipmen, who was much excited by this, to him, novel mode of fishery, was seated close to the line, his legs hanging dangling over the sea, whilst he secured himself by holding on to the spritsail brace. The boatswain, seeing the fish approach, got ready for a tremendous heave. The youngster, impatient to contribute to its capture, held the line about a fathom from the end, which was secured as before mentioned. The fish came rolling carelessly along—away went

the harpoon—the eager youngster loosened his hold of the brace—the aim was good—the frightened and wounded fish darted forward with the barbed iron sticking in him. The midshipman grasped tighter hold of the line—the fish gave a sudden start—and the youngster was dragged overboard.

Luckily he had been seated at the yard-arm, or the ship would have passed over him. The cry was, instantly, "A man overboard—a man overboard!"—and as the officer of the watch gave the order to round the ship to, he jumped upon the poop, and saw the youngster struggling in the water.

A few hands instantly got into the quarter-boat, when another cry was raised, that another man was overboard. Every man was on deck in a minute; for a sailor needs no boatswain's whistle when a shipmate is in danger; and as Sampson got on deck he heard, "It's young Adams with the grating."

Jack had seen the accident, and with wonderful presence of mind, knowing he could not save his officer unassisted, he seized one of the gratings which cover the waist, and, throwing it overboard, jumped after it himself. He swam well; but he was but a boy, struggling in the Atlantic. He reached the grating, and pushing it before him, directed it towards the midshipman, who, unable to maintain himself much longer above water, was gradually striking out quicker, as despair took possession of him. He was nearly exhausted when Adams arrived with the grating. With impatient hand he seized this timely succor, and nearly rendered it unavailing from want of common caution. Adams turned upon his back and floated, cheering the midshipman on by telling him to place the grating under his belly, and warning him to lie quiet upon it. The human voice, at such a moment, was as welcome as the grating. The youngster, finding another near him, did as he was desired, and in this position both were found, and saved by the boat.

Loud was the praise bestowed upon Adams. Sampson caught him in his arms as he clambered up the side—each man seemed anxious to place his hand upon him—his officers applauded him—his messmates and shipmates cheered him.

The midshipman he had saved was not a niggard of his liberality. He offered him money. Adams refused it but mentioned his mother. The youngster wrote home to his parent, and when the next letter arrived, Mrs. Adams mentioned her

being in better circumstances, with an ample provision settled on her for life.

CHAPTER III.

In 1783 peace was proclaimed with France. The American war had ceased, and once again a repose was promised to the world. Lord Keppel was, at this time, First Lord of the Admiralty; and if his opinions had swayed the cabinet, the seamen afloat would not have been paid off in the number they were. Lord Keppel was the sailor's friend; for he was for a continuation of the war. He stated, that at the moment of the cessation of hostilities, England had one hundred sail of the line fit for active service, while the fleets of France, Spain and Holland united, could not have mustered more than one hundred and sixty sail. He paid our navy the compliment of declaring this superiority of numbers a disparity of force; and because Mr. Pitt would not consent to a further extravagance, and a greater and more copious bleeding of the sailors, Lord Keppel resigned his office. But his Lordship, like many other folks, was glad enough to get back again, and to displace Lord Howe, who had enjoyed the command of his Majesty's fleet for a few months.

In the mean time, whilst these high dignitaries were quarreling for places, and disregarding the interests of the nation, the *Renown*, amongst other ships placed in ordinary, was paid off; and John Adams, who had been a stranger to the shore, found himself under the comfortable roof of his mother; which roof his own intrepidity and courage had placed over head.

Jack was now twenty-two years of age, and a fine specimen of his Majesty's navy. His roll as he walked was decisive of his profession; and had he been rigged out in all the honors of a shoregoing gentleman, any man who had resided at Tower Hill, to entrap the unwary into service, would have known Jack as fish for his net a mile off. But Jack could not be idle, so he took ship and made several voyages to the West Indies; and here it was that he began to think that the discipline of his Majesty's navy was rather more severe than that of the merchant service; although he was frequently heard to say, that the good man did all the work in the

latter, whilst in the former every one placed his shoulder to the wheel.

"If ever I get back again," said Jack, every time he went out, "I'll get on board a man-of-war, although it is peace, and the pay not so good; for in these puddling cargo ships, everything's at top and no thing at hand. It takes more time to find a spare topsail than it does to find it, fit it and bend it on board a man-of-war. And then, every man has some time to himself; whereas, I'm blessed if a squall of wind comes, not strong enough to blow a curl of hair over one's cheek, it's hands aloft, and there they may stay until midnight. I tell you, shipmates, we want discipline here. I'm all for subordination, all for regularity, and none of your 'Jack's as good as his master,' as it is here. When we get up the river again, I'll go to my mother's, at Deptford, and there I'll stick until I can get a ship."

This time Jack was true to his word. It was the beginning of the year 1787 when he left the merchant service, and was welcomed by his old mother, who was now going fast towards the end of all flesh.

"Don't leave me again, Jack," she said; "I can't last more than a year, and I have put by enough for you to spend during my life; and when I am gone, you must shift for yourself as you have done, before, and found enough to give to your mother besides."

"Well, mother, as I know the time must come," said Jack, "when we must all fit foreign and get our sailing orders from aloft—and as I think you are riding at a short stay peak, with no cable on board to veer if you dragged your anchor—I will stay and read to you, and take care of you; for you never said an angry word to me, but always used me well and kindly, from the day you dipped me into the grog-bowl and christened me, till poor father was drowned and you sent out of the ship. So I'll do as I say—I'll stand by you until your orders arrive—and comfort you, if I can, as long as you last."

"That's a good lad," replied the old woman; "and the Lord bless you for it. You have always been a good lad, and Sampson says you always obeyed your officers, and was a favorite with them; and that is much better than doing what you ought not to do, and getting flogged like a boy. Lord, Jack! I always think that's such a disgrace to a man, that I wonder they don't jump overboard rather than catch it."

"It's all custom, mother,—there's some

men who don't mind it a bit—but others who have died rather than receive a lash."

"Thank God, Jack, you never have been so disgraced—and I shall at any rate die before that *can* happen. But you know your duty well, and you will one day rise to rule others; and my blessing go with you wherever you are."

The old woman lingered on up May hill, and went down to the November flat, when she died. Jack did his duty faithfully by her, and at her death made known the event to the mother of the midshipman upon whose bounty Mrs. Adams had so long subsisted. In the letter which constituted the answer to Jack's announcement he found a twenty pound note; and two days afterwards the midshipman, now a lieutenant, came down to Deptford, shook hands with the man who had saved his life, ordered him a regular fit-out of all things he wanted, and offered to serve him in any way."

"Why, your honor," said Adams, as he rubbed his sleeve across his eyes, "I hardly know what I want. I'm all adrift in the world now, and have no compass to steer by. The old lady had saved some money, and I have more of that than I know what to do with. As to marriage, that won't do for me. I love the women in course—every sailor does that—but I must get some more active life than steering through the streets, and navigating into public-houses."

"Well, Adams, I'll cast about for you, and see what I can do. A seaman like you should be ever employed; for you are a credit to the navy. Have you no ships fitting out in the river?"

"None, Sir, but an old merchantman which the merchants and planters of the West Indies have asked his Majesty to buy, in order to go to the South Sea, to bring back some bread which grows on trees, without any bakers to knead it."

"Well, Adams," said the lieutenant, smiling, "what say you to that?—you will see more of the world. It's a dead peace, and likely to remain so; and of all things, I should think, for an active mind like yours a voyage of discovery would be the best thing. When you come back, if I'm afloat I'll manage to look out for you, and as long as I hold the life you saved for me, so long will I be a true friend to you."

"God bless you, sir," said Adams. "I have been looking at that old hulk they are making into a man-of-war, and longed to go in her; but I thought you would not approve of it. I dare say, sir, if you

were to step on board, they would take me; for they have been looking out for volunteers, and I hope my character would be a passport."

"Come along with me," said the lieutenant; and a quarter of an hour from that time Adams was entered as a seaman on board the *Bounty*, and was on shore again packing up his traps, to return the following morning. He had parted company with the lieutenant, who offered him more money, but which Adams refused.

"Well, well," said the officer, "I shall consider this as belonging to you, and I shall on my return buy one hundred pounds stock for you, and place it in your name. As long as you are away, it shall accumulate for you. I will take care to have a power of attorney sent you to sign. My bankers will regularly invest the interest of it; and if a rainy day should come, why, you can always start afresh with this sum. And mind, Adams, whenever you return, to write to me; and when abroad, if you have any opportunity, you may send me a letter. I will bear you in mind—and now good-by." You are going a long voyage. I need not tell you to be obedient to your officers, and kind to those around you. No lad yet ever had a better disposition; and don't let that disposition be soured by any trifling mishap. Do your duty wherever you may be placed, and you will find a friend in Mr. Christian, to whom I have strongly recommended you. I will also write to Mr. Bligh, who is to command the *Bounty*, and I do not despair of finding you a petty officer on your return. So once more good-by, and do not forget me."

Adams watched the generous fellow as he departed, and could not check a tear or two which started from his eyes, and ran down his face. He stood staring at the corner round which the lieutenant had turned, quite insensible to other objects, until he was started from his reverie by a tap on the back which would have nearly felled a bullock, of his old sponsor, Sam Sampson.

"Hulloa, shipmate!" he began—"are you wool-gathering here?—what cheer, messmate? why, you look as if you had been squeezing a lemon, and some of the juice got into your eyes—can't you speak?"

Adams held out his hand, and taking Sampson to a public house, called for some porter, and having taken a very refreshing draught, he began—

"Sam, I'm going for a long cruise in that bread-ship, the *Bounty*. I entered

about an hour ago, and I have just parted company with Mr. Barlow, whose life I saved, if you remember, when the porpoise hauled him overboard. He has fitted me out from stem to stern—from clew to earing. His mother has sent me down twenty pounds, and he has put one hundred pounds in the stocks for me."

"My eyes, Jack!" interrupted Sam—"what could he have put the money in the stocks for? I was there myself about a month ago, and they clapped my legs in limbo—but I did not see any place for money—and if I may guess from the people who get stuck there every now and then, I think you would find a Flemish account for your riches in a fortnight's time."

"I don't rightly comprehend that matter myself, Sam—but all I know is, he said that if my money was put in the stocks it would increase, and I could get it when I wanted it."

"Ay, ay," said Sam, "I have it—that's what they call in the country—being *pounded*. When do you sail?"

"I can't say, because we are not ready for sea. Bless you, they are making a ship of her with a vengeance. They are making as many partitions and cabins as Noah had in the ark. There's a man on board they call Sir Joseph Banks. He is taking as much care of the craft as if he was going in her. He has been out once to the place we are going to—and if I can understand right, we are to bring back some trees from some out-of-the-way place where the bread grows ready baked on them—to the West Indies."

"Whew!" went Sam—"you are going on a precious cruise!—I suppose you'll find some rum growing in bottles. If you do, bring us home a neck or two to plant in this ere country. I know well enough they get some stuff out of trees in the Eastern Indies they call toddy, and I dare say, where you are going, you'll find it ready bottled."

"Well, Sam, before we part, I should like to share my prize-money with you. Here's some of the Abram Newlands. I can't spend them if I would, and they'll be worn out before I come back again—and you may be sure I shall take all my sins on my own shoulders now, and start for a cruise which will keep me out of the way of it for some months, without that old ship turns the turtle with us—for you must allow an uglier craft never swam on the river."

"How large is she, Jack?"

"She is two hundred and fifty tons,

Sam, and her complement is made up thus:—One lieutenant, who commands her, named Bligh—a precious boy, they say—all smirks and smiles when he talks to the great men who come down to see the ship—and all growls and curses when he speaks to any of the crew. There is a master—three warrants in course—two master's mates, two midshipmen, and thirty-four before the mast. So we muster forty-four in all. But we have got some passengers—gardeners and such like—to look after the trees. I expect the duty will be easy; for we are to make a trading voyage of it, and therefore we shan't exercise reefing and tacking until it is necessary to do so in earnest. Can't you come too, Sam?"

"Not I—I never like your hermaphrodite craft—neither one thing nor the other—neither man-of-war nor merchantman. I'm all for the reg'lar business—hands ahoy at daylight, and pipe down at sunset. Besides, I am getting too old and crazy in the hull to go looking after loaves of bread growing on trees. Curse me if I shouldn't just as soon think of going to China to look for a port-admiral for Portsmouth. But for you it's all right enough. You are young and healthy—without a wife or child—or a mother or a father—and you are better there since Mr. Barlow has placed you there, than any where else. So let's have a jollification to-night, and I'll see you on board to-morrow, and give you a hail until you start. But I won't have your money. Get it changed into dollars, and keep it warm at the bottom of your chest. You must stop somewhere occasionally, and I've never found the place where a dollar would not be of service."

"Well then, Sam, let me stand fire to-night, as I have got the money, and I'll buy a dress and some blue ribbands for ma'am, your missus, and that will set us all right. And now that I sail without my pilot—for, Sam, you have always kept me straight—I must remember the advice you gave me, and act up to it."

"Advice," said Sam, "is never wanted for men—it's a good thing for boys. Take my advice—I used to say to some of the young ones—and don't drink my grog—or if you do I'll make you jump the rope's end hornpipe. Take my advice, says the officer, and don't go to sleep when its your look-out, or I'll clap you in the report. But for a man who knows his duty it's no use whatever, because he knows, if he neglects it, he'll be flogged—if he get's drunk, he'll be made acquaint-

ed with the boatswain mate's right arm—if he's quarrelsome he'll catch it again—if he strikes a petty officer, he'll have it to a certainty—and if he mutinies he'll be hung. So it's all as plain as the port-holes of a line of battle-ship. But bless you, Jack, don't forget those necks of the bottles, if you should find any rum growing like the bread. It's much better work, while bringing home the stuff to splice the main brace with, than lugging about soft tack which we can always buy of the bum-boat women."

"Are you going to sea again, Sam?" asked Adams.

"If ever our blessed governors do what is right and go to war, then in course I am afloat next day. I go out now with the fishermen from Queensborough, and I dredge for oysters; but it's plaguy bad work—it's cold, wet, and miserable—all night dragging and hauling, with little amusement and no comfort. I tried the collier line; but I got so black in the face, that one night when I came home missus took me for the devil, and swore I had horns on my head. So since that I've washed my face and staid at home, by way of avoiding such mistakes in future. But for the love of me I hardly know what I shall do now—for I'm getting rather crazy about the hull—and when the war does come, I shall do for nothing better than ship's cook or loblolly boy. But come along—it's dark as pitch—and I have not the heart to get drunk when I am to part company with you to-morrow. Adams, here's my hand. As sure as ever you live to come back, and I'm alive when you land, I'll find you out, and drink another glass with you—so good night. We came up the river in our boat, and we start again about this time. I shall be backwards and forwards before you sail."

Adams, when he parted from his old shipmate, returned to his mother's old abode. He had paid up the rent, and given notice that he was about to leave. He rummaged every hole and corner—collected every article he could find, and stowed whatever could be useful in the chest which Mr. Barlow had ordered for him. A cold creeping fear came over him as the night advanced—the light burned more dimly, and the fire grew dead in the grate. No mother's voice, weak and wavering though it was, cheered the poor fellow. His last stay which held him to life was gone; and the next morning was to see him on board a ship bound far, far away. In vain he tried to sing

some old song to cheer him in his desolation. The idea rather occurred to him, that it would be better to live with others in poverty than to linger out life by oneself. He watched with impatience for the dawn of day, and hardly closed his eyes during the night. At last it came. Adams heeded not the drizzling rain, which seemed but a dismal foreboding of his future happiness; but with a wish to do something, and be of service, he got his traps into a boat, and by eight o'clock was alongside of, and an entered seaman on board the *Bounty*.

CHAPTER IV.

It is well known to most readers, even of romance, that in the year 1769 Cook was sent to the South Seas, having on board his ship Mr. Charles Green, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus over the sun's disc; which was to occur in the year above mentioned. Various islands were named by the Royal Society as the best places for making the observation; but at the suggestion of Captain Wallis, who had just returned from his expedition, Otaheite, or Tahiti, was recommended as the best position. This island had been discovered in 1606 by Fernandez de Quiros, and he had named it *La Sagittaria*. Captain Wallis laid claim to the discovery of this island, to which he was in no manner entitled, and re-christened it as *King George's Island*; but as there was a difference of some few miles of latitude, and a degree and a half of longitude, between *Sagittaria* as mentioned by Quiros, and *King George's Island* as mentioned by Wallis, and as ultimately they, or it, turned out to be one and the same island, the South American travelling sponsors were both disregarded, the pagan godfather was replaced in authority, and the child was called Tahiti—its original name from time immemorial.

The object of the above voyage was the increase of knowledge by new discoveries, and an advancement in the sciences of natural history and geography. No reciprocity of trade was contemplated; for the islanders had no gold to purchase merchandize, and no staple commodity worth shipping to England. The voyage was contemplated solely with a view of observing the transit of Venus; and the application for a ship of war was made by

the Royal Society, in 1768, to convey Mr. Alexander Dalrymple for the above purpose.

Now, however, another object was in view. The merchants connected with the West Indies, and resident in London, conceived that much benefit would arise to the inhabitants of the islands, if the bread-fruit tree could be conveyed from Otaheite to Jamaica, cultivated there, and made to constitute an article of food for the slaves.

It certainly was a very laudable undertaking; but it admits of great doubt what benefit could accrue to the inhabitants, seeing that nature has supplied them with a multiplicity of roots and fruits enough to maintain twice their numbers, when assisted by trifling cultivation. The king listened with attentive ear to the request. A merchant vessel was bought, and fitted at Deptford. She was named the *Bounty* by Sir Joseph Banks. Lieutenant Bligh was nominated as her commander, he having taken one trip in that direction under Cook, and amongst the crew was our hero Jack Adams, born, as we have seen, under a gun, and educated in the galley!

It is hardly necessary to mention that the bread-fruit tree was no discovery of either Cook or Wallis. It had been mentioned by Dampier, and corroborated by Anson. It appears, according to the former authority, "to grow on a large tree, as high and as big as our largest apple trees. It hath a spreading head, full of branches and dark leaves. The fruit grows on the boughs like apples. It is as big as a penny loaf when wheat is at five shillings the bushel. It is of round shape, and hath a thick tough rind. When the fruit is ripe it is yellow and soft, and the taste is sweet and pleasant. The natives of Guam use it for bread. They gather it when full grown, while it is green and hard; then they bake it in an oven, which scorcheth the rind and makes it black; but they scrape off the outside black crust, and there remains a tender, thin crust; and the inside is soft, tender and white, like the crumb of a penny loaf. There is neither seed nor stone in the inside;* but all is of a pure substance like bread. It must be eaten new; for if it is kept above twenty-four hours it grows harsh and choky; but is very pleasant before it is too stale. This fruit lasts in season eight months in

* Cook says, and he is right, that "this fruit has a core, and that the eatable part lies between the skin and the core."

the year, during which the natives eat no other sort of fruit of bread kind. I did never see of this fruit anywhere but here. The natives told us that there is plenty of this fruit growing on the rest of the Ladrone Islands; and I did never hear of it anywhere else."

With such an enticing description as the above from Dampier, it is no wonder that the West India merchants and planters, disregarding the difference of latitude, the climate, the soil, and the removal, thought it most comfortable to have a chance of bread ready made on the trees, which they imagined the heat of their own miserable sugar-cane islands might bake without ovens; and the negroes, when they were made to understand the blessing about to be conferred upon them, danced round a plantain plantation, singing—

"Who now care
If you grow there,
Debil take the plantain tree—
Yam and guaver
All palaver,
New-baked bread him good for me."

But when the bread-tree, "which bakes its unadulterated loaves," did come in after years, the negroes no longer called "debil take the plantain tree;" for this wonderful substitute for yams never yet has thriven in the West Indies, and has falsified all expectation.

So much for the bread-fruit tree, which gave rise to as wonderful an event as the annals of history can record, and which proves the truth of the adage—"there is nothing so bad but that some good may come of it."

"Are you the new man who volunteered yesterday?" said Mr. Christian, as Jack Adams stepped over the gangway.

"Yes, sir," replied the well-disciplined Adams, touching his hat.

"Get your things on board, my man," resumed the officer, "and down below. The sooner you get your working-dress on the better. The captain will be on board shortly, and then you will get your proper rating."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Jack; and with the alacrity and willingness which ever distinguishes a good seaman, he was shortly to be seen assisting wherever the duty of the ship required him.

About eleven o'clock Captain Bligh came on board. The senior lieutenant reported to him "that he had entered a volunteer, who brought with him the best

of characters—was young, active, an able seaman—could reef and steer, go aloft, and had been recommended as a most trustworthy man."

"Send aft," said Bligh; and Adams stood before his captain. Bligh surveyed him from head to foot at a glance—asked to see his certificates—gave him a rating as an able seaman—and with a kind, benevolent look, remarked that he hoped he would be happy and comfortable, and do his duty as well as he had done it on board the *Renown*; and making an allusion to his having saved Barlow's life, of which he had been informed by the lieutenant himself, he stationed him in the foretop, and promised, if his conduct merited it, to advance him to a petty officer, should any vacancy occur. Adams made a bow, pulling down his head by a tuft of hair which projected over his forehead, and not answering a word, (for that is the height of respect,) turned forward, as the commander turned aft with the first lieutenant, and set to work with all the zeal of one who was anxious to gain the good opinion of his officers.

The entry of Adams* completed the ship's company of the *Bounty*. The dock-yard maties had driven the last nail; the interior arrangements were finished; and by the 14th of December, 1787, the *Bounty* was all a taunto; the passengers were on board; Sir Joseph Banks had given his last advice and instructions to Bligh, who looked upon him as the medium through which all instructions were to come; and on the morning of the 15th the vessel was under weigh, standing down the river.

Not far from her anchorage a fishing boat passed, and Sampson, waving his hat, cried out—"Happy voyage, and safe return to you!" Bligh, who was on deck, turned to his first lieutenant, and said, "Please God."

The *Bounty* anchored at Spithead, on the 20th; and as all preparations were completed, and her captain anxious to depart, the last instructions of the government were no longer delayed. On the morning of the 23d of December, his Majesty's ship *Bounty* was under weigh, and by nine o'clock the ensign was hauled down—a kind of leave-taking always practised in the navy.

"Now," said Bligh, as the vessel lost sight of land, "we only want a good gale of wind to shake every thing into its

* Adams entered on board the *Bounty* as Alexander Smith; but in order to prevent all confusion in our narrative, we have called him by his proper name throughout.

place, and then we shall rattle along merrily, and soon understand each other."

There was a glow of animation on his countenance, which gave a good-humored expression to his face—so much so, indeed, that his officers all congratulated themselves upon being under such a commander—one who was known as a celebrated navigator, a practical seaman, with all the firmness of an officer and all the kindness of a man.

On Christmas day the officers dined with their commander. Amongst the company was David Nelson, who had been sent by Sir Joseph Banks as a proper person to take charge of the trees, some of which were to be brought to his Majesty's gardens at Kew. Mr. Peter Heywood, a midshipman, and Mr. Christian, a master's mate, were likewise present. This day, as the weather, for the time of year, was fine, was devoted to well-measured hilarity. Captain Bligh received his officers in the kindest manner. Toasts were given, prosperity to the undertaking drank, and the feast prolonged to an hour after the usual time.

The men were then mustered at quarters, and a reef taken in the topsails. This last duty was not done quite so expeditiously as Bligh could have wished; but he was aware a new ship's company could not pull quite so well together as those who are accustomed to one another. He looked aloft—a scowl grew over his countenance, and he was heard to say, "We shall do better when we get into blue water."

This last expression, familiar to all seamen, may need some explanation to the many who, we hope, will read this history. It implies much more than the construction of the words would appear to warrant. In the first place, it means that when the ship is so far at sea as to be clear of the dingy-colored water which is visible in the Channel, the work would be better done; but the real intention of the words may be thus translated—"When I get you out at sea, my lads, far from land, where I am king, without fear of control from others, I'll make you work as I wish, or I'll scratch your backs till they bleed."

It was Christmas evening, and, therefore, the men were excused any practice—an additional allowance of grog was served out—the seamen got singing and dancing on the fore-castle, whilst the officers below enjoyed themselves without overstepping the bounds of moderation—and thus closed the day on which all

Christians rejoice and make merry, and which, we trust, may long and long so continue to be observed, in spite of the overstrained zeal of some who would deny to the poor the most innocent of all recreations, and turn them into canting hypocrites, to do as undertakers do at a funeral—

"Mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad."

Before Bligh went to bed, he took a good look at his barometers. They all indicated a change in the weather. The quicksilver had fallen more than a line; it had a convex appearance at the top; and the commander, quite aware that these faithful telltales warned him that his wish for a gale was likely to be realized, went on deck and gave directions for a further reduction of sail. He warned the officer of the watch that he might expect a squall or two, and pointed out in the S. W. the heavy clouds which had already settled upon the horizon. The hands were turned up, for many hands make light work. Two more reefs were taken in, and Bligh, convinced that he was now well prepared to meet the gale, retired to his cot.

At this early period of the voyage, some slight suspicion of the temper of the captain had been engendered. Although evidently appearing to control his untoward disposition, yet it occasionally broke out in language which officers of the present day have long since discarded, and which was well known to be a very familiar dialect on board even of a man-of-war, some fifty years ago.

"The weather," said Mr. Christian, "does not lower much more than the captain's brows, occasionally. Did you hear how he abused Adams, who did more on the fore-topsail yard than half the men put together?"

"Christmas night," replied Edward Young, a midshipman, "and people never see correctly after dinner. But it's not my watch, so I leave you and Mr. Fryer to take care of the craft, whilst I turn in."

On the morning of the 26th the gale commenced, and it soon increased in violence. As the sun rose the wind blustered, and changed from squalls fed by small showers of rain, to a regular hard gale at S. W. On board the *Bounty* there were many things strewed on deck, which the ship was too small to admit below. Amongst these were some casks of beer, intended for immediate use, and

to save, as much as possible, the water. These had been carelessly lashed, and, during the heavy rolling of the ship, they broke adrift. Adams was seen, everywhere, endeavoring to rectify the mischief. Every man, from the master, Mr. Fryer, to Peter Heywood, the midshipman, bore witness to his exertions. His mind comprehended the mischief which might result from this weight adrift on the decks; and as the cask rolled over to leeward, he succeeded, by means of a swab, to keep it there, and prevent further harm. But soon another and another broke adrift, and created confusion, which brought Mr. Bligh on deck; and here it was that he first gave vent to his temper, in language by no means calculated to adorn these pages.

Adams, although he had wearied himself to weakness, was one of the first to bear the abusive epithets which his commander lavished upon him; and he worked the harder, as the task became more discouraging.

"Why don't you lay down yourself, you lazy vermin," was heard, "and let the cask jam your useless head to pieces? By the Lord, I'll pay you all for this, you lazy, worthless, villainous mongrels. You, Mr. Christian," continued the voice—"you are just as bad as those curs, and stand gaping at the casks without trying to lash them."

In the mean time, the gale increased—the ship was placed under a close-reefed maintopsail, trysail and forestaysail; and she labored much as the sea ran higher. It was no time for inactivity; for as one sea came hissing along, it broke with all its fury upon the beam of the *Bounty*, and carried away the spare yards and spars, which had been secured in the main chains. The vessel reeled over to leeward with the force, and began to complain much. She was, in fact, but a poor sea-boat. Still more mischief was to be done. The sea which broke upon the main chains, was followed by another which robbed very nearly the *Bounty* of her boats, whilst a cross sea struck her abaft, and filled the cabin.

This last was the worst of all, for it destroyed a great quantity of biscuit—a loss not easily remedied; whilst it most completely satisfied Captain Bligh that a gale of wind does not always shake every thing into its right place. "There she lay—in the bay"—tumbling and rolling about—straining her rigging and herself—until the 29th, when the weather again appeared to clear, and the wind so far to

change, that on the 30th, the course was shaped for Teneriffe, where they arrived on the 5th of January, 1788.

CHAPTER V.

THE first gale of wind on board a new-manned ship is of the greatest service. Now and then, to be sure, it is productive of much mischief, sweeping away boats, and spars, and beer; but it gives the officers an exact knowledge of the value of their men; and some who have entered as most magnificent seamen, turn out and are discovered to be very poor landsmen. The good man now finds his place, and in any case of emergency he is sure to be called for, as one who is able and willing to rectify any mishap.

Adams had greatly advanced in the eyes of all; and his captain, when his hurried temper had subsided into a calm, expressed himself much pleased with his conduct. Hitherto nothing had transpired to change the cheerful disposition of this man. He was a favorite with all the crew; he was ever obliging and willing; the first on deck—the last below.

The *Bounty* remained at Teneriffe until the 10th of January, when, after having undergone a necessary refit, replenished her water, and got on board some wine and other useful articles, she weighed her anchor, and again steered with the trade wind to the southward.

It was now that Christian was advanced to the charge of a watch. Captain Bligh, who was a good seaman, knew that, in running down the trade winds, there was very little occupation for the men. He therefore divided his crew into three watches, and gave Fletcher Christian charge of the third watch, in which Adams was also placed.

Every precaution was taken by the captain to insure the health of his crew; nor was he backward in making those promises which sound sweetly in the ears of all—promotion to such as should by their conduct merit the advancement. In fact, everything went on well and prosperously. The wind continued its everlasting strength; the *Bounty* rolled before it; the crew, released from almost all labor, lolled about the deck; and although they were placed on two-thirds allowance of biscuit, they never murmured at this trifling reduction, but appeared,

one and all, to look forward with pleasure to the success of their undertaking.

Christian had become a favorite with his captain. He was made an acting lieutenant on the 2d of March, and was the only officer on board with whom the captain appeared to indulge in the least familiarity. Bligh was a great disciplinarian. In this Adams rejoiced; for he was one that knew the advantages arising from it. Christian was also strict in his duty; although now and then he entered freely into conversation with Adams concerning his former life and services.

Three months had elapsed since the departure of the *Bounty* from Teneriffe; and such was the good conduct of the men, and the lenient disposition of the captain, that although of course some complaints must have been made, some slight dereliction of duty must have occurred, yet no punishment had taken place.

Fifty years ago, a ship to be at sea for three months, and no punishment, to occur was a rare circumstance indeed. But it was destined that the voyage should not be completed without recourse to the cat. On a complaint from the master, Mr. Fryer, that Matthew Quintal had been guilty of mutinous behavior and insolent language, he was seized up, and received two dozen lashes.

This punishment was not by any means adequate to the offence; for, in voyages of discovery, strict discipline is more requisite than at any other time. Left, as it were, without a friend to assist, the small ship's company in their frail bark, traverse the wide ocean. They are alone, and without a hope of assistance. The fire caused by negligence might destroy them—the drunkard might occasion mischief, which no after-thought could remedy—and the skulker, by being absent from his station, might lose a mast, or split a sail. It is, therefore, due to the character of Bligh to say, that up to this time, although his language was coarse and disreputable, he never had been a tyrant.

The first introduction of the cat gave occasion to many remarks between decks. Adams was the man who declared it absolutely necessary, and who said Quintal had got merely what he deserved.

The duty of the ship now became more severe. The heavy storms of wind which the *Bounty* encountered off Cape Horn, weakened the ship excessively. The pumps were used every hour; whilst the constant fall of rain drenched the men to

the skin, and kept the vessel below in a state of moisture not very conducive to health. Here again the great care of the captain was conspicuous. The great cabin was given up to those who had wet berths for their hammocks; the fire was kept alight night and day, and some of the watch were stationed to dry their shipmate's clothes. But this unceasing weather spread a little discontent on board.

For thirty days did they continue endeavoring to get to windward, without the slightest effect; at the expiration of which time it was resolved to abandon the attempt. The helm was put up, and the *Bounty* steered for the Cape of Good Hope; arrived there on the 23d of May; sailed again on the 1st of July; and after a three weeks' stay at Van Diemen's Land, they again made sail, and made the Island of Otaheite on the 25th of October.

Here was half the journey accomplished; all the fatigue was over. The port was reached, for on the 26th the *Bounty* was moored in Matavai Bay. It has been calculated that the ship had run, by her log, twenty-seven thousand miles. All the little discontent, arising from hard labor and short allowance, was over; the land was hailed with delight; and a general joy diffused itself through all; for who could look without pleasure upon that splendid island, with towering hills, the sides of which were covered with trees, offering a most grateful shade, and which terminated in a plain of about three miles in length, between the base of the mountains and the sea. Here rose the long stemmed cocoa-nut tree; its head thick with foliage, but, from its height, affording little shade. The bread-fruit tree, lower and thicker in both stem and foliage, afforded a cool retreat; whilst in every place where the eye could penetrate, houses of different sizes, and mostly the same in shape, gave a pleasing contrast.

In the plain might be observed all the juvenile frolics of English boys; some dangling from trees in swings, like monkeys, exhibiting all the activity and strength of the animal to which they were likened. High over the heads of the tall plantain and cocoa-nut flew kites, shaped like those of this country, the tails being made of the plantain leaf. Some, willing to be above their neighbors, strutted on stilts; whilst others emulating the power of their great warriors, were wrestling and struggling for the mastery. Here appeared no laborious work—

few digging and delving to supply the wants of others. Every herb which nature had lavished upon this generous soil sprouted spontaneously. No husbandman was requisite to watch with anxious eye the coming storm; to shield one flower or uncover another; but all profited by whatever change occurred.

It seemed a perfect paradise, where nature supplied all wants, and where the weary and the indolent might lie down in security, perfectly confident that the coming day would bring with it all that life required—all the sustenance human nature demanded.

Two trees alone had some portion of labor devoted to them; these were the *ava* and the cloth plant. Here, indeed, had man assisted nature; but in regard to all the rest, they grew where nature had placed them, and man reaped the benefit without the toil of cultivation.

The young girls, and some of great personal charms, were seen running and dancing about. Life had no cares for them. One day testified of another; one unceasing round of pleasure encircled their existence; and if the idea of paradise on earth, free from all the luxurious temptations, the envies, jealousies, and bickerings which disgrace and demoralize civilization, could be imagined in this world of care and trouble, it was to be found in Otaheite.

It is in witnessing such scenes of innocence and mirth as here met the eyes of travellers, that philosophers have been tempted to doubt if civilization to a great extent be a blessing or a curse. What can surpass this description of unalloyed happiness? "At dusk (we are told) from three to four hundred people are assembled together, and all happily diverted, good-humored and affectionate one to another, *without a single quarrel having ever happened* to disturb the harmony that existed among these amiable people." Can human felicity surpass this? It is, indeed, a kind of vision of paradise, which has been witnessed by some with delight; and which others have since, under the garb of religion, and with the promises of happiness hereafter completely destroyed. They have broken down the barrier which innocence supported, and have inundated the island with vice, intemperance, and woe.

It was well remarked by Cook, that with such liberality had the bountiful hand of Providence here lavished the necessities of life, that the inhabitants seemed exempted from the general curse,

"that man should eat his bread by the sweat of his brow." The bread fruit, cocoa-nut, bananas, plantain, sweet potatoes, yams, the pandanus jambu, and the sugar cane, are here mostly of spontaneous growth; and those who have resided in climates similar to Otaheite know that very little more, if anything, is required to support existence.

But the mind of man is never altogether free from vice. "Thou shalt not steal," is a commandment which never had reached Otaheite; nor was chastity deemed a virtue or a flower absolutely necessary to enhance the female character.

The people had a belief in a God. They drew near the place of worship, called the *Eatooa*, with reverence and respect. No careless inattention, no idle levity, was discernible. With grateful hearts and humble looks they approached with reverential awe this natural church; with bare feet and head uncovered they trod the hallowed ground, and offered up their prayers and thanksgiving with a religious fervor, which we might in vain seek for in some of the gaudy-dressed congregations of the Christian church.

It is true they immolated living victims at the *Morais*, places which serve as temples, and as sepulchres. But they believed such immolations were grateful sacrifices to the Deity, and they prayed with all the warmth of religion, as they committed this great Christian crime. These murders had been handed down to them as duties from their earliest traditions—as sacrifices ordained by their gods; and travellers of more enlightened nations had visited their coast, and reasoned with them on the folly and barbarity of such offerings. They did as other nations do now—followed the mode of worship and belief of their ancestors, and continued in the faith in which they were born and bred.

When death came to these islanders, they received the unwelcome visitor at first with sincere grief. The mourners were not those who are hired to bedizen a hearse, and who return laughing and singing on its summit through the crowded streets of a metropolis. The relations and friends, as a token of humility and sorrow, were stripped nearly naked; they were rubbed with charcoal and water, or smeared with it over their face and shoulders; the inhabitants near whose habitations the corpse was to pass to be placed in the *morai*, were accustomed to fly at the approach of the dead. The chief mourner was the priest; and he ut

tered in a low and hurried voice, a prayer. The dead was then interred; and from that moment the grief ceased, the followers rushed to the water, cleansed their skins from the outward coat of sorrow, and returned to their houses to partake of the evening's amusement, perfectly satisfied that their friend had gone to the land of souls—to a better and happier spot.

It was amongst these people that the crew of the *Bounty* were now to pass the time from the 26th of October, 1788, to the 4th of April, 1789. The refit of the ship was soon completed, and the water was soon got in. Thousands of the natives, both men and women, had daily visited the ship, and an intimacy was soon established. Liberty was given for the men to go on shore as they requested, and the change from activity to indolence soon created a permanent wish for the latter. In fact, each day made the island more agreeable to the seamen; each hour cemented a friendship which had begun by some interchange of trifling presents.

In the mean time Captain Bligh and his gardeners were actively employed in collecting the bread-fruit trees, or in pruning them: in which operations they were cheerfully assisted by the natives, who, although very little given to work, seemed to understand this art of gardening. When daylight dawned, several boats generally came from the shore, to exchange the bananas and plantains for bread; nor was it uncommon to see young females climb up the side of the ship, who had swam off, and who were almost entirely in a state of nudity. Modesty was not shocked at what custom had so long sanctioned; and although one or two might be seen, to use Cook's expression, "comely," yet the general features were far from being beautiful or graceful. But to the seamen they were *sea-goddesses*; and it will appear but natural that attachments should spring up and ripen into affection amongst the sea-beaten sailors and the amphibious ladies of this island, until all hands on board the *Bounty* had fallen in love with some Otaheitan fair, who returned the affection according to the dictates of her heart.

Amongst the crew of the *Bounty* there were men of unexceptionable character, and these men generally herded together. Thus, James Morrison a boatswain's mate, Thomas Burkitt, Jack Adams and John Millward, were inseparable friends. They had formed acquaintance with women who resided in the same house, and who loitered through the shady walks,

during the day, in company with their friends, and who joined in the evening's dance until the approach of night warned the liberty men of the necessity of their return to the *Bounty*.

It must be obvious to the reader, that the indolence which succeeded the activity—that all the luxuries of shore—the delights of female society and friendship, worked a great change in the hearts of the seamen. No sooner were the decks cleaned in the morning, than more than half the ship's company might be seen wandering about with their female companions. These they christened under more familiar and more easily pronounced names; and the Obereas, and Tinaks, and Dinneraks, were changed into Bessies and Mollies. The savages, on their parts, soon grew familiar with the names of their lovers. Nor was any jealousy excited, even should Thomas Burkitt carelessly chuckle Mrs. Millward under the chin, or Mr. Adams take the same liberty with Mrs. Morrison. But a little envy was sometimes discernible when one of the copper-colored ladies could muster more beads than her companions; for although some of the seamen had taken the precaution to bring out some few strings of glass beads, which were highly prized and soon distributed, yet any new gift was presumptive proof that the ladies might have visited some of the cabins below; and this was considered as poaching on other people's property. Although a little familiarity might be allowed between each other, yet the seamen did not like their officers to interfere with their amours, and hence a little discontent arose, which, however, was easily removed.

Sometimes the women remained on board all day, and joined the messes of their respective sweethearts, bringing on board with them pork, yams, sweet potatoes, which they invariably ate by themselves, and after the men had finished. The day was frequently concluded by a dance to a fife or a fiddle.

CHAPTER VI.

It was by no means unrequited for the seamen to dine on shore with their ladies; and one day, before these feasts had become common, Morrison, Burkitt, Adams and Muspratt, might have been seen under the shade of a tree near the

nouse, squatted on the ground, with a table-cloth made of the bread-fruit tree, with the ladies of their love beside them. There seemed to the sailors a great deal of unnecessary preparation before they piped to dinner. The girls, who have a religious veneration for cleanliness, first set the example, and washed their faces and hands, and then handed cocoa-nut shells full of fresh water to the sailors. These rough sons of the seas, being in high good humor, did as they were desired, and performed the ablutions. This being done, several baskets of rough manufacture were placed before them, containing fish and fruit. The women seemed anxious to teach the seamen their mode of eating, which Jack thought uncommon good fun, and soon became good pupils. The girls each took a bread-fruit, and divided it; they then peeled off the rind with their nails, and extracted the core of the fruit, one half of which they jammed into the mouth of the men, and the other into their own.

This operation most effectually stopped all conversation, as the quantity was, as Adams remarked, enough to choke up the hatchway. All hands now began to munch and munch, in hopes of having a spare corner for the next piece of food, which one of the party instantly set to work to prepare. From out of one of the baskets was lugged a fish. It had been previously baked, and was now broken into four portions. But before it was administered to the men, who were eagerly endeavoring to bolt the bread-fruit, the different portions were placed in a cocoa-nut shell which contained salt water—a primitive sauce much in vogue at Otaheite. The portions were then crammed into the mouth all at once, bones and all, by the small fingers of the girls; and for fear the sauce should not be sufficient, small quantities of sea-water were poured gently into each mouth, in spite of the wry faces of the seamen.

As the juice of the Ava, an intoxicating liquor, which the wisdom of the warriors had kept sacred to themselves, was not within reach, and if within reach would not have been touched, the juice of the unripe cocoa-nut was substituted as a drink. This beverage is the most grateful which can be imagined in hot climates. With their teeth the Otaheitan girls removed the outer shell, and, with a force which was quite surprising to their guests, they forced in the eye of the nut, and placing the orifice to the sailors' mouths, made them drink.

The next part of the repast was the plainain. These were peeled, and popped whole into the mouth, these people considering quantity more desirable than quality. Then came apples—the pieces being cut with a shell to the magnitude of the mouth, and, like the rest of the dinner, literally crammed in. Then came the last, and that which is considered the best and most delicious part of the meal. One of the girls had long been employed in perfecting this mixture. It consisted of the bread-fruit being pounded on a board, kept moist with water, and reduced by this process into a paste. It was then turned over into a hollow piece of wood, and here some banana was added to it. The whole was then squeezed through the fingers of the girl, until by frequent pressure it ran through like a custard. It was then poured into a cocoa-nut shell, and each man made to sip it in turns until it was finished.

The girls then produced fresh baskets, and fed themselves with the same kind of food, and in the same manner; for they never, even on board the ship, joined in eating with the seamen: they always brought their own baskets, and their own cocoa-nut shells; nor would brothers and sisters eat out of the same utensil; and nothing excited more disgust in these people than observing the officers and men, some of whom were ignorant of the custom, when they visited the younger branches of their families, drink out of the same vessel, or eat out of the same basket. Indeed, so scrupulous were they on this point, that if any one ate of another's basket, the basket and the food therein were instantly thrown away.

The four seamen had finished their repast as above described: their faces were again washed, and after a recovery of breath, which the eating and drinking had nearly taken away, they watched their wives (for to them they were wives) eating after the same manner, and stuffing as voraciously as they had been stuffed.

"I say, Adams," began Burkiit, "this is a capital place, and here a man might live and die without any work. He could get his allowance of grog out of the trees, have as many wives as the Grand Turk, and be as comfortable as a king. I wonder how much longer we shall stay here?"

"Oh, time enough," said Adams, "to get tired of it. There's, no doubt, great pleasure in doing nothing: but some of us could not live without work—at least so the master thinks. He is the most in-

genious man I ever saw, for he finds out something to be done every day."

"Ah, well," said Mori son, "we have not much to grumble about; for we are all as idle and as sleepy as these women. I'm blessed if I know how I shall ever manage to do my duty again, when we get to sea. This is the place! I wish to Heaven the ship would get wrecked, and all hands of us live here,—and make Christians of these little savages."

"Worse employment might be found than that," continued Adams; "and as I was christened in grog, we might make these brownies happy by crossing them with the juice of the ava. I wonder how much longer we have to remain here?"

"About a month more, I should think," said Burkitt; "but I'm mistaken if I don't stay a little longer. I would not leave my little girl here—Lord bless her little soul!—not for all the bread-fruit trees that the Bounty could carry."

"And yet," said Adams, "although there may be some comfort in idleness—and this is good enough for me as it is—yet I should not much relish being left alone here. They seem to be so devilish fond of baked dogs, that a baked man might come next; and then who knows but they might take a fancy to bury one alive, to make friends aloft?"

"I'm not much afraid of that," said Burkitt; "and if I thought I could get a messmate or two to join me, I would just take a cruise to-morrow without leave, and manage to get a message on board, by Betsy here, as to how they treat me—then more could come. I've made the little wench understand me, and if I can understand her signals, she means to say that she will stow me away, where the queen herself could not find me. So if you have a mind for it, Adams, I can start first, and you can come afterwards."

"I don't like to desert," said Adams; "but I would rather do that than leave the little creature—my Mary Adams, as I call her. You would not like to leave me, would you, Mary?"

Mary understood as well as if he had spoken in the purest Otaheitan tongue. She pointed to the ship; then made a sign conveying the loosing of the sails; then pointed to a long distance; then embraced Adams; and finished by bewailing, and howling, and tearing her hair.

"There's no misunderstanding that lingo," said Morrison, "and my girl has been making the same signals to me. I say, Adams, if we could make quite sure

that these chaps would not eat us without salt-water sauce, this is a better exchange, after all, than that ship; although as yet we have gone on comfortably enough, and I, as boatswain's mate, have only been called upon twice to use my cat. But here one falls asleep when one's sleepy, eats when he's hungry, drinks when he's dry; and if he's too lazy to put the meat into his own mouth, why, his girl's fingers are made forks, and he is fed like an infant."

"All right," said John Millward, who was the laziest fellow aboard; "and then to think that there's no holystoning the deck; no tumbling out to reef top-sails; no captain to punish you; no purser to check you, but a regular blow-out for the trouble of reaching it; as many wives as a man can manage; all hale fellows well met, with bread growing on trees and grog coming out of the stem, as if inviting you to drink! I think, now we have talked about this business, that when the canvas is loose and the anchor aweigh, it's not John Millward who will answer his master when the first watch is called."

"That's all mighty fine," said Adams; "but if once you stay, here you may remain. If, when the ship has sailed, and these fellows have no longer the fear of the four six-pounders and four swivels, they use us badly, how are we to get off again? No, no, shipmates, I'm all for sticking true to the flag—although, I must say, I'm very comfortable here."

As Adams said the last word, Captain Bligh passed within hearing, and something having gone a little against his wishes, he manifested that hasty disposition to which, unfortunately, he was a little subject.

"Away on board, every one of you, you lazy hounds; sleeping, snoring, or idling all day long. Up with you directly, or, by the Lord, I'll freshen your way; move, you hounds of the devil!" saying which, he assisted Millward with a kick which made him jump up quickly enough.

The girls, seeing this, immediately got together, and began an animated conversation. Their eyes sufficiently expressed the vengeance they meditated; whilst the seamen, looking behind them, and pointing to the ship, made hasty strides towards the shore. A boat was lying on the beach, and the four men were hurried into it and taken on board.

"Mr. Fryer," said Bligh, as he came on board, "grant no more leave without

my orders. The crew are going to the devil. They have nothing to do but to lie about like surfeited swine on shore; and what, between their women and the tayo system, we shall have half the men deserting, and the other half unfit for work."

The tayo system, to which Bligh alluded, was the friendship formed between the seamen and, generally, between the brother or father of the girl he admired. They swore a kind of eternal friendship—the sister or daughter was given as a pledge, and the brother or the father was named the tayo or friend of the seaman. Many instances of great devotedness, on the part of Indian tayos, have been mentioned; and on this occasion, when the men were ordered to the boats, the islanders, being informed by the women of the kick and the words, the tayos of each of the men might have been seen with suspicious looking weapons in their hands, and one with a war-club which would have mashed the head of the captain like a cocoa-nut, had they come in contact.

Bligh now walked the deck for some time. His ungovernable, irritable disposition, was in the ascendant. Some trifling theft had been committed on shore, and he had allowed it seriously to ruffle that temper which he never could altogether control.

"What are the men about, Mr. Fryer?" he asked.

"Nothing particular, sir,—the cutter has been all day attending upon Mr. Nelson, who has sent off some more plants, and the rest of the men have been unemployed."

"Then turn the hands up, loose sails, set them, shake all the reefs out, and take them in again, for a couple of hours. Mr. Christian, I say, did you not hear me desire the hands to be turned up?"

"No, sir," answered Christian, "I heard you speak to the master, but you gave no orders to me."

"Hold your tongue, you insolent viper! by God, if you dare make a remark again, I'll place you at the mast-head until the birds get so accustomed to you that they'll sit upon your shoulders. Turn the hands up, loose sails, I say."

The order was promptly obeyed. Morrison's call was heard to answer Mr. Cole's the boatswain, who, in a loud voice, which might have done for a ship larger than one of 215 tons, obeyed the directions of the master, and summoned the hands aloft—"Loose sails." This

unusual order, in the heat of the day, for no rain had fallen to wet the canvas, was rather sullenly obeyed by the crew; no one being less himself, and consequently less active, than Adams, who crawled up the fore-rigging, looking towards the shore.

"Fan that lazy scoundrel up the rigging," was heard—"you, Morrison, jump aloft, and freshen that fellow's way aloft. Mr. Christian, what the devil do you mean by allowing the duty forward to be done in that manner? Morrison, you scoundrel, jump aloft and start that lazy fellow. Mr. Cole, see if you can't freshen the way of that fellow Morrison, who moves as slowly as Adams."

Morrison, hearing this recommendation to freshen his way, jumped aloft with particular agility, and overtook Adams, who, with a dogged and sullen manner, continued his own pace. But Morrison, who was very partial to Adams, took care to strike him on the far side from the captain, letting the rattan rattle against the rigging. Adams was, aware of the favor, which was soon, however, given in reality, as Mr. Cole jumped after Morrison in order to obey the captain's order.

For two hours were the men practised at reefing topsails—a lesson very requisite to be repeated oftener than it had been done; and no man would have thought this the slightest act of tyranny, had it not been accompanied by abusive language, and ordered in a moment of irritation. When the work was done, there seemed a general languor over the ship's company. The only man on board who manifested any kind of hastiness was Christian. It was his watch, and he paced the deck in that hurried manner which marks the man suffering from strong excitement: the turns were shortened—his head was stooped—and he revolved in his mind the abusive epithets which had been lavished upon him. He felt himself, as an acting lieutenant (for Bligh had given him an acting order shortly after he had left Teneriffe), degraded in the eyes of the ship's company, and was not much cheered by the remark of Adams, who, as he passed within hearing, said—"Well, he shares it out equally, like a green sea in a fresh gale—every one—officers and men get a little of the spray. But this goes deeper than the jacket—and I'm blessed if that is not remembered when the smart and the marks are gone."

From this moment there was a marked difference in Adams, and, indeed, amongst

many of the men. The embargo as to the leave was taken off when the fit had passed from the captain. The women, as usual, frequented the ship, and the tayos were always seen when a group of seamen sat under the shade of the trees on shore. But there was a settled, determined manner, about several of the men. The activity of Adams had passed away; whatever he did, he did sullenly and surlily. Whilst on shore, the women seemed more attentive to their wants and wishes; and the tayos had already made the seamen comprehend that they considered revenge a very laudable virtue, and one which might be easily practised.

The end of the year was fast advancing. The seamen talked of the coming Christmas, and new year; and some who still looked forward to a happy return to their families and friends, were not backward in expressing their wishes that they might return in health to England.

On the 9th of December the surgeon died. He was a man who very strongly recommended sobriety, and who constantly gave in himself a proof how very desirable it was; for he was drunk every day and every night. No power—not even the captain's orders—could entice him to take exercise. His only delight was drunkenness—his only wish indolence. Fortunately, the death of this man was not the occasion of any great mischief, for he left behind him one of a very different character—Mr. Ledward.

The burial of the surgeon took place on shore; and so eager were the natives to be generally useful, that on this occasion they prepared his grave, cutting it east and west, having been taught this mode of interment by the Spaniards. They attended the funeral as mourners; manifested the most sincere regret, and paid the greatest attention to the service. The corpse was followed and committed to the grave by many of the seamen, who seemed to express sorrow at the loss of a man who could never have assisted them.

On returning from the melancholy service, Millward said to Adams, "We have left the first one—he is not the only man who will leave his bones on this island."

Adams answered in a whisper, "When are you going to try the sincerity of your woman, the friendship of your tayo?"

"To-morrow, Jack—to-morrow."

CHAPTER VII

A MONTH elapsed before Millward put his threat into execution. He had boasted quietly of his determination to trust his lady and his tayo; but every time that he thought he had wound up his mind, his courage failed him, and he afterwards determined not to go until he could entice one or two to share the danger with him. Millward had heard of certain propensities of savages, such as cutting off an ear, and eating it before the face of the victim; and although this species of amusement and gratification of appetite was more particularly confined to the New Zealanders when they took a stranger who had infringed some of their most solemn customs, yet the seamen drew no nice distinction of national character or laws, and considered that what one savage would do as a pleasure, another might do from malice or revenge.

It was now that an evident separation had taken place amongst the ship's company. Not that any outward displeasure was manifested, but that a certain group of men had become familiar with certain families, and that they generally went on shore together, slept under the same roof, ate off the same table-cloth which nature had provided, and had made tayos of the brothers of the ladies who had kindly considered them in the light of husbands. And well might Captain Bligh have thought that, in a place where every man was free to indulge every wish of his heart—where, from the moment he set his foot on shore, he found himself surrounded by female allurements, in the midst of ease and luxury—without the drudgery of labor, or the fear of restraint—well might he fear that the return of the *Bounty*—the long and difficult passage home—the dangers to be encountered—the discipline and short allowance—would be considered by some as a nuisance, and by others as a situation they might avoid by quietly remaining where they were.

Adams, and his friends Morrison and Millward, were frequently together. Every conversation turned upon the indolent happiness they enjoyed; and, latterly, when the hour arrived in which they were to return to their leaves on board, they cursed the hour which compelled them to become prisoners under any man, and doomed them to be the servants of others.

"I'll tell you," said Adams to Morrison, when the latter had delivered himself

of the above opinion, "that somebody must be over the rest. Where all are equal, some will refuse to labor; and even here amongst these naked savages, who value glass and beads more than we, who know more, do a gallon of ava juice, they have their king Tinah, and queen Oberea; and if a part of their crew was to mutiny, I'm mistaken if their large clubs would not be brought to bear upon the mutineers' thick skulls, and smash them, although they are as hard as coconuts. Besides, Morrison, I don't like the word mutiny. Its coupled with bloodshed. And although my sponsor, Sam Sampson, who taught me the vulgar tongue, said that I became sick when my father christened me, and prayed that I might be a good subject and never mutiny against my captain, yet I am sure that is the last thought which will enter into my head, and the last act my hand would commit."

"Nobody's talking of mutiny, Jack," said Morrison; "at least not at present. Millward says he has got Burkitt to join him, and if he could get another, he would be off the first opportunity."

"Well," said Adams, "if he stands upon that, he sha'n't stand much longer—I'll join him."

"Will you?" said Morrison.

"I will," replied Adams; "and here's my hand upon it."

"Burkitt's inside the house with Millward and their girls and tayos—let's hold a council of war upon it, and settle the plan."

"Agreed," said Adams; and in two minutes the whole four were sitting in a circle, with their women and tayos by their side.

At this meeting it was resolved that about midnight the three men above named should take the cutter, with some arms and ammunition, and pull around the north end of the island, where there was a small cove; and that Adams, who could write, should manage to get some of the women to convey the letter on board—that if there appeared no hostile intention by the natives, others might join, and by degrees those who wished to remain behind might be kept in security.

"Why," said Adams, "I think we are going to do a foolish thing, and not after all, with much knowledge of human nature. I think we had better make known our plans to these girls, and see what effect the proposition of staying among them has upon them. If we see that they clap their hands together, dance, and

shout with joy, we are safe, and we will get them to walk round and light a fire where we are to land; but if the tayos remain sitting, and throw some sand or dirt upon their heads, then we shall know, that if we do desert, we shall have the whole of the island against us, and may make up our minds, as Millward says, to see our ears going down the throats of the natives."

"Ay, Adams," said Morrison, "I'm blessed if you have not got a head that will puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer—one of those chaps who made out to the satisfaction of everybody that all hands were born equal, and that if you did not like one master you might like another. Now, then, set too and let's see your signals to these people, and learn how the land lies."

Adams now drew the attention of the girls and tayos to him, each man taking his girl's hand in his, and pointing to Adams. He stood up in the middle of the circle, and first of all, pointed to the sun. This he made to set and rise seven times. The nodding of the head at this, and the bright twinkling of the eyes, convinced him that they perfectly understood that in a week's time some event was to take place. He then pointed to the ship, and then to the further horizon, and stretched out his arm, as much as to indicate far, far away. He then touched his girl, and then pointed to the house close to them—then touched himself and pointed to the ship. So clearly was this understood, that the girls instantly dropped their heads, took some dirt and threw over their skulls, whilst the tayos folded their arms and looked on the ground.

"All right on that tack," said Morrison. "I understood you, Jack, just as well as if you spoke English. What a sight of money you would make to act captain or first lieutenant in a gale of wind, and point out what was to be done."

"Don't laugh any of you," said Adams, "as we are about a business which may turn out no laughing matter; and we must make them understand how sorry we should be to part company with them."

Adams then continued his dumb-show. Taking out his handkerchief he put it to his eyes, whilst he pointed to the ship. Then he changed the direction of his head to the house and the girls, and began dancing and clapping his hands. On this the girls instantly arose and looked greatly displeased. They stamped their feet, whilst the men offered their hands to

the seamen; and tears started from their eyes. Adams then assumed a very grave aspect, pointed to the ship, and then far, far away; then he touched Morrison and his companions, and pointed to the house; then giving a kind of a sneer at the distant point to which the ship was bound, he pointed to his companions and himself, and danced, and kissed his girl. Then might have been seen an exultation of joyous faces. The girls no longer wept, or put dirt on their heads; they, on the contrary, threw it from their heads, danced and shrieked, and made the whole valley ring; and hard work had Adams to make them understand the necessity of silence, and that no one else should know it. They made intelligible gestures of surprise, as much as to say, why not? when Adams instantly drew up, put his straw hat athwart, and mimicked the captain. The girls and tayos again sat down as Adams directed, and when he placed his finger on his lip to impose silence, the most eloquent preacher never had more attentive auditors.

Adams now pointed to the sun, and traced its course until it should set; he then shut his eyes and groped about to figure darkness; then made an imitation at rowing, touched Millward, Burkitt, and himself, and pointed to the northward. He then touched their girls, and pointed in the same direction; then their tayos, and did the same. This they perfectly understood, nodded their heads, and clapped their hands. He then made them to understand that Morrison would remain on board—that one of the girls, with the deserters, would carry the communication to his girl and tayo—and that they were to swim off with it to the ship; a mode of transit very common with the islanders. Adams then made them understand in the same way, that when the ship sailed, Morrison would remain behind.

There was a general shout of joy when the whole plan was thus developed. The savages in their turn gave Adams and his party to understand that their residence amongst them would be highly gratifying to the king, who had a plan for their detention which would surprise them. This last hint was indistinctly given; and Morrison, who was always afraid that his ears might be cropped, seemed to think it odd that the king, who seemed ready to offer all assistance to procure the bread-fruit—who was eternally sending presents of pork and fruit --and who had actually baked a favorite dog for the captain's own particular eat-

ing,—should be all the while anxious to detain them. Even Adams, who had watched human nature, at least on board a ship, began to have some misgivings; but having broken through the ice of discipline, he resolved to plunge headlong into the mischief below, lead wheresoever it might."

It was a general plan of Captain Bligh's to have his men mustered on board every sunset. This was done to prevent any injury which might happen to their healths; for sleeping in the open air, although very congenial to an Otaheitan lady, was by no means satisfactory to his Majesty's seamen. The boats were then hoisted up, although occasionally one was left towing astern. On this night, as it was quite requisite to send the cutter early for water, (and Adams had foreseen this, for the water was completed every week, and on every Thursday the hammocks were, as usual, piped down,) the cutter was left astern; orders having been given to keep a sharp lookout upon her, to prevent the natives from plundering her.

It has before been mentioned that one of the Otaheitan vices was theft; and this propensity was generally shown in the disposition to purloin iron nails; that metal being much more precious in their eyes than either silver or gold. With such allurements so near them, and so perfectly within their reach, it was not surprising that now and then a few nails, hammers, and other things left carelessly about the decks, should have passed into other hands than those of their proper owners. Once the tayo of Adams had been suspected and searched in an ungentlemanly manner; the nails were discovered, and he was very unceremoniously kicked out of the ship. He never forgot this personal insult, and had made Adams understand that he looked forward to a little revenge; and Adams made him as clearly understand that he could suggest a little mischief which would ruin Bligh for ever, and place him entirely in the hands of the islanders; which he would name to his friend, in the event of the present desertion being frustrated.

They had parted for the night, the tayo to repair with the women to the northern point and light a fire, and Adams to his hammock; he having declared himself rather unwell and unwilling to join the fore-castle party, who had on this night first of all amused themselves with a dance, and now sat in a circle, spinning yarns and singing songs.

In justice to Bligh, it is but fair to give an outline of his character. Bligh, as an officer and a navigator, ranked high in his Majesty's service. He had, during this voyage, manifested the greatest regard for his men. He had been attentive to their comforts, and when amusement could be offered without violence to the necessary duty of the ship, the crew of the *Bounty* had their full swing, and were allowed to cut any antics they thought proper. Not unfrequently, too, Bligh had sent forward to those who sung and kept up the spirits of the crew, an extra supply of grog. In fact, Bligh was naturally a kind and benevolent man, averse from tyranny and cruelty; but he was cursed with as bad a temper as any man could manifest, and, during his paroxysms of rage, he exhibited symptoms which almost indicated a touch of insanity. He stamped, swore, raved, made wholly unfounded charges against his officers, and, not being nice in his expressions, he made use of the most violent and horrible language—language as derogatory to an officer and gentleman to use, as to listen to. Hence arose the growing dislike of Christian to his commander, and hence the dissatisfied feeling which was daily increasing on board the ship, and which the men began to feel the more as the departure of the *Bounty* from Otaheite drew nearer. Still, at times, all hands seemed joyous and gay, and the night in question was one when the seamen forgot the opprobrious epithets with which they had been branded, assembled on the fore-castle, and sang their various songs.

The leading man for merriment this night was Morrison, and he was ably assisted by Burkitt. Numbers of the crew, who clung to the hope of a speedy return to England, and who had escaped either the fascination of the women, or the abuse of Bligh, looked forward with delight to the moment when the anchor should be weighed and the sails spread; but nearly half the crew were at this time more or less tainted with the spirit of mutiny, and looked at Otaheite as an island offering more advantages than a return to England could, under any circumstances, offer them.

"Now, lads," said Morrison, "let us have a song. The day is not far off when we shall see our own pretty-faced countrywomen, and leave behind us these naked creatures, who seem to live as much in the water as on shore, and who I'm blessed if I don't think are half women, half fish."

"That's your sort, Morrison," said Robert Lamb, who, in spite of the misnomer, was the ship's butcher; "and as you propose it, you had better tip us a stave first."

"With all my heart," said Morrison; and I'll give you one Jack Adams wrote, for he's a scholar, although he was born under a gun and educated in the galley. Poor fellow! he'll be in the doctor's list to-morrow—for the sun's got hold of his head."

"When the anchor's aweigh, and the ship's under sail,
And Poll begins blubbering a tear,
It is not the foe that can make my heart fail—
'Tis the parting with those I hold dear.
And what matters if friends are as black as a coal,
Or as brown as the strand of a rope,
If they're true I can love them with heart and with
soul,
And share my life with them, I hope."

"And here on this island I've found out a friend,
And a girl to enliven my stay;
But the hour of enjoyment will soon have an end,
From the moment the anchor's aweigh.
Then give me the life of enjoyment and ease,
My friend and my dear little maid,
With no one to forbid me to do as I please,
And no tyrant to make me afraid."

"Where did you get that song from, Morrison?" said Mr. Christian, as the boatswain's mate finished.

"Jack Adams, sir, wrote it the other night."

"What! after the practice of reefing topsails?"

"Yes, sir—the day after, I think."

"Give me a copy of it, will you, Morrison?"

"Yes, sir; I'll get the purser's steward to copy it out."

"It's very odd," said Lamb, "how melancholy-like Adams has grown: he used to be the life of us all. Whenever we got to windward in a breeze, and hugged ourselves up under the weather-bulwark on a Saturday night, he was the one who sang, or who twisted a yarn; and now I'm blessed if he is not for all the world like a young girl who's going to leave her mother."

"He's in love, Lamb, with his girl," said Burkitt, "like many more of us; and he don't like to leave her. But I suppose, whenever he finds another place like this, he'll be in love again."

"He was a real good one," said Morrison; "but I don't think he liked having his way freshened up the rigging. He told me that, man and boy; he had been in the service for twenty-two years, and that he never had a rope's end laid across him before."

"I expect he'll get more familiar with

that before we get home," said Lamb. "But it can't be that, either—for he was a little queerish before that."

"Ay, ay," said Morrison, "we have all our feelings, I suppose, from the captain to the sweeper; but I don't think Adams will ever get over the parting with his girl. He's regularly hard up on a clinch, and no knife to cut the seizings; and now he's got ill to make it better. Well, good night, lads;—one can't talk and sing for ever, like an African parrot;—so I'm for below, and my hammock."

There was always an anchor watch kept on board the *Bounty*, and Adams had the middle watch. He was to relieve Burkitt, and accordingly the relief took place; but Burkitt never went below. Mr. Christian was relieved by the gunner, who, finding the night calm, and no appearance of a breeze, lay down upon the deck and slept. By one o'clock Adams, Burkitt, and Millward had stolen quietly aft—had lowered themselves down by the painter of the boat, and, after silently increasing their distance from the *Bounty*, they took to their oars, and pulled in the direction already pointed out—rounded the land—and were—deserters!

CHAPTER VIII.

At daylight the hands were turned up, the watering party ordered to get ready, and all things in proper training, when it was discovered that the boat was missing.

Captain Bligh was instantly called. He desired the hands to be mustered, and the three men were reported as absent. Bligh's temper was, as we have said, always violent; but on this occasion he outdid himself.

"I'll pay them off, the scoundrels, when I catch them—and catch them I will before this time to-morrow. Curse them, the cowardly villains, who would run away here, because they are afraid of the voyage home. I'll see their back-bones. Here, Mr. Cole, do you and Morrison see the cats in proper order; for we shall want them them shortly. I thought these skulking vagabonds were up to some plots, when I found them on shore; but if they escape me, they have only one more to weather. Mr. Fryer, send a boat for the king, and let him know I wish to speak to him."

A brown king in those days was no

match for a white captain: the cannons of the one terrified the royal mind of the other.

"The three men, sir," said Mr. Peckover, the gunner, "have taken with them eight stand of arms, and the ammunition which was kept in the arm-chest."

"Very well, sir," said Bligh, in a towering rage. "Mr. Peckover, who had the first watch last night?"

"Mr. Christian, sir," replied the guilty man: he knew he was to blame.

"Send for him directly!"

Mr. Christian appeared. "You had the first watch, last night, sir," said the captain, in a very austere tone of voice.

"When the gunner released you at midnight, was the cutter towing astern?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief she was, sir."

"Curse your knowledge and belief, sir, and all such unofficer-like prevarications and falsehoods. I ask you, sir—when you were relieved, did you look over the taffrail, and show Mr. Peckover the cutter towing astern?"

"I did not, sir; but I am confident she was there."

"Confident, sir!" said Bligh, imitating him. "Sir, you are unfit to have charge of a washing-tub—much more a ship of importance such as the *Bounty*. You are an idle, worthless fellow, discreditable to the service, and ungrateful to myself. I advanced you to the rank you hold—I gave you charge of the watch—and what do I find you?—a fellow in whom I cannot place the smallest confidence. I dare say you slept all your watch. Pray, sir, did Mr. Peckover relieve you on deck, or did you send down to say that it was twelve o'clock, and that you had gone below?—Speak the truth, sir, or I'll ferret it out, and make a liar of you before all hands."

Christian bit his lip, but kept his temper. He answered,—"I did not expect such conduct from Captain Bligh. I am indebted to you, sir, for my advancement, and for being suspected a liar and a scoundrel."

"Mutiny, by God!" ejaculated Bligh. "If I hear another sentence like that, I'll clap you in irons, and keep you there until the shackle eats through your skin. Away with you, sir,—take the jolly-boat, and pull until you find the cutter. Don't return without her. She could not, with three men, and without sails, have gone to sea. Find her, sir,—or by God I'll make you rue the day you put your foot on board the *Bounty*. Send every man aft on the quarter-deck."

When the hands were reported as afloat, Bligh, whose temper had still the ascendancy over him, ranted against the whole crew. He called them mutinous villains, who were all in the plot, and wound up by one of those warnings so common in days past: "Wait—only wait until I get to sea, and then stand clear. Mr. Christian, away with you this instant."

"I was waiting for the boat's crew to get their breakfast, sir, as we may not be back until sunset."

"Don't talk to me of breakfast—you are always thinking of eating, drinking, and sleeping, instead of doing your duty like an officer. Shove off this instant."

Christian did as he was ordered, and Bligh went below to sleep off the anger which had taken possession of him. Well he foresaw what this desertion might lead to. He knew that his men were becoming enervated—that the fascination of the women, and the general prevailing indolence, were charms which the hard-working, weather-beaten seamen could not resist; and he was apprehensive that this desertion might lead to others. His first resolution was to stop all communication with the shore; the next was, not to allow any of the natives to visit the ship; and he gave strict orders to this effect—placed additional sentinels round her—and threatened punishment to any man by whose negligence the natives should evade the order.

In the mean time his majesty king Tinah came on board. He was most anxious to keep on good terms with the English, as he was shrewd enough to know that he benefitted most by the traffic. The bread-fruit grew wild, and that was nature's bountiful, inexhaustible gift. The beads and dresses for the women; the iron; the seeds of different plants and vegetables; the kettles, and all the little useful utensils with which a ship is stored; these were inestimable; and there is no doubt that King Tinah would have been heartily glad if Bligh had married his sister, and taken his brown majesty as a tayo.

His majesty gave instant orders, on hearing of the desertion, that one of the chiefs should go with the master in another boat; and he also discovered in a minute which direction the deserters had taken.

We left Adams and his fellow-deserters creeping away silently from the ship. They soon got so far as to ply their oars with more energy; and, after a couple of hours' hard work, they descried the beacon burning brightly behind a point which jutted into the sea. They pulled towards

it, grounded, and landed; and far different was the salutation of the natives from those which would have been received, had they returned to their own countrymen. The girls, more especially Betsy Adams, threw themselves round the necks of the seamen; the tayos laughed and danced, and pointed to the feast they had prepared for their new allies. The plantain was toasted; the pig had been baked; the bread-fruit and the banana selected;—there was joy over them all as they sat by the fire and ate this meal, surrounded and caressed by those they loved.

Betsy Adams having brought her husband the cocoa-nut shell full of water, which is always the finish of the feast, Adams rose, and said to his companions, "We are but half secure here. True, Betsy has spoken of caverns in the rocks, which will secure us from all search excepting that of the natives. But the boat still remains to point out where we landed. We must get rid of her somehow."

This was communicated to the islanders; and Betsy, who from her intelligence and affectionate disposition, was well worthy of being the wife of Adams, instantly suggested that it would be well to let one or two of the natives take the boat back to the ship, and endeavor to gain some information; or she made signs that she would herself go back by land, then swim off, and communicate with Morrison. Both plans were adopted: Adams's tayo got two men, and told them that the boat had drifted in near the place, and advised them to take her back, and the white king, as they sometimes called Bligh, would reward them handsomely. This was done accordingly, and the master met the natives returning the boat. They were not disappointed, for Bligh was generous in the extreme. He now felt secure that he should recover the men—they were on the island—and the king had despatched numerous chiefs to bring back the deserters.

In the mean time the ship's company began to manifest a little uneasiness. They were suddenly deprived of all the little luxuries the women had prepared for them. Neither could the natives understand why they should be so suddenly warned to keep off from alongside. After fruitless endeavors, they returned to the beach, and there sat down, facing the ship, and making all those signs of sorrow and dismay which are so common in Otaheite.

Whilst thus musing over their miseries—for they sincerely loved their respective husbands or friends—Betsy Adams appeared amongst them. She looked fa-

tigued and care-worn, and seating herself on the shore, asked what was the matter. All was communicated to her. The white man had sworn that no one should go on board, or one of the crew come on shore, until the deserters were discovered;—and well they knew that Betsy Adams had secreted them. Nevertheless, with the generosity of character which is conspicuous amongst these people, they expressed a wish that the men might not be discovered, if any punishment was to follow. Adams had made Betsy fully understand what would be the consequence of detection; and the girl's mind was resolved that much should be done before her husband should suffer as he had described. She told her companions of the inevitable flogging, and they one and all determined not to hasten the return of the deserters.

When Betsy was told that the canoe had been near the ship since daylight, and that no one was permitted on board, she smiled. "Let us try again," she said; "I must and will get on board; and if you will do as I ask, I will be on board that ship immediately."

The whole party clapped their hands, and shouted an assent. In a moment the canoe was again laden; the tayos and some of the women took the paddles; but Betsy remained seated. She was called to by her companions, but, instead of getting into the boat, she got close under the counter, farthest from the ship, and in this manner holding on by a small rope which was made fast on board, she desired them to tow her off, but on no account to take the smallest notice of her—to approach the ship as near as possible, and not to leave it until she should return.

It appeared that the genius of Adams had been communicated to his wife; for she held her companions under the authority which superior knowledge and daring ever give. They never asked a question, but paddled the boat off. The sentinels were now heard, warning the boat to keep off, and threatening to fire into her; upon which the boat was stopped; a slight noise might have been heard from the quarter of the boat, and the natives were sensible that Betsy had let go her hold. They now began to make signs to the men—to hold up plantains and cocoa-nuts—and by their noise and gestures they attracted most of the Bounty's crew to the starboard side of the ship.

Morrison was standing on the forecastle, looking over the starboard bow, when his eyes suddenly caught the figure of Betsy Adams rising from under the ship's bottom,

and coming up near the larboard cable. His heart beat quickly, but he did not betray himself. The active girl clambered up to the hause-holes, and there sat concealed. Morrison watched his opportunity—the girl got on board—was down the fore hatchway, and on the lower deck in a moment.

With the rapidity of lightning she explained the safe landing of the others. Morrison, knowing how precious the moments were, conveyed the disagreeable intelligence that the king had promised to return the men before to-morrow's sunset, and that their disgrace, pain, and confinement would inevitably follow. "Nothing can be done now," he made her understand; "but when Adams comes back, either night or day, do you swim off. I will be near to assist you, and we have a plan which you must put into execution. But I must not tell you yet. Now—quick—be off; tell Adams I'll deal gently with him, and that he had better get the king to ask the captain to let him off. Let me get on deck first. You can jump overboard anywhere." Making her understand this conversation, which we relate as the substance, he shook her by the hand, a method of expressing friendship which the islanders always practised towards their tayos.

Morrison went on deck by the main hatchway. Captain Bligh was on deck, swearing at the natives, and threatening to fire into them, if they did not keep farther from the ship. The girls in the boat were holding up their hands, and imploring to be admitted, when Bligh, looking forward, saw the back of Betsy Adams. He roared to the sentry on the larboard gangway to fire at her. She made but one bound—dropped overboard before the man could cock his musket, and directly afterwards the boat was seen going towards the shore, and the hair of a female head might have been distinguished as the gallant Betsy was towed to the landing-place, without any one on board being able to discover who she was.

This did not make the matter better, as it was evident that some one or more on board the ship were still busy in the plot, and Bligh saw that the thing had been deliberately planned and well executed. His fears for his crew now became apparent. In vain he made inquiries as to who had been seen below with the girl. Not one of the ship's company, if any saw them, would say a word; and this strengthened the captain's suspicion as to

a regular organized plot, which was yet to burst upon him.

The danger of delay became now more apparent. Bligh had already shipped nine hundred fine bread-fruit trees, and he now seriously thought of getting another hundred on board, and of starting immediately. The gardeners were duly apprised of his intentions. The report was as speedily circulated through the ship; and the ship's company made a last effort, one and all requesting their captain to allow their women on board, or themselves leave to go on shore. The request met with a positive refusal, until the deserters should be brought on board; "And then," continued the captain, "when you see how I intend to punish those who have tried it, I think you will all be inclined to stay where you are, instead of endeavoring to remain behind—to live and to die amongst a parcel of savages."

The sun set upon a very discontented crew. Christian returned, and was pleased to find that the cutter had been restored. He could give no information of any kind, for he had gone to the southward instead of the northward; and he was once more most seriously rebuked by his captain, who would not listen to any justification of his conduct.

The kings, chiefs, and the chiefs' spies, soon traced the place where the boat was landed, and shortly afterwards met one of the women who was known to have frequented the ship. She was called upon to disclose the retreat of the deserters; and whilst hovering between love and fear, and on the point of mentioning the cavern, Betsy Adams came up, and, with an apparent openness of manner, said she knew the place, and would lead them to it. She gave a glance at Mary Millward which could not be misunderstood, and with a bold and firm step she led the chief to the cave where Adams had first landed. "They are gone," she said, with apparent surprise; "but here is where they slept. Look," she continued, as she pointed out the plantain stalks and husks of bread-fruit, "they cannot be far off, and perhaps are further in the cavern; it runs a long way back, and you had better search it."

The savages were quite aware of the cunning of the female sex, and the desperate means they would resort to in order to save those they loved; and as the king's order was imperative, they thought it best to keep Betsy in sight, for she manifested a strong desire to avoid the damp.

"You may go," said the chief, "and thanks for your intelligence."

Betsy's haste overcame her prudence; she darted out without looking behind her, and one of the savages traced her to another cave, into which she dived with the speed of a frightened tiger.

Adams and his companions had been conveyed to this spot, as more secure than the one which they at first occupied; and here they were reposing in all the idea of security, when Mary Millward, in a hurried, frightened manner, entered the cave. It required no tongue or gesticulation to convey her meaning; she wrung her hands, and disordered her hair, whilst Adams and his party, armed with muskets, immediately cleared for action. The tale was soon told. Betsy Adams had misled the chiefs, but only for a moment; they knew every hole and cavern round the coast, and to attempt to move from the one in which they were secreted would be useless.

The girls and tayos, seeing the menacing posture Adams assumed, instantly made him understand that they would be no party to any bloodshed—that they would conceal them with all ingenuity, but that they would not see their happy land stained with their countrymen's blood. One victim, they were informed, would raise the whole population—the fighting clubs and battle mats would be seen in every hand and on every shoulder—the death of one man would make every soul, from the king to the lowest man, an enemy.

"May be," said Adams, "but I'll die rather than be punished. I've never had a stripe, and never will. Now, lads, we are but three, and they at least forty. What are you for?"

"To follow the girl's advice," said Burkitt; "it's much better to return and take three dozen, and have another chance, than to be mashed to death by war-clubs, or eaten or scalped by these fellows. You see, Adams, they love us as men in misfortune, but they won't have a drop of blood shed, to lead to quarrels amongst themselves."

"What! will you give up," said Adams, "without a shot!"

"Yes," replied both, "because the shot can but kill one man, and there are thirty to come upon us, or to starve us in this cave. But Betsy has led them away, and we may escape."

"Foolish fellows!" said Adams. The king is hunting us; we must be found. But since you will not resist, we had bet

ter surrender at once. There, then, is my gun unprimed, and I shall be led to the gang-way, like a coward who surrenders because he fears to fire."

At this moment Betsy entered. A new life and hope was inspired by her presence. She told them to be ready to start to another smaller and deeper cave, which led down to the shore; to pursue the line of coast to the northward, and that she would follow their steps and assist them. She told Adams she had been on board—that Morrison had told her what she then related, and that all escape, she feared, would be unavailing. "But come," she beckoned, "we must try at once."

Each man, impatient to avoid the danger, rushed to the mouth of the cavern—they got into broad daylight—and as they looked round for their guide, they found their retreat cut off by the chief and his party. They were seized and bound, and, followed by their women and tayos to the beach, were returned on board the Bounty.

CHAPTER IX.

ADAMS's tayo was the brother of Betsy Adams. It has been before stated that the savages considered it an act of friendship to offer their sisters as wives to strangers, and that accepting this gift bound all parties together in the strictest amity. This man had been kicked and cuffed, an insult never pardoned by men who imagine they can be revenged; and now that he saw his friend and his brother-in-law lashed like a criminal and faken on board, he resolved to be revenged on Captain Bligh, not by any outward and visible act, for that, he knew, would bring down the vengeance of the great king Tinah upon his head, but by a more sure and a more secret mode. The first thing, however, was to get on board the ship.

No sooner were the deserters brought on board than the embargo was taken off; the women and tayos were allowed to come on board, and the ship swarmed with natives. This was exactly what Bligh wanted. He was determined to punish the deserters in the presence of the natives, in order that they might be deterred by affection from encouraging any more runaways. He gave orders to rig the gratings—a preparatory command

to the flagellation likely to follow. He then turned the hands up, and at once proceeded to punishment.

"John Adams," he called out.

"Here sir," said Adams.

"Strip."

Adams hesitated.

"Strip immediately, sir, or by God it will be worse for you."

"I never had a lash, sir," said Adams, "since I have been in the service. I was born in it—bred in it—I have got good certificates, and I hope, sir, you won't disgrace me by a punishment, more especially before the natives."

"Oh," said Bligh, "the natives you find quite good enough to live amongst—quite good enough for your companions—for your friends; but you feel disgraced by being punished before them. Now what right have you to complain of this disgrace? You have broken the articles of war—you have deserted, and might be hung. No, no, sir, you have brought this upon yourself. You had every comfort here the service could allow. You lived on shore whenever you chose to ask—you had your friends on board whenever you wished them. You have deserted, and added a greater crime to one which of itself alone merits punishment, by taking with you some of his majesty's arms and ammunition—not to mention the boat, which would have been beaten to pieces against the rocks, if the natives had not returned her. No, sir, forgive you I will not. I should be guilty of great dereliction of duty if I did so; and I am determined that the natives shall see the severity of the punishment, in order that they may deter their friends from a similar fault, and that the ship's company may be well aware that any one leaving the ship is sure of being discovered, and that a similar punishment will follow. Strip, sir."

"I'm sure, sir, you will grant me one favor, and I'll take my punishment like a man. Do, sir, have the kindness to send my wife and tayo out of the ship first. If you condemn me to be disgraced before the natives, at least save me from that of being flogged like a boy before my wife."

"Seize him up, quartermaster. Now bring his wife and tayo forward, and let them see what their folly has cost their friends. Mr. Cole, give him a dozen; and, do you hear, sir?—no trifling—this is a serious offence, and we are all interested in preventing desertion. Not that cat, Mr. Cole—the thief's cat, and take care you do your duty."

Betsy Adams and the tayo had been brought in front, and had fixed their eyes upon Adams. They of course had not the slightest notion of what was to follow, and stood gaping about with a vacant stare. They saw Mr. Cole advance, and deliberately inflict a blow which made the victim shriek with pain—they saw him twist and writhe whilst the lashings held him secure and unable to escape. The second blow fell, and the blood started. Betsy, no longer able to endure the sight, rushed upon Adams, and clinging round his neck, offered her own back; whilst the tayo began to sing a very clamorous song, and stamp his feet violently. The rest of the natives joined in the strain, and threw up their arms as if in token of defiance.

Bligh well knew this was their war-song, and the gesticulations those which always heralded a fight. But he had them secure enough. They had no arms—their clubs and their lances had never been permitted on board, and they were quite unable to offer any violence with their hands.

Betsy was torn away from Adams. She sat down on the deck, tearing her hair, and pouring forth loud lamentations. She never raised her eyes, but to each stroke she responded by a moan.

Morrison was now called upon, and the girl's ears, familiar to the sound, made her look up. She saw Morrison take the cat from the boatswain's hands. She watched him as he passed his fingers through the ends already dyed in blood, and she saw him inflict a lash. She flew at him, and seized him; then turning to the captain, she made signs that Morrison had been with them when they arranged about the desertion.

"Take her away," said Bligh; "what the devil does she mean by all these signs? set her down here again—go on, Morrison—and remember this, if you give such another lash as the last, I'll give you three dozen."

"Do your duty, Morrison," said Adams, "I can bear it."

The girl now began to cry. She kept her head close to the deck, and seemed, as the blows fell, to wince from them as if they fell upon her. The dozen was over—Mr. Cole was called again, and again another dozen followed. Adams was then cast off and led aft. Betsy sat down by him, and took his hand, and cried again. The tears ran down her cheeks like streamlets; whilst the tayo was walking round and round, like a tiger in his cage, stamp-

ing his feet, and swinging his arms about. Adams was the most composed of the three; but the pride of the seaman was gone for ever. He comforted Betsy, who never took her eyes from his; and when at last the tayo sat down before him, his eyes almost starting from his head, his face bloated with rage, and his white teeth grinning like an angry dog's, Adams placed his finger on his lips.

The punishment of the other men was going on. Millward's screams might have been heard for miles, and Adams could speak and make signs without being observed. He pointed to the sun, and then to the horizon—he made the usual communication for darkness—he then plunged as it were into the water—pointed to Betsy, and made them understand that he referred to the large rope—the cable by which she had crept on board when she held her interview with Morrison. Her eyes sparkled as she comprehended Adams's signs—her ears came forward like a dog's in the attitude of listening—and the tayo's ferocity seemed fast subsiding. Adams took his knife, opened it, and made signs of cutting; and as he was endeavoring to convey his meaning more correctly, (for evidently neither one nor the other comprehended this last sign,) his name was called, and he went forward. "I hope," said Bligh, "this will be a sufficient warning to you and the ship's company. We are here, thousands of miles from home, amongst a people who are our friends just as long as they fear us. If we were in their power, you would not find either friendship or love amongst them. Remember that when Captain Wallis first came amongst these people, they made several attempts to murder him and his ship's company. The noise of the guns frightened them, and they were taught to believe the white man a superior being. Once let them see that we are their equals, and our lives would not be worth one day's purchase. My men, I see you all express great concern at the punishment having taken place in the presence of these people. It was done with the best intentions, and I know it will have the best effect. The natives, seeing the severity with which desertion is punished, will not countenance it; and you, my men—you, I trust, have more pride about you as seamen than to leave your own countrymen—your homes—your wives and your children—to become tattooed savages—to live amongst strangers—to become their slaves; for the weakest must ever serve the strongest, and the fewest succumb to the more numerous.

I shall sail from the island as quickly as possible; and I do sincerely hope and trust that I never again shall be called upon to make an example of a British sailor before a pack of savages. Pipe down, Mr. Cole."

Had Captain Bligh always spoken to his men before the punishment in the manner he spoke after it, there would have been less discontent on board the *Bounty*. In his cool moments no man knew seamen better than he did. He had been born amongst them, and brought up amongst them; for he had risen from before the mast; and although it has been remarked that those officers who have risen from that situation are generally the most severe, yet it is but fair to Bligh's memory to state, that, when free from the paroxysms of rage, he was a benevolent man and a good officer.

The speech of Bligh seemed to have some good effect. The men formed in little groups, and those who were overheard remarked that what the captain said was right enough, and that most of the savages slept with their mouths open, as if ready to swallow them up; whilst others remarked that they would think no more of baking the boatswain than they would a pig, and in spite of his tough skin they would pick his bones as clean as a dried seagull's on the shore. Others had got fanciful stories,—that they tattooed people in order to taste their blood, and that every now and then, when they found it sweet, they made a feast of a young child.

Bligh knew that if he could frighten his crew a little, they would soon invent stories enough to frighten each other ten thousand times more; and now they began to talk about being eaten to as great a certainty, if they remained behind, as they would pipe to dinner if they remained on board.

The punished men were kept aft, their women and tayos sent out of the ship, and strict orders given that the one party was not to be permitted on board, nor the other on shore. This was made known in an abrupt manner, and no leave-taking allowed. Adams, however, pointed to the sails aloft—then to the distant horizon—and covering his eyes with his hands, actually shed tears. Betsy comprehended all, and gave him an intelligent look—as much as to say, "I'll see you fifty times before you sail."

There was a little gloom over the ship's company. Adams was a great favorite; but now he walked amongst his former companions as a man whose great spirit

was broken. He never was seen to smile; but during the day he kept his eyes fixed on the beach, where he saw Betsy and his tayos sitting. Frequently, however, Betsy rose like a mermaid from the ocean, and a few signs and words were interchanged.

It was shortly after his punishment that he had the anchor watch as before, and Christian was the officer of the watch. The latter, thinking he heard some one talking, went forward, and found Adams and Betsy in conversation. Adams started up on seeing him; but Christian put his hand on his shoulder, and said, in a kind manner, "Never mind, Adams, I shall not say a word about it; but how did she come here?"

"She swam on board, as usual, sir, and came up by the cable."

"She's worthy a better fate than a savage life, Adams. Poor girl! she felt more than you did when you were punished."

"God bless you, sir," said Adams, as he forgot his station in life, and took hold of Mr. Christian's hand. He instantly withdrew it, but Christian took his, and said—

"I consider, Adams, the hand of such a man as yourself—one who feels as you do—much more welcome in mine than the hand of another I could name;" and then advancing to Betsy, who was sitting down, as if she feared she had involved Adams in another scrape, the water running off her skin like an oily duck, he caressed her, and bade her be easy. The girl understood kindness—who does not? She pulled Adams down by her side; and Christian, after having exchanged a few words more, told Adams to mind and get her out of the ship before four o'clock, and to come and tell him when she was gone.

Christian now paced the quarter-deck. His very heart was stung by the opprobrious terms which Bligh had so frequently lavished upon him; and yet he could not altogether forget the many acts of kindness he had received. But the human mind is incapable of long bearing this balance between good and evil. The more the evil is encouraged even in thought, the more the good gives way. Revenge, hatred, malice, are powerful, and mostly victorious assailants over gratitude, fondness, and affection. Christian was born a gentleman, educated a gentleman; and the germ of early religion had been planted in him. A mother's eye had watched his failings, and rebuked them. But he was now a man, and with the feelings of a man, he had heard himself called—ay, and in the

presence of the ship's company—a sleepy hound—a fellow in whom no trust could be reposed;—and to these terms of unmerited reproach had been added others more galling. The fruit of servitude was bitter in his mouth, whilst he felt that a very little agitation would shake off the chain which bound him. Besides, Christian, like every one else, had formed a connexion on shore. He saw the days of indolence and nights of enjoyment which nature and the inhabitants had prepared for the willing stranger. He felt bound, as it were, to Otaheite. His insulted spirit already prompted him to remain where no labor was required to live, and where he found kindness, affection, and love to charm him from the hated ship, where anger, abuse, revilings, cursings, and swearings assailed him.

As he pondered over these things, (and we all know, when once we entertain any evil thoughts, how soon they overpower the good which in calmer moments guide and direct us,) he paced the deck quicker and quicker. At last the thought of desertion occurred even to him. But he knew the power the captain held over the king; he knew that every cave and cavern of the island was known to the warriors, and that his detection was certain. That scheme would not answer. He then determined upon sounding Adams, and finding from him what was the state of feeling on board the ship, before the mast; and whilst revolving in his mind how first to tread upon the dangerous ground, which might give way beneath his tread, Adams came to the break of the quarter-deck, and reported that Betsy had left the ship.

"There she goes," said Adams, pointing to a light silvery streak produced by the phosphorescent state of the sea, as the girl slowly and silently moved her hands and feet under its surface.

"She is a generous, brave, and excellent creature," said Christian, "and I hope you told her to come on board every night. I can always manage to have you in my watch, and I will run the chance of the discovery and the punishment."

"I don't know, sir," said Adams, speaking in a very low voice, for the night was very still—"I don't know how to thank you. It's hard, sir, very hard—to see the other men allowed to have their wives on board, and I to be refused."

Here he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "My back—my back, how it burns!"

"It has burnt deeper than your back, Adams," said Christian; "it has taken

away your spirit. From the gayest you have become most melancholy. It was hard to punish you before that girl."

"Hard!" said Adams; "I would rather have gone round the fleet at Portsmouth than have received one lash with her as a witness. Besides, sir, I was not so much to blame. I loved the girl—she had told me she would sail round the world with me—and I only did as much when I offered to live on shore with her."

"I dare say, now, Adams," said Christian, "that you would have no objection to remain amongst these kind-hearted, excellent people, who are never known to quarrel among themselves—who give all they have got to give—who love us truly and sincerely. I'm sure, for my own part, I would much sooner live here than return home."

"So would I, Mr. Christian; and there are plenty more in the ship who would like it also. Five or six of us have often spoken of it."

"And I suppose," resumed Christian, "if you had succeeded, they would have joined you."

"That is not the length of the foretop-sail brace from the mark, sir," said Adams.

"And do you think those men could be relied on?" said Christian; "I mean, supposing the captain had offered some reward, in the way of promotion, if any one of the crew had come forward and betrayed the hiding-place?"

"No, sir, not they; we were bound together, and I led the way; and I may tell you, sir, that I am sorry I was ever discovered."

"And you would go again, if an opportunity occurred?"

"Ay, to-morrow, sir."

"Keep this conversation in your mind, Adams—give me your hand—the ship may be wrecked before we leave the island yet. Don't whisper this to any one, and let me know when your girl comes on board to-morrow night."

CHAPTER X.

THE ice was broken—the word of the first idea of mutiny had been spoken—the knowledge that some of the men had agreed to this desertion—that more were to follow—this, told by a foremast man, and kept secret by the officer, was a mu-

tiny in the heart. The first false step had been taken. Christian's was no mind to waver. He was resolved to find out the discontented, but not to trust himself with any but Adams. Where a man is true to a woman, he will never disgrace the friendship of his fellow man. The most constant in love, we are told, are the bravest in war. Adams had proved himself both; and he was a fit repository for Christian's woes and Christian's plans.

The Bounty was to sail that day week. Almost all the trees were on board; the water was complete; some hogs and vegetables had yet to be shipped; and, by the day appointed, the Bounty was to spread her canvass on her return home. It was Christian's first watch. There was no one now to cheer them with a song, for Morrison had grown morose and sulky since Adams's punishment; Adams's muse was sea-sick, and there were no more songs. All crept to their hammocks; and all, excepting about eight, looked forward to weighing the anchor with considerable regret, and wished that the time was to come over again when first they made the island.

"Here's Betsy coming, Mr. Christian—that's her far on the bow; she never comes broadside on, for fear of the soldier abaft."

"Get her on board forward, and, after you have talked and chatted with her for an hour, send her away. I have something to say to you, which not even a woman must overhear at present. You have not said a word about our conversation last night?"

"Not a word, sir."

Christian now went aft, and kept the lookout man abaft in conversation, until he was satisfied that Betsy was safe on board. He then stood on the gangway and hummed a tune, so that no one could overhear Adams, if he should be foolish enough to talk. Adams this night was anxious to get Betsy on shore; for he was not idiot enough to believe that Christian would have shaken hands with a disgraced man, if he had not some plot in view. Besides, he had talked of the ship being wrecked. No sooner, therefore, had he persuaded Betsy to depart, than he came to Christian.

"Now, Adams," Christian began, "are you of the same mind about living here as you were last night?"

"More so, sir, than ever. I can't leave her; and, flogged, or not flogged, I'll try it again. I spoke to her about it just now."

"Then don't speak to her any more just yet about it. Listen to me. Who are the men who said they would desert with you?"

Adams was silent.

"Why, do you think that I would betray you? I have more to fear from you. We are both discontented men, Adams, and we must be all free and above-board one with the other. Let me know who they are, and I'll be as frank with you."

"Then sir," said Adams—"excuse the freedom—will you swear by Heaven never to tell their names?"

"I swear it," said Christian.

"Well, then, out of the ship's company we have twelve [and here he mentioned their names] who are anxious to desert; eight more have spoken about it, but we have not trusted them; and I'm sure that if we could only get on shore in such numbers as to weaken the ship's company so much as to hinder the captain from going to sea, all hands would rejoice."

"That would not do, Adams," replied Christian; "we must not leave him the power to fetch us back, or he would confine us all in irons, and hang us on our return. No—we must strike out some other plan."

"I have struck out another plan, sir, which will answer, I have no doubt."

"What is it, Adams?"

"I won't tell even you, sir. If it fails, and I am discovered, there will be only one to be hung; if it does not fail, why, we shall take care of ourselves. Here's the quartermaster coming forward to strike eight bells. By to-morrow night, sir, we shall see—or to-morrow morning."

Adams now went forward. A slight breeze had sprung up, and before the watch was relieved, it blew rather hard in squalls. The gunner was called and relieved Mr. Christian, who, apprehending that some desertion was about to be attempted, took care to give over the charge of the ship in a proper officer-like manner. As the ship was moored, there was no necessity to veer any cable. She had frequently weathered heavier breezes than the present, and now she rode to the best bower; and occasionally, as the sea came into the bay, she dipped her bows a little into the water. The gunner paced the deck, and wrapped up himself and his thoughts by a little inside lining. Frequently—for he was a steady fellow—he looked over the side, and tried the lead-line, to see that the ship did not drag her anchors. But all went on quietly and well, and he was relieved at four o'clock by the master.

No sooner had daylight begun to dawn, than Mr. Fryer took the precaution to go forward to see that the cable was not chafed in the hawsehole. He then looked over the bows to see if she rode with a heavy strain, and there, to his horror, he saw two strands of the cable had been cut through, and the good ship *Bounty* in the most imminent danger of being wrecked. The hands were turned up immediately, the capstan bars shipped, the captain on deck, and a considerable confusion manifested. Christian, as he jumped on the fore-castle, met Adams, and he at once comprehended the whole affair. Adams had made his girl understand what he wished done; the girl had swam on shore for her brother, and by perseverance they had effected that with a common seaman's knife which must have taken them nearly an hour.

The messenger was immediately passed—the cable brought to, and in a lull which occurred a moment afterwards the cable was hove in, until the cut part was well abaft the bits. The ship was again secured, and the regular duty proceeded.

The rage of Bligh at this discovery surpassed its usual bounds. He was mad for a time. He sent for the king, and, under threat of the severe displeasure of the king of England, he charged him to make all due inquiries, and if any of the natives were concerned, to bring them on board and deliver them up to him. He spoke of great guns and small arms as powerful auxiliaries in the cause, and declared that he would try their power upon the houses on shore, if every attention was not paid to his desire.

His majesty king Tinah bowed to the representative of a more powerful monarch, and seeing Bligh in such a towering passion, made good his retreat in his own canoe, in which sat, in all the pomp of dingy majesty, the queen Oberea; for Tinah, whenever he suspected that Bligh was angry, brought the appeasing deity—a woman.

Having done all he could do, in order to discover the native, if native it was, Bligh began to examine his own ship's company. Christian, who had the first watch, declared that all was quiet. Adams, who had the anchor watch, vowed that no person could have done it during the calm; and the quartermaster of the watch most vehemently asserted that he had not seen a soul on deck, or in the water. It was then the gunner's turn. In vain Bligh endeavored to fix upon Christian some neglect of duty; the gunner declared that

he delivered over charge of the ship properly, and that he himself saw Adams relieved, and brought the anchor watch to prove that he looked over the bows to see the hawse was clear.

Any farther inquiry was useless; but Bligh saw in this attempt the desperate resolve of the men. The natives might indeed have thought of this plan to insure the stay of the seamen, and the iron which they so much coveted; but Bligh felt assured that the plan had originated amongst his own men; for he had remarked how melancholy they looked when the news was circulated, that on the 4th of April, six months nearly since the time they anchored, the ship was to be put to sea. It was now the 1st of April, and three days more would make him secure. A double watch was ordered to be placed every night—the men to be stationed at each cat-head; and particular directions were given that the officers of the watches should themselves visit the lookouts every quarter of an hour, to see that they did their duty.

On the morning of the 2d of April, at one o'clock, Adams's woman as usual came to the cable. The lookout man on the bow opposite to Adams saw her approach, and came up to report it. This man's name was Ellison. Christian, who had the middle watch,—for Mr. Fryer always kept the morning watch in harbor,—went forward, and calling Adams, told him that Ellison had reported Betsy in the water. Adams jumped to the larboard cat-head, whispered to Ellison, and coming round, said, "It is all right, sir—Ellison is one of us—we talked him over yesterday."

The girl came on board weeping, and tearing her hair. She said the king had been very busy in endeavoring to find out the man who had cut the cable, but that he had not succeeded; but that no one would attempt it again, as the great spirit seemed to protect the ship from storms, thunder and lightning. She was told that the ship sailed on the 4th, and she expressed the most lively sorrow at the news.

Christian now made Ellison and Adams sit down, and casting aside all rank or official pretension, he began to point out to them the folly of the late attempt.

"Have patience," he said, "and a little prudence, and all will come right. Had the ship gone on shore, we should all have been ruined. Directly all means of escape would have been cut off, we should have become the slaves of the natives. That

tiny in the heart. The first false step had been taken. Christian's was no mind to waver. He was resolved to find out the discontented, but not to trust himself with any but Adams. Where a man is true a woman, he will never disgrace the ship of his fellow man. The moon in love, we are told, are the b Adams had proved himself was a fit repository for and Christian's plans.

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It was C was no o song, for sulky muse mo m

"What! started upon his legs. "What! captain!—murder him in his hands. Never, never, Mr. Christian, will I follow in that. Why, his ghost would follow us through every wood of the island, and from the time the knife touched him, I would as soon die as live. No, sir, no—I'll desert with you—take a boat with you—go anywhere with you—but I won't be concerned in any bloodshed." "Nor I," said Ellison, "who in general followed the last speaker; "I'll do as Jack says, but I'll have no concern in the murder."

"What children you are," said Christian, "to be frightened at a dead man—I don't wonder though, since he flogs you like boys alive, you might from your fear, believe he would haunt you when dead. How can you escape but by this method? Supposing you were to leave the ship, the king would hold you prisoners—you would be confined now, and hanged afterwards. But of what use are you, if you are only to talk? I tell you, since you are so nice about a throat which would hang up dozens of ours, I'll do it—only do you be true to me. We are all bound up together, and if one of us prove false, we shan't hold on like the cable did when two of its strands were severed. Come Adams, it's done in a minute, and there's an end of it. Don't you know that dead men tell no tales?"

"I am as desperate, sir," said Adams, "as the devil himself could wish. But I won't stain my hands in blood—no—although he flogged me—yet I know I deserved it."

"Did you deserve being disgraced before this girl, who has more spirit in her

"Then don't just yet are"

the man she loves you feel the degradation, as lash after lash, and she tried to turn her back, and she tried to turn from it?—and would you let her thus added insult to insult?—you are no man—merely a shadow!—you grown large in form without his soul. Why! that trembling girl, who to you for protection like a frightened child, risked her own life last night to insure your affection; and you have not the courage to strike a blow which will give her to you for ever. I dare say Ellison, if you had been punished before that pretty little wife of yours, you would not have been such a coward."

"No, sir," said Ellison, "for the matter of that, perhaps not; but I have not been so provoked."

"No, no, my good fellow, certainly not—but if you were in Adams's place?"

"Oh, then sir, that would be another affair."

Whilst Christian had turned to Ellison, Adams made the girl understand the drift of the conversation. She hid her face in her hands, and having learnt the value of some words in our language, said in a hurried voice, as she threw her arms around him—"No! no! no!"

Christian started round on hearing a savage rebuke him for his intention.

"Well, then," he began, "live—and let him live—sail on the 4th—receive another punishment on the 5th—get home—see him promoted—advanced in public favor—rewarded,—whilst you, a man of your form, Adams, go on shore at Portsmouth for a day, with the marks of the cat upon your back, and are then sent back on board to toil again and again;—live on—be shot at every day in the week, and when you are a poor, old, worn-out decrepit creature, go beg your bread—be called a lazy vermin; or, what will suit you better—for you have not the spirit to die like a man—go into the poorhouse, and when you die, perhaps your body will be sold to the surgeons for dissection."

"That may all be true enough, Mr. Christian; and I don't want any man to tell me that the captain gets all the credit, and the men the work. But I won't have any thing to do with the murder; and my girl says she could never touch me again if I was concerned in it. Lord love you, sir, I don't know which I would soonest do—cut my own throat or the captain's."

"Well, then," said Christian, "say no more about it; and here we drop the con-

cern altogether. You have tried desertion, and you find that won't answer. The wrecking the ship, I know, will only make the matter worse, and I won't have any thing to do with that. So away we go as we came; a set of fellows who have breathed a word which would hang us all, and yet have not the common courage to save ourselves. Then say good-by to your Betsy for ever. This is the last time she comes on board; you will never see her again. The girl that offered her back to save yours; who forfeited her life when she concealed you in the cavern; who risked it last night when she did as you requested; and then go slink to your hammock, and dream of her who has done these things, and whom you will never see again. The secret is safe between us, of course; our mutual safety requires that. But I will not risk the captain's displeasure by allowing her on board during our watch. I should suffer if that were discovered; and I am not inclined to meet a punishment for a man who has not the courage to avoid it himself. So say good night, and let her go."

"Stop, sir, stop," said Adams; "and don't, because I dislike murder, give up the cause altogether. Cannot we think of some other method? for if I only thought he *might* escape—if I did not know that he was actually killed—one might make friends with oneself to forget it. Come, Ellison, you have a head on your shoulders; can't you think of something?"

"You have got two," replied the seaman, alluding to Betsy's, which she had rested upon Adams, "and yet you can't get any thing out of them."

"Good-night," said Christian. "Come, Ellison, jump upon the cathead. Now, Adams, to your lookout. We have escaped detection as far as this, and I have done with it."

Christian now walked aft, and getting near the companion, called out, "Keep a good lookout forward." Both seamen answered, "Ay, ay, sir;" when Adams left his station and sat down with Betsy.

Christian, apprehensive that all his plans were dissolved, now began to think seriously of the dangerous position in which he had placed himself, and the best means of extricating himself. He saw that his power, as an officer, was gone for ever; for Ellison left his station, and Adams, with his girl and his companion, sat down in spite of the official intimation, and began to whisper eagerly to each other. It immediately occurred to Chris-

tian that their plan might be to reveal the plot to the captain, and save themselves by hanging him. He ran over in his mind the evidence which could so easily be brought against him—the very fact that Betsy had been on board every night, contrary to the orders, which were imperative, that none of the natives should be allowed on board after dark, as their pilfering propensities were carried on upon all occasions. Besides, Ellison's countenance was a bad one, and he would not stick upon any point of honor.

It was not more than two o'clock. Christian's mind was heavily laden. He felt he had gone too far to retreat, and yet he wished to retreat in order to leap the further. He walked the deck as an officer feeling a rope round his neck. He walked forward in obedience to the captain's instructions. He found his own orders disobeyed; Betsy was still on board; Ellison was asleep on the larboard-side of the forecabin, and Adams was sitting down, endeavoring to make his girl understand the pain he felt at parting from her. Adams took no notice of Christian as he passed forward; and Christian actually was afraid to rouse Ellison to his duty. Such is an officer who has committed himself before his men!

CHAPTER XI.

AN hour passed. It was three in the morning. Christian stood musing over the starboard gangway, when a splash in the water convinced him that at last his orders had been obeyed. Adams walked aft, and with the freedom which equality gives (for crime levels all rank), he thus began:

"I have hit upon a plan which will suit us all, and ruin none."

"I want no plans," said Christian, pettishly; "so to your station, and keep a lookout."

"Hear me, Mr. Christian," said Adams, with firmness; "I am not a man to be trifled with; and although I never was out of a ship for more than twenty-four hours at a spell, yet I know what passes in a man's mind when he thinks he has done an act which places him at the mercy of others. Now I dare say you have been turning over in your mind what Ellison and myself have been turning in

ours. I'll answer for it you have been thinking how you can hang us; and we have been thinking how we can save ourselves by tucking you up. But neither of us would get much good by that; and we had better endeavor to forward each other's views in this life, than seek to shorten life itself. First of all, Betsy is coming back to-morrow night."

"I thought," said Christian, "I desired she should not come."

"That's true enough," said Adams, in a careless manner; "but I desired she should; and come she shall until the last moment. Now there is no occasion for us to quarrel. I can not live without that girl, and I'll see her to the last. Now, Mr. Christian, this is what I propose:—Let the ship go to sea; the first night you have the watch let us get the boat out, provision her, and return to the island, having thrown the guns overboard before we start."

Christian seemed suddenly struck with the idea.

"Come forward on the forecastle, Adams; we are too close to the waist here, and some ears may catch the sound. That idea of yours is a good one, inasmuch as it gives me a much better. Your plan would fail; the ship would overtake the boat; we could not destroy the arms and swamp the magazine without a disturbance. Besides, the captain would know that we could only be bound for Otaheite; and the day after our arrival, we should see the ship return, and ourselves prisoners. But the plan which has just occurred to me will get rid of all difficulties. Let us go to sea without a murmur; let us work steadily; do our duty properly; and when we are about three hundred miles away, let us seize the ship (we will plan that afterwards), hoist out the long-boat, put the captain, the master, and some of those who like the officers, into her, with some provisions and water: turn them adrift, and leave them to find another island. There they will remain; we will return to Otaheite in the ship; raise any report concerning the captain; say he died of eating too much fruit, or that he was washed overboard—get our women on board—and live here for ever."

"That's a good plan, and I'll agree to that. There's no murder here. The captain may find an island for himself; or if he gets killed by savages, that's his own look out. Let's call Ellison."

"Stop," said Christian; "are you sure we can trust that man? I don't above

half like his looks, and he is sulky and surly."

"The better man for our purpose; and we must manage to let all the rest know the plan, for they talk of desertion, and might ruin us all by being too precipitate."

"Right," said Christian; "here we go, Adams, neck or nothing: to trust a plan to nearly twenty men, the drunken whisper of any one of them would ruin us all! But we have begun: we must not turn back. Depend upon it, to remain inactive and to distrust each other, is more dangerous than any attempt we may make."

Ellison was called, and Christian had a good opportunity of seeing how an officer sinks in the estimation of his men when he has once forgotten his rank and station.

"Halloo!" said Ellison, starting up.

"It's Mr. Christian," said Adams, "who wants to speak to you."

"Damn Christian," said Ellison; "I could hang him to-morrow, and only expend a few fathoms of rope after all."

"Hush," said Adams, whispering in his ear; "it's all right now."

"That's another affair," said the surly hound; "so here I am, all ready for the thing, whenever the work begins. But curse me if I stand upon that cathead to see who cuts the cable, when I'm blessed if I don't do it myself rather than go to sea again."

Adams contrived to keep him quiet while Christian explained his plan.

"That will do," said he; "come, give us your hand upon it. Well, and when we have got the ship, who is to command her, I should like to know!"

"I am, of course," said Christian.

"Well, then," replied Ellison, "I'll be first lieutenant, and Jack shall be master. We must have it all cut and dry before we begin, you know. There's nothing like having the reward before one's eyes, by way of a blind, for the punishment is glaring enough. I dare say now that I shall be hanged for this business, after all, and that Christian here will be made king."

Christian was of a good family, and had received a liberal education; and all men are aware of the feeling of disgust which is engendered by any low-life familiarity. Here was the officer, and acting lieutenant in his majesty's navy—a proud situation, for it might lead to the highest honors—at once levelled to the rank of a foremast seaman. And bitterly he felt the degradation, but he did not dare to refuse his hand; for he gathered enough from the hasty answer of Ellison, to know that he and Adams had talked of hanging

him, and this idea occupied his mind even when asleep. It was now useless to think of retreating, although Christian plainly foresaw that if he could overtopple the proper commander, the men with whom he now leagued himself could, by the same means, deprive him of the power he thus obtained.

Then came another unwelcome visitor to his mind—conscience. It was true, Bligh had abused him in his passion, and had stigmatized him as a thief. But then it was done or said in a moment of irritation, when a man is hardly responsible for his words; and if his folly does not prop his pride, is glad enough to recal them when reason returns. The act which he was about to commit was the consummation of ingratitude—his heart proclaimed it such.

Neither was Adams very easy. He had been brought up in a good school of discipline. His father had always taught him obedience to those placed in authority above him. He had seen the effects of a violation of discipline, and he wound himself up for the struggle with many a painful pang. He was quite aware of the error he was about to commit; and Christian, who thought him a waverer, frequently reminded him of the indignity he had suffered in being punished before savages. This roused all the bad feelings of his nature, and he was inwardly an unwilling, but a determined man.

Ellison was an impressed man into the service; and his excuse to himself was, that he was forced to sail under Bligh, whether he liked it or not; and as every man was not forced to that which he disliked, it was evidently a hardship and an injustice to him. He, therefore, looked upon the deed as perfectly warrantable, and betook himself to sleep out his watch with all the nonchalance of a man at ease with himself.

Hitherto, only the three above mentioned were in the secret; and both Adams and Ellison proposed to keep it quiet until the night before it was to take place. Accordingly, when those who had spoken of desertion reminded Ellison or Adams of their determination, they answered, with a mysterious look, "Only keep quiet, and we shall shortly be back to Otaheite."

The time now grew short, and Bligh, willing to allow the seamen every enjoyment before the ship sailed, gave permission to the women to come on board. Betsy Adams, who was made to understand that in a week from the time of sailing, she would see the ship again, com-

municated the news to one or two of the natives; and the e, with the precautionary cunning of savages, kept the secret. That some idea of the sort had been whispered about, there could be no doubt; for when the anchor was aweigh, the sails loose, and the ship standing out of Matavia Bay, which she did on the 4th of April, the natives, although warm in their leave-taking, were yet much more resigned to it than even Bligh had expected.

At last the word was given for all the women to leave the ship. The king, who had been on board all the time the ship was getting under weigh, now took his last farewell of Bligh. He desired his homage to George of England might be communicated to him when the ship arrived; he left presents, insignificant in value, but rich as an offering of friendship and of true regard; and Bligh, having made him a suitable speech in return, and made him a present of some beads, muskets, swords and powder, shook the royal hand of the king, kissed the royal cheek of the queen, and as his majesty shoved off in his canoe, filled the maintopsail, and stood slowly out to sea.

The seamen, ever generous to their women, were on this occasion lavish of their gifts, and it was a long time before the last canoe left the Bounty.

The ship had left the shore at least three miles, when Bligh discovered a woman on board. His rage was instantly expressed. He swore he would not heave to, but take her away; and great was his surprise and his admiration when he heard a splash in the water: there was a cry of a man overboard; but as the ship passed the active swimmer, the countenance of Betsy Adams was discovered, the girl waving her hand, and striking out to the shore. Bligh instantly offered to lower a boat and take her on shore; but Adams, who was near, said she would rather go without any assistance, for she had swam much further than that oftentimes before.

With an aching heart this seaman now mounted the forerigging into the foretop, and there he remained, his eyes fixed upon the girl he loved, who was left to buffet the water for three hours, perhaps, before she reached the land. In this, however, he was mistaken. The canoe which took the women out of the ship was seen to turn round, and before Adams left the foretop he had seen his girl in security. Ellison was by him, and took his hand. "Now then, Adams," he said, "we must be men, and not waver like boys. You will see her again before long, and so let

us sit down, for we have got the top to ourselves, and talk over this business."

"Ah!" said Adams, "I've thought of it often enough, and am glad to speak about it, for it lightens the load a little; it's like a good hearty oath to a passionate fellow; it eases his mind, and cools him. What will become of us, Ellison, when we have done it?"

"Why, that's just the thing, Adams, which I have often thought about. It's a great chance, for you and I know, without being much of conjurers, that when the ship comes back again many will leave her to live on shore, and those fellows of savages, although so mighty fond of us, will be much fonder of the iron rails, and they will take the old ship to pieces before our eyes, whilst we shall grow so indolent that I doubt if we shall be able to raise our hands to tie our tails."

"And if it should fail, Ellison, to think of the long, long time we shall be in irons, the sufferings we shall undergo only to be hung at last! I own to you this frightens me. I, that have always borne such a good character, to be hung at the foreyard-arm, and perhaps the last man I shall see, will be my old friend Sampson."

"Why," said Ellison, "you are not going to turn baby now, are you? the very knowledge that we must be hung will make us more desperate—if once we begin, go on we must."

"What say you," said Adams, "to giving it up, and going home like good seamen, and tell Christian that we are afraid? Damn it, Ellison, I am afraid, for it's a wicked deed, and I'm not ashamed to say so."

"How should you like to be tied to the gratings again?" said Ellison, with a sneer; "to have your friend Morrison laying it on a little the sharper for your being his friend? never to see your girl Betsy, who just now again risked her life for a moment's dally with you?—how would you like to go amongst your old friends with a scar on your back?—you, who have sailed many a mile without a lash before."

"Stop, man," said Adams, "you'll drive me mad. I'll do it, even if I cut my own throat directly the captain's in the boat."

"Now you speak like a reasonable creature," said Ellison. "But a thing of this sort is not to be taken in hand without our being certain that every one is true to the cause. Let's look over the list. There's Morrison, what do you think of him?"

"He won't join us," replied Adams; "he would have deserted, I think; but as to mutiny, Lord love you, he is too much of an officer himself—he was a midshipman once."

"That does not always signify, for look at Christian."

"Ay," retorted Adams, "that man is a proud man in his heart, or he would have stomached all that Bligh had said to him, and laughed at it in the bargain. But as to Morrison, he'll be against us, depend upon it. Then there's Colman, Norman, and McIntosh, who have been capering about the decks like a parcel of monkeys because the ship was going to sea. The less we say to them the better. As for Muspratt, he's a very ticklish chap. He's half inclined to talk about desertion; and he, like Morrison, will perhaps be a little afraid to mutiny. Then there's Michael Byrne, the fiddler; that fellow has been doing nothing for the last week but scraping 'Rule Britannia,' 'God save the King,' 'the Roast Beef of Old England,' and such like staves, which makes me think that he will not play his fiddle to any of our tunes. No, he'll be against us. So that, as far as those men go, we know they'll go against us. Then there's the master, the surgeon, the gardener, boat-swain, gunner, carpenter, master's mate, midshipmen, quartermasters, sailmaker, cook, captain's clerk—"

"A vast heaving there, Adams, and let's count them up. By the figure-head of the Renown, you have got up an army of men against us. We shall never be able to do it. Why, you have already mentioned twenty-four out of the forty against us."

"We must listen to Christian's plan before we make up our minds. We are not going to have a stand-up fight for it, although, when we begin, we shall have our work to do. In the mean time, Ellison, let us get one or two more to stick close to us; and when once we have got the ship, we'll keep her—never fear."

The Bounty was now clear of the island—the voyage was half accomplished—more than a thousand bread-fruit trees were on board. Every thing looked well; the wind was fair; and those men who were really glad to start the anchors for a return home, were capering about the decks. But there were many who kept their eyes fixed on the island where they had spent six months in total inactivity. They had wallowed in indolence and love, and did not like the return to activity and labor. There they stood, gazing

on the receding shore. All the pleasures of life were about to be changed for the hard work of a seaman's existence. Many actually shed tears of sorrow, and a sigh escaped from all.

Christian, who was busy at work completing his plot, made a list of those men thus taking a last long farewell of Otaheite, and he counted eighteen, who certainly were loth to leave the spot. He had now cast away all remorse of conscience—he was fully prepared to accomplish his plan, and he knew in Adams he had a ready and a willing assistant; for although he sometimes wavered a little, the very mention of Betsy Adams renewed in him the spirit of mutiny.

When evening began to close in, Otaheite was no longer in sight. A reef was taken in with the customary alacrity, the hammocks piped down, and the fiddler called to strike up a dance. He played, and played his best; but poor Michael Byrne finding no one would dance, danced himself. His antics amused a few, but the most part of the ship's company had assembled on the forecabin, and the fiddler himself soon joined the group.

Even Bligh would have been glad to have listened to the energetic manner in which the seamen talked of the happy hours they had passed. One after another took up the thread of the discourse. They talked of those they had left behind, the probable manner they had spent the day after the departure of the ship, the shaded groves where they had so often reposed, and of the indolence they had enjoyed.

"I tell you, lads," said Adams, who was now Christian's chief implement in working on the men's minds, "that you may sail round the world and back again, and never find the equal to that island. Where else can we find a place in which it is not necessary to work—where nature feeds the inhabitants, and where life is one day of sunshine?"

"That's always like those ere cnaps what write poetry," said Byrne; "they would make you believe that it's pleasant to sit down all day and do nothing. Now I'm not a scholar like Jack Adams there; but this I know, that whenever I'm idle I'm always in mischief; and I've heard a parson, who was a regular good un, say, 'that the devil never troubled himself about an idle man, as he was sure to come to him of his own accord.' No, no—it's all well enough for a time—we all love a liberty-day on shore, but depend upon it, that when a man has his work to do, he enjoys his rest the more. Now, I've been

scraping my fiddle and dancing until I'm tired, and I shall sleep the better, I know, for the exertion."

"Stupid fellow!" said Adams, who saw himself surrounded by those who thought like him—"who would work when he can sit down and live without it? who would slave out his life going from port to port, when he could rest amongst those nice women, and find every one his friend? No, lads; that is, and we have left behind is the place in which I should like to live for ever; but we are shipped on board the Bounty, and are not likely to be asked where we would wish to go."

"Yes," said Byrne, a little nettled by Adams's remark, "and get flogged for following the wish! Good-night, lads."

CHAPTER XII.

As the ship receded further from the land, Adams began to be more uneasy. He felt himself controlled by the affection of his girl, and her form was always before him. He had the same watch as Christian, but there were men in that watch whom they never could trust; and as the officers were in three watches and the men in two, they were occasionally separated during the night. It was Adams's turn to take the wheel, and the quarter master was sent below; the midshipmen were both taking a nap abaft; and Christian availed himself of the favorable moment to speak to his partner in guilt. He learned but little that was satisfactory. Adams declared that all the men but one or two regretted leaving the island; but none had taken up the hint which he had given of a probable return; in short, they appeared indifferent, and like most seamen, the further they got from land, the less they regretted leaving it.

"We must keep it alive in their memory, Adams; and when you have an opportunity, speak to Muspgatt, Churchill, and Mills. I watched them this evening; you will make something of them, and when you have sounded them, if they consent, we will get to work at once. There's Isaac Martin, too, is fond of the island; but he is rather a loose character, and must be pumped cautiously."

"Never fear," said Adams; "I won't go to sleep over it. But when do you intend to begin?"

"That depends upon the wind. We must get the ship so far from the island that Bligh can't get there, and had the breeze continued, about three days would have done it; but at this rate we must be content to remain quiet."

"It's so dangerous," said Adams; "every minute makes it worse, and if Ellison was to blab?"

"No fear of that, I think," said Christian; "he is a desperate man, and would rather cut a throat than not succeed. But do you look after those I have named: directly we are far enough off the island, trust me I will lead you on, and plan it so well that it must succeed."

Adams did as he was desired. When an opportunity offered, he spoke freely of the comforts they had left behind them. The return to labor and diligence is ever a work of great hardship, and he laid a particular stress upon the promise of Bligh to make the ship's company feel what he could do when once he got the ship fairly to sea. Then he artfully turned his weapons upon their hearts; he always spoke in raptures of the kindness of their women, the love they had shown, and their readiness to receive them again. In this manner he sapped their loyalty, until one by one they had declared their wish to return and die at Otaheite, rather than slave and toil on board the ship.

"What would you say Muspratt, now, if I was to propose to you to join me, take the ship, and return? Are you man enough for that?"

Muspratt at once said he would join anybody who would lead them on.

"Then," said Adams, "keep your finger here," (and he put it on his mouth;) "before you are a week older, I'll speak to you again, when you won't have much time to consider."

"I've made up my mind," said the discontented man; "I don't care what becomes of me. When you rouse me up, Jack, you won't find me much inclined to sleep."

The same answer, in substance, was at last elicited from all those above mentioned. A report had been made to Christian, and he now considered the ship nearly far enough to put his mutinous intentions into execution. So slowly had the Bounty crept away from her long anchorage—for she anchored on the 23d of April at Anamooka, and sailed again on the 26th—that the 27th of April had arrived before she was clear of the islands which form the group of which Otaheite is the largest;

and so very slowly had Adams been able to undermine the loyalty of the seamen, that it was on that day he reported to his chief that he had got all he could get, and that if the business was to be done it must be done quickly. Christian had the last dog-watch, and was pondering in his mind how he should begin the attack, when Captain Bligh joined him in his walk, and began a conversation with him. No man was kinder at times than Bligh. He was a benevolent man, and when the passion to which he was so subject ceased to torment him, he was particularly kind and gentle in his manner.

"Well, Christian," he began, "here we are on our way home—a nice light wind at last—everything prosperous—the trees in capital health—behind us all the toil and fatigue—before us the hope of reward—the certainty of your promotion; for believe me that wish is nearest my heart, and you shall never want a friend if I can assist you."

Christian answered, "Thank you, sir."

"Your father," continued Bligh, "will rejoice to see you—in good health—unhurt by the climates—and with every prospect of rising rapidly in your profession. I am glad to see every one in such high spirits; for I was afraid that the Otaheitan ladies had robbed half the men of their duty to their king. How many knots is the old Bounty going now?"

"About two, I should think, sir."

"I wish she could sail like the flying Hebe—we should soon shorten the distance between Cape Horn and Jamaica; but I trust this moon will carry us through Endeavor Straits. You will come down, Christian, and sap with me, and we will talk over home and happiness, and drink a glass to our safe arrival in England."

"I feel rather unwell to-night, sir," said Christian, "and perhaps you will be good enough to accept that as an apology—for I feel very anxious to be relieved and go to bed."

"I am sorry—truly sorry to hear that you are in ill-health, Christian; if that is the case, go to bed at once. I will remain on deck until the gunner comes up, and consult the doctor when you go below. There is no occasion for you to keep the morning watch—I will arrange that for you, and I trust that to-morrow you will be sufficiently recovered to dine with me."

"Thank you, sir," said Christian; "but it wants but a few minutes to eight, and the master is a quick relief. I hope a little sleep will set me all to rights, and enable me to keep the morning watch."

"There is no occasion, Christian, for you to risk being worse by keeping your watch—better take all sickness in time, and by missing one watch be enabled to go on as usual. Can I send you anything from my cabin?"

"Thank you, sir—no, I will go to bed—here is Mr. Fryer; and wishing you a good night, and with many very sincere thanks for your kind solicitude, I will deliver over charge to him, and go below."

"Good night, Christian," said Bligh, shaking his hand.

Christian made over charge of the *Bounty*, and went below to his cabin. All the kind expressions of Bligh now rose up before him like so many spectres to frighten him from his intentions. The very next morning he had fixed in his own mind for the consummation of the deed! This very man's throat he had proposed to cut, and the morning sun would see him torn from his high estate, and a wanderer in an open boat in the great ocean! Christian felt, and bitterly felt, his own degradation: he felt that he was about to return good with evil—that ingratitude, that worst of passions, was triumphant—and that he must expect for ever the curses of his parent, if this last conversation ever transpired. With all the restless inquietude of one about to take a desperate leap, he placed his head on his pillow. In vain he argued with himself the possibility of retracing his steps—he was, he felt, lost as an officer—at the mercy of half the crew! Once it occurred to him to tell the whole plot to Bligh, to implore his forgiveness, and to place his life at his disposal. Then came pride to form a barrier which prudence could not overleap; then came the fear of his commander's impetuous temper; and, whilst arguing and reasoning with himself, the hours passed on, the first watch expired, and he heard the midshipman of the watch summon the gunner to his duty. In vain he tried to sleep—his restless spirit forbade it. One bell struck—every challenge of the lookout men he heard—it wanted but three hours and a half before the work of mutiny should begin! He could not bear to think of it, and yet he could not overcome the prospect.

At last eight bells struck, and the midshipman of the middle watch, Mr. Stewart, warned him of the hour, asking at the same time if he felt well enough to relieve the deck, because Captain Bligh had left orders that, if not, he was to be called. Christian answered that he was well enough to take charge of the ship, and

would relieve the deck in a moment. The ship was soon under his command. It wanted still two hours of daylight. She had now run the distance Christian thought sufficient, and he was preparing for the business when Adams came up to him.

"Damn it," said he, "are you going to deceive us?—we saw you shake hands with the captain last night; but we won't be hung like dogs. If you will sell us, your life won't be worth the doctor's care."

"Hush!" said Christian, "you speak rashly. I was this moment going to call you, and begin. How many of our men have we in this watch?"

"Eight," replied Adams, rubbing his hands.

"Well, get them round on the weather gangway, so that I can make them understand the plan—then go below, and get the others on deck; but be careful not to rouse the rest—we must arm our lads, and great care must be taken not to awake the watch below."

"Come," said Adams, "this looks like work—I'll get the lads round, and soon rouse up the rest."

They soon appeared on the appointed spot, and Christian at once began:—"My lads, I believe we understand each other without a long-winded yarn—my plan is this:—to secure the captain, seize him, and lash him; to batten down the fore-hatchway, and secure the master, the gunner, and the rest of that class in the fore part of the ship—to hoist out the long boat and set them adrift. It's true we are not far from Anamooka, where we anchored the other day, and even now we are in sight of *Tofou* and *Rotoo*; but I should think the specimen the natives gave us the other day, would deter Bligh from going there. The chiefs he detained on board, when the natives stole the grapple of the boat sent for water, will not readily forgive that insult; and he knows them well enough to be aware that directly they find themselves the superior force, with no guns to frighten them, they would murder the whole batch of them, and bake them like so many hogs. Now it's not our fault if Bligh runs into danger; we'll give him the boat, and he may make the best of it. Well, Adams, are we all here?"

"All," said Adams, in a low voice.

"Well, lads, are you agreed to stand by me?"

"All! all!" they said, with tremulous voices.

"Now then for volunteers. Who will come with me and seize the captain?"

A dead silence ensued—not one seemed disposed to volunteer. If there is a divinity which hedges a king, there is a very considerable degree of terror which surrounds a captain. At last Adams said, "I will."

"No," said Christian, "that won't do; I must have you outside to manage our men, whilst I go in to the captain. A pretty set of fellows we have to deal with, Adams, when not one of them will volunteer to follow their leader."

"Who's afraid?" said Churchill; "I'll go."

"And so will I," said Mills.

"And here's lend a hand," said Burkitt: "only be quick about it."

"Run and cut off two or three fathom of the deep sea line, Burkitt," said Christian, "and bear a hand about it. Adams, get the cutlasses, and load the muskets, and arm all the men—look sharp, for in these cases one moment may prove fatal. Now, mind, lads, we have no bloodshed without it comes to a regular fight,—and then, since we have drawn the sword, we must throw away the scabbard, and cut till we die rather than surrender."

"That's all fair and proper enough," said Burkitt. "If they go into the boat like reasonable creatures, there's no occasion to freshen their ways with a bayonet; but if they come to difference of opinion, why, an example, as old Bligh says, must be made to deter the others."

Adams now came to the gangway, and gave each man a loaded musket. He had himself only a cutlass, and Christian, selecting one, said—"Now, lads, I am ready to lead you on. From this moment you must not heed the words which Bligh may utter—you must turn a deaf ear to any cry for pity—remember the foreyard arm and gratings. You have death staring you in the face, if from any ill-timed pity you fail to advance—you have a long life of ease and luxury before you, if you go steadily on. Are you ready?"

"All ready!" was the answer.

"Then Burkitt, Churchill, and Mills, follow me to the captain—place on the fore-hatches close—three of you, besides those named, come down with us, and stay at the cabin door. Your business is to mind that no assistance is rendered to the captain. I will take care he does not talk too much. Adams, you had better lead this party; and, Killison, you be on the lookout that the watch below don't come on deck before we are ready to receive them. You have hands enough left to

guard the hatchways. Now we understand each other well."

"Ay, ay," said the whole of them; "there's no mistaking what we have to do."

"Then on we go like men, and take care no one looks behind him. Follow me, Churchill, and the rest."

With a bold and resolute step Christian led the way. It was just daylight, on the 28th of April, when he entered Bligh's cabin. Very different were the thoughts of the two leaders. Bligh was fast asleep and dreaming, when he was awakened by feeling a hand rudely grasping his. He started instantly, and scarcely could believe his eyes when they shewed him Christian and his followers all armed, and all lending their assistance to secure him.

"What is this?" he said.

"Silence!" said Christian, "say but one word—call out above a whisper, and you are a dead man!"

"Am I not your captain?" said Bligh, raising his voice. "Mr. Fryer, Mr. Nelson, Elphinstone, Ledward, come here to my assistance!—Get out of my cabin, you rascals; how dare you enter here?"

"We are come for you," said Muspratt, "and the less noise you make the better—hand here the line."

"Haul him out of his cot, lads," said Christian, "and seize his hands behind him—that's right, Churchill—quick, my boy."

"What is the meaning of all this, Mr. Christian?" said Bligh.

"Silence, directly!" retorted Christian, "or you are as dead as a herring. Never mind dressing him, my lads—lug him on deck, and leave him to me. Take him abaft the mizen mast, and I'll warrant he does not get from my grasp. Adams, get the boatswain on deck, and make him hoist the boat out. If he refuses, don't stand upon trifles—every moment is precious now. Whom have we got below safe?"

"All whom we wanted," said Adams. "The master and gunner are safe enough, and the watch below so frightened that we can lead them like sheep. You, Cole, you, boatswain," continued Adams, "do you hear the orders of the commanding officer? Out boat, or by God you will soon have the ball in this musket out of the muzzle and through your head. Pipe, or you'll never answer to your name again."

Cole, seeing how resolute the mutineers were, and not having any one man on whom he could rely, did as he was de-

sired, and turned the hands up, "Out boats."

"It's my orders," screamed Bligh, "that you do not."

"One word more," said Christian, tightening the lashing which bound his captain and kept him in great pain—"one word more, and what Adams threatened to do to Cole, I will do to you."

"D—his eyes," said Burkitt, "blow his rascally brains out at once! I'll make a dead captain of you," continued the ruffian, "before you can say help, if I see your lips wag to speak a word. I vote we flog him before he goes adrift, that he may know what we felt."

"The boat is out, Christian," said Adams, "and I have shoved two of the youngsters over the side—Hayward and Hallet, with that quill-driving scoundrel, the clerk—such rubbish as that is no use to us."

"None at all," replied Christian—"here's the master sent to beg to speak to the captain; let him come up for a moment. We have got the ship safe enough, and he can do no harm."

"Hear me!" said Bligh, "This act of mutiny will entail ruin on you all. How can you be such fools as not to see the destruction on which you are rushing. Don't go into the boat any one of you, but make an effort to save the ship. Strike but one"—

"Give me a bayonet," said Christian, as he again tightened the rope round Bligh's wrists; "give me a bayonet, and I'll stick him this instant. Cock your muskets, men; he will rush on his own death, and the crime is his own."

"I will not remain a prisoner on my own deck," said Bligh, endeavoring to free himself; "rally round me, my lads; don't be led from your duty by these villainous mutineers."

"That's right," said Burkitt, "abuse your betters; that's what you always did. Roar out like a hog, and who will come to your assistance? There they go over the side, like a set of wild geese, one after the other, and a precious long swim they'll have. Why, you'll have all your officers as usual; what the devil more do you want?"

"Don't let them go," said Christian, "without provisions. You, Cole, you may get some twine, canvass, sails, cordage, and other things which you may want for a long cruise, and make Samuel stuff in some bread and water. You may have a little rum, also; and do you hear, give him a compass and a quadrant; but take

care that he does not get hold of a nautical almanac, or a timekeeper. How many have you got in the boat, Adams?"

"Eighteen, and she's pretty full. We have got some more live lumber as midshipmen; what shall we do with them?"

"Keep them on board the ship, they may be useful, and can't do any mischief. And now, lads, before we part company with our old shipmates, let's have a glass of rum each."

Christian was afraid that Bligh might still gain aid, for Isaac Martin, who had given him a shaddock to eat, had communicated his wish to serve him.

"Turn that scoundrel away," said Christian; "I thought he was one not to be trusted—he's making signs to the captain."

Again and again the unfortunate Bligh attempted to persuade his lost crew of the folly of the act they were committing; and seeing that although his life was threatened, no violence further than the seizing his hands was committed, he continued imploring his men to come out of the boat, to make one grand struggle, and he was convinced success would follow. He was surrounded by the mutineers, who had now got a little Dutch courage from the rum; they heeded him not, but kept their eyes fixed upon the things going into the boat.

"Drop that timekeeper, you precious thief you," Adams said to Samuel, as he saw him endeavoring to save his captain's papers; "d—n your eyes, you are well off to get what you have."

"I'm blessed," said Burkitt, "if he does not find his way home after all: if you let him take the carpenter's chest of tools, he'll build a ship in a month."

"No fear of that," said Churchill; "they are all huddled together in the boat, and can't move—they are like a midshipman's chest, every thing on top and nothing at hand—he can't do any thing but sink—and, after all, that's the best thing for him. Do you hear, Christian? there are those fellows, Coleman, McIntosh, Norman and Byrne, want to have a sail in the boat."

"Keep them on board, Adams," we shall not have enough of hands to work the ship; let them look over the side and say good-by, for they won't see their messmates again for some time."

"I see it's all useless, now," said Bligh, "and that I must bow to that which I cannot control. At least, Mr. Christian, give me some arms in the boat. Without

them, you know the savages will not give us any supplies, but will seize us."

"Arms be d——," said Churchill; "you can speak to all those savages; they're old acquaintances of yours, and you can go amongst them as friends."

"Ay," said Millward, "of course you can. What did you always tell us? to keep friends with the natives—not to do any thing which could offend them—now you're so cursed quarrelsome that you would get fighting and making a fool of yourself, if you had arms; you'd get into some scrape, and you see, old boy, we are your friends, and don't wish you to get into trouble; so hold your tongue, and think yourself lucky we don't give you a little tickling before we send you adrift to get salted."

"Remember, Christian," said Bligh, "the heavy responsibility which will rest upon you. It is not too late—release me—call the men out of the boat, and the whole may be forgiven."

"Oh, gammon!" interrupted Burkitt; "don't you remember what you told us, 'Wait until I get you into salt water, and then stand clear?' Now, you see, we are not such fools as you took us for—we can take care of ourselves, and we leave you to do the same."

"Come, Captain Bligh," said Christian, "there is no use in losing more time; your officers are in the boat waiting for their captain—you must go with them—you see all resistance is vain; therefore walk to the gangway. If you make the slightest resistance you will instantly be put to death. Come—no trifling—the time is come—march!"

"Christian," said Bligh, with a stern voice, "this is the third cruise you have taken with me. I know your father well; for his sake I was ever kind to you. I have advanced you in the service—I have made you every thing but what I see you now—and answer me this, before you leave me in the wide ocean to perish of starvation—which you know must be the case—is this a grateful return for all the kindness I have shown you?"

Christian staggered under the appeal—every word was true, and he felt it. With much emotion he answered, "That, Captain Bligh, that is the thing—I am in hell—I am in hell!"

"Holloa!" said Adams, "this will never do—walk, Captain Bligh—there, take your last look at us—you'll know us again, perhaps, if we are fortunate enough to meet you. There—your hands are free—over the side with you—clap your

captain in the stern-sheets, you mutinous chaps in the boat—veer away forward—veer away the boat-rope—we'll give you a tow before we cast you off. Come, you shan't say we don't do what's right—here's some more pieces of pork, a couple of cutlasses, and some clothes."

"Remember, Captain Bligh, said the armorer and carpenters left on board the Bounty, "we have had no hand in this—God bless you, sir, and save you!"

"Can't he save himself?" said Ellison. "A pretty boy he is for captain of the long-boat, if he can't save his crew! Cast off forward—there you go—plenty of sea-room for you—and now, lads, three cheers for Otaheite!"

CHAPTER XIII.

STRONG indeed were the feelings of those in the launch of the Bounty as they heard their former shipmates and mess-mates rail at their desperate situation, and shout with hellish glee when she cast off and floated clear of the ship. At this moment Bligh, who had faced many hardships and dangers, found himself with eighteen people in a boat twenty-three feet long, six feet nine inches broad, and depth two feet nine inches. His whole stock of provisions consisted of one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, with twenty-eight gallons of water and four empty barricoes.

Long and long did eyes of despair rest upon the departing ship. A light air had swelled her sails aloft, and she stood to W. N. W. until she was totally out of sight. Then indeed might have been seen all the melancholy of despair. There, cast upon the wide ocean, thousands and thousands of miles from that haven to which the day before they had looked with all the eye-of hope, lay becalmed a boat so deeply laden as to be unsafe to navigate—her crew little prepared from their former life of indolence and ease, to cope with all the dangers which surrounded them—with no friendly port to which they could repair if the dark tempest assailed them—no spars to replace the mast which the sudden squall might snap—no medical aid to heal the sick, or cure the desponding—but one wide ocean around them—each island



WAPT 84 UP "JACK ADAMS."

"Now, then, my lads, you will all bear witness to this,"—and he dipped his hand into the basin, and making a cross on the child's forehead, said: "This is Jack Adams—born on board of a ship—a servant of the King's; to be a true, good, and loyal subject and sailor, never to lower his flag to an enemy, or ever to rise up against his friend—never to desert his country, or mutiny against his Captain."—Page 11.



(and one of which was in sight) friendly only when superior force insured the friendship—provisions, too, scarce, and the articles of barter trivial. Behind them was their ship left for ever—before them was a distant, an uncertain, an almost impossible home.

Bligh, with the eye of a seaman, saw all the difficulties; but his was no desponding mind. He knew the necessity of maintaining his rank and his command, and without any consultation with his officers, any solicitation of advice, he desired his crew to take to the oars, and steer for Tofoa, which was distant about thirty miles. At this time there was no despondency in his crew—no indication that any were inclined to doubt his authority. When the command was given they all cheerfully obeyed, and owing to the very light wind the boat rapidly neared the island.

It is here natural to inquire why Bligh adopted the course of steering for Tofoa. He was but three hundred miles from Otaheite, and he had numerous islands at which he might have stopped. Seeing the ship steer to the W. N. W., why did he not endeavor to gain Matavia Bay before her arrival? which he might have done, and had he so done, he would probably have recovered his ship. This effort *might*, at any rate, have been made. With his carpenter on board, he might, from that friendly shore, have launched a better and a larger boat. He was sure of a good reception, for he knew the king to be sincerely attached to him. But it was now useless to moot these points; suffice it that he steered towards Tofoa.

The weather remaining calm until nearly four o'clock, the boat had got so far to the eastward, that when the breeze sprang up from that direction, he was enabled, by means of the sail, to save his almost exhausted crew from further labor. Bligh's intentions were to gain a good supply of bread-fruit and water at Tofoa, then to sail to Tongataboo, and there risk a solicitation to Poulaho, the king, to equip his boat, and grant a supply of provisions to enable him to reach the East Indies. The darkness soon came on, the breeze freshened, the surf boiled upon the shore, and all attempts at landing were unavailing. The first night of these forlorn men must be passed in the boat, cramped for room, with land before them which they could not reach—a resting place to which they dared not resort.

The boat was placed to leeward of the island, and two oars were kept at work all

night to maintain her in her proper position. Then came the first seaman's restorative; half a pint of weak grog was served to each man; and all, except those who continued at the oars, sought out a place of rest, and as far as their unfortunate and lonely situation allowed them, they slept.

Christian intended them to have slept for ever. It was a request made by many which induced him to give Bligh the launch. He had intended casting him adrift in the cutter, a boat so worm-eaten and leaky as to be utterly unsafe; but even in the launch what could he do? to what port could he steer? where, except at Otaheite, could he take refuge? Well did Christian know the feelings and disposition of the natives of all the islands, when they were released from their fears, by knowing themselves the superior force.

The night, although sufficiently distressing, was nothing more than a seaman could bear, but the long-expected dawn was hailed with delight. No sooner had daylight appeared than the oars were in requisition, and the boat coasted along-shore until a stony cove was discovered, in which they cast grapnel about twenty yards distant from the rocks, and Mr. Samuel was landed to search for provisions and water,—the surf being too high to beach the boat, and Bligh being too much conversant with savage life to put himself so entirely in their power. After a diligent search, some natives were discovered, who came down to the coast to trade. Everything appeared friendly in the extreme; former acquaintance was renewed; but provisions were not hastily brought, although buttons were in great request, and the natives eager to obtain them. The wind continued high, and it was dangerous to put to sea. A party constantly kept on shore to give those in the boat more room, and a friendly intercourse was continued until the 3d of May, when the chiefs began to appear. The natives now crowded to the beach, and Bligh saw, what he might have anticipated, that an attack was meditated. The natives asked him what had become of his ship, and he very foolishly told them she was sunk, and that the boat and its crew were all that remained of the *Bounty*. It was obvious that there were no arms, for Bligh bought those of the natives on all occasions. The consequence was, that when Bligh determined to embark, the savages commenced their attack. The seized John Norton, who was endeavoring to cast off the stern-fast, and pounded him to death with stones.

They then commenced an attack on the boat, which they never would have dared to have done had they not ascertained that there were no fire-arms. They manned their canoes, and kept up a continued shower of stones, which wounded almost every man in the boat; and had it not been that the fluke of the grapnel broke, all must have been sacrificed. The boat was instantly pulled out to sea; but the natives, who knew their superiority, kept as close as possible, throwing with unerring aim the stones, with which they had half filled their boats. The capture appeared inevitable, when Bligh thought of the expedient of throwing overboard some clothes. The bait was too tempting to be resisted. Each canoe endeavored to pick up the articles—the night came on—and the unfortunate crew, jaded and wounded, were glad enough to confide themselves to all the chances of wind and waves, rather than face their adversaries, who threw stones from two to eight pounds weight with unerring exactness.

In all savage attacks they invariably overlook some point of which civilized mortals avail themselves. Bligh had seen the natives knocking stones together, which he knew to be a signal for an attack. He was then with the botanist and others in a cave, in which they might have been secured without much trouble; but the natives allowed him to get into his boat before they began, and hence the escape.

The boat's crew seemed satisfied from this specimen that no hope remained for them without fire-arms. They were averse to near the shore, and Bligh became sensible that if he attempted to reach Poulaho, that chief would have been the first to rob and murder him.

The usual allowance, small indeed, but sufficient to support life, was served out. The disheartened men regarded the land more barbarous than those who had cast them adrift; and, on a consultation being held, it seemed to be the wish of all to leave the inhospitable coast, and endeavor to near some place where assistance might be supplied. Without a chart—with only a book of latitude and longitude, Bligh determined to cross the ocean to Timor, a place three thousand six hundred miles distant. His crew gladly acquiesced in the suggestion: the provisions were examined and calculated; and when the sail was hoisted, and this tiny speck committed to the immense ocean over which she had to traverse, the small allowance of one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint

of water was declared all that could be allowed. The reefed lug foresail was set at eight o'clock, P. M.,—the course was shaped—the watches arranged—the boat lightened of the many stones which had fallen on board, when Bligh and his forlorn crew returned thanks to an all-gracious Providence, who had rescued them that day from the impending mischief—who had granted them life to struggle against the difficulties which presented themselves, and which armed them with fortitude and hope to overcome them. They felt, after this prayer, more at ease than they had been for some time past; such is the courage which springs from religion—the hope which religion inspires!

The miseries to which these wretched men were consigned were not long prospective. The morning broke red and fiery—the sun rose angry, as seamen express it—the wind, which had freshened during the night, increased in strength, and the launch rolled before a gale of wind. No distant land rose to cheer them by its sight—nothing was visible but the sky, the water and the sun—with now and then a lonely sea-bird, as it skimmed along close to the curling spray, or rose over the increasing waves. The launch was not well calculated to cope with the gale—the bread might be ruined by one sea, and then starvation was inevitable. The boat shipped water as each wave rolled by her; and her commander, perfectly aware that she was too deeply laden, began to lighten her by throwing overboard some ropes and canvass, together with all the clothes, excepting two suits for each man. They were, by ridding themselves of this lumber, enabled to get at the well of the boat, and to lighten her state more by constant baling. No murmuring voice rose against his command. The crew with cheerfulness followed their commander's instructions and example, and appeared eager to obey him. The carpenter's chest was made into the bread-room, and hence one of the dangers avoided.

To allow the men to sink gradually, and not too suddenly, into the lowness of spirits which must inevitably result from such a life, Bligh occasionally gave a teaspoonful of rum to each person, and he began this relish on the morning following his escape from Tofoa. All were wet and uncomfortable; but he husbanded his provisions, resolving to make them last for eight weeks.

It is hardly possible for any man to conceive of the perils that awaited these people—the miseries, the privations, they

had to undergo. Already had the gale blown them from the land, for at noon Tofoa was left behind a distance of more than eighty miles, and the launch was kept at a W. N. W. course, and scudded before the breeze. They looked at each other as if borrowing courage to face the danger they themselves had courted. If Bligh had formerly been rigid in his duty, or austere in his manner, he was now the picture of calm resignation, and inspired his men with fortitude and resolution.

On the 5th, the gale considerably abated, and some rest was obtained. Several islands were now in sight, but at none did they touch; they dreaded men more than the privations they endured. Now, too, they felt comparatively relieved; for there was no occasion to keep continually baling. The boat shipped no water, but continued her course without danger to its inmates. This opportunity was taken better to secure the provisions. Some bread had been damaged, but it was eagerly swallowed by the crew. Land was in sight, but they dared not to land. They had no arms, and were less capable of defence than at Tofoa.

On the 7th of May, having got near an island, they perceived two large canoes coming out in pursuit of them. Though tired and jaded, they took to their oars, rowed with all their power, and succeeded in effecting an escape. One canoe had gained upon them; but the other, being an indifferent sailer, had dropped astern. The leading boat was afraid to face the danger by herself, and both, to the great joy of Bligh and his crew, tacked and stood in-shore.

Heavy rain now fell, which, although it made them uncomfortable, increased their stock of water by thirty four gallons. No starving mendicant ever lifted his hands towards the wealthy stranger with half the earnestness with which these poor fellows spread out their rags to catch the falling shower, and gratify their thirst. They heeded not the cold; the morning's sun would dry their clothes; but well they knew their inexorable commander would not increase their allowance. The fine weather came, and warmth and comparative comfort succeeded.

It is not the bare brute courage which makes a man a great commander in such trying emergencies as these. We have questioned Bligh's judgment in not having attempted to regain his ship at Otahoeite; but we must now regard him as one of the greatest commanders, and do him justice as a man. On him devolved every

charge: he made weights and measures—he served out all allowances—he was navigator by day, and in the evening the clergyman, when he became the adviser, the friend, and even the relater of anecdotes, blending instruction with amusement. He described to them the situation of New Guinea and New Holland, giving them useful information as to the behavior they should adopt, should he be taken from them by any of the many chances and dangers they had to encounter. The crew listened with great attention to the recital of some adventures; nor was the cheerful smile or honest laugh withheld. The latter might have sounded in the immensity of space by which they were surrounded without startling a human creature; but it was odd to see that boat-load of misery, as they rolled over the long wave, deprived of all but the barest possible subsistence—with no prospect of relief but by the accomplishment of thousands of miles—with every island by which they might pass in making new discoveries, peopled by their enemies—with only twenty-three feet of length for the accommodation of eighteen people—it was strange to see these men forgetting their cares, and laughing at the frolics of their commander.

The boat skimmed by the Feejee Islands. There the inhabitants esteemed that the most valuable as furniture which was adorned by the teeth of their enemies killed in war, or cunningly butchered in peace. This was no resting-place for poor Bligh; the war-clubs so elegantly adorned would have had another tooth from each man's mouth, and that alone would have been the record of their deaths.

In all undertakings like the desperate one now under consideration, the four or five first days are invariably the worst. Men get accustomed to circumstances, however untoward, after the lapse of some time. As yet Bligh's men had not been worn down to that disregard of life which frequently upholds the man, by vanquishing the intensity of thought which would have killed him. To rise from the same bed of boards—to see the same rolling ocean surging past, or lowering astern—to watch the sun as it peeps through some flying cloud—to observe the probable change of wind—and now and then to see some fish dart by the boat—these were all the amusements these poor men had left. Amongst themselves they seldom spoke. There was a kind of interdependency of each other. Talking made

them thirsty; and if the subject was of animals, they felt hungry. And what, under these circumstances, was their daily food? At night, a quarter of a pint of water and half an ounce of bread for supper; in the morning, a quarter of a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and some of the decayed bread, for breakfast; and at dinner, the meat of four cocoa-nuts divided among the whole, with the remainder of the rotten bread! Yet they never grumbled. They looked upon Bligh as the only man who could save them: to retreat was worse than to advance.

Hitherto the wind had favored them, for, on the 11th of May, they had run from Tofoa upwards of six hundred miles. Neither had sickness assailed them; and until the 12th of May there was no complaint. Now, indeed, that calamity began to occur. The night was severe; the wind high from the S. E.; dark, dismal weather, with deluges of rain. There was no covering, nor could any be contrived; and the poor drenched seamen, when the morning of the 12th dawned, began to complain of violent pains, stiffness, headaches, and general uneasiness; for what refreshment could be gained when the slumber was disturbed by the almost unceasing rain?

Thus the voyage continued. No plan was left untried to save the crew from the ache of rheumatism. Bligh ordered their clothes to be saturated with salt water, and then wrung out; that being the best means of avoiding the cold, which the wind blowing through the dress, wet with rain-water, might, and inevitably would, have caused.

Day after day succeeded in this manner. There was no variation except in the weather, which occasionally lulled, and then shortly bristled up into another gale. Then came the baling, for the sea ran high, and toppled into the open boat; and two men were constantly kept thus employed. Island after island was passed, yet no one proposed to land. They looked at the shore with longing eyes, but not one ever dreamt of trying their fortune again amongst such savages. Occasionally the allowance of bread was reduced to one twenty-fifth of a pound, and some pork given in lieu. This was a feast-day; and although the piece of meat was barely enough to taste, still it was meat, and it was a change. Bligh knew his men were better without it, for salt meat caused thirst, and no extra allowance of drink could be served to satisfy the demand. In the night they generally had

rain, and they availed themselves of that godsend, which, though it made them cold and miserable, satisfied their thirst.

It was on Sunday, the 17th of May, after a night of unusual darkness and misery, that the men respectfully solicited an extra allowance of food. Bligh resolutely refused. He called to their recollection the promise made at starting from Tofoa—the absolute necessity of husbanding, with the most niggard hand, the small store they had left; and he painted in lively colors all the miseries which must result from any ill-timed surfeit, which would gratify the stomach for an hour, and leave it without nourishment for days. He gave them, however, a little rum, and that was hailed with enthusiastic joy.

The gales still continued; the little boat still behaved well; and the crew, though suffering under the most severe privations, were orderly and attentive. It was hunger which most annoyed them, for they felt little inclined to drink; the rain, which fell in torrents, supplied amply that necessary; and there is no doubt but, from the continued state of moisture in their clothes, they imbibed much by absorption.

By this time hunger and fatigue had worn down the stoutest to a skeleton. Their voices became deep and sepulchral, and the faces of all exhibited that careworn appearance which marks the ebb of life. It was the 25th of May, when the sea began to get smoother; and some birds, which never leave the land very distant, were seen. They were boobies and noddies; birds so named, the first from the ease by which it suffers itself to be captured; the latter from its falling asleep the minute it settles. The opportunity afforded by the smooth water was seized by Bligh in order to muster his provisions, to see if any had been taken by unfair means, and to calculate for the future. He discovered that he still had enough left for twenty-nine days. He calculated that in that time he would arrive at Timor. But the winds are capricious; accidents might arise; the boat's mast might be snapped in a squall; the careless helmsman might allow his senses to wander, and by the slightest inattention put all lives in jeopardy. With the foresight of a good general, Bligh therefore determined to reduce their allowances still more, and, by altering the quantity, retain enough to last six weeks. He resolved to cut down their three scanty meals into two, giving at breakfast and

dinner one twenty-fifth of a pound of bread to each man. He, however, promised his men, who without a murmur acquiesced in the proposition, that as they neared the land, he would increase the allowance again; and he cheered them up with the hope, that before long some birds would contribute to allay their hunger. In this he was right. On the 26th a booby was caught by hand, as it flew over the boat. The bird had no chance of living one moment from the time the hand had clutched it. The blood was given to three men, the weakest of the lot. The bird was then divided into eighteen shares—beak, claws and skin all included. As some favor or affection might be practised, or thought to be practised, Bligh, when the shares were apportioned, made one person turn his back upon the divided bird; another man then pointed to a certain portion, and asked, "Who shall have this?" The man, with his back to the allowance, then named a person to whom this lot should be given. Hence all stood an equal chance of the best piece; and captain, master, petty officers, and men—all had justice done them.

Even these poor miserable men, weighed down by sickness, almost fainting from starvation, could derive amusement from this lottery. The man who received the beak or the claws was greeted with a shout of laughter; but it was a laughter which might be more justly compared to the yell of a maniac than the hilarity of man. Another object served much to keep them alive: they had passed various branches of trees and floating wood, which had evidently not been long in the water; and when the morning came, another bird was caught, and afforded to them another excellent meal; and Bligh had, by his example, taught them to economise their shares, by breaking the biscuit into small pieces, soaking it in water contained in a cocoa-nut shell; then taking a very little at a time, so as to prolong the feast, and cheat, when you could not satisfy, hunger. It is a plan similar to that of drinking a small allowance of water through a quill; it is not the quantity which satisfies, so much as the time employed in swallowing. Tipplers swallow the contents of a wine-glass at a gulp, especially at drinking bouts. This fills, without leaving even the taste on the palate, and the mouth is as dry after as it was before.

Few of the miserable men were inclined to talk: sleep was more desirable; and some have gone so far as to say, that

the dream of a dinner partially satisfied the cravings of nature. This evening the feast of the bird gave an impulse unknown before. True, they had got weaker—much weaker, but they had become accustomed to their narrow abode, and few complained of want of exercise. The general murmur was of ill health, whilst the eyes of all glared at poor Bligh, as if asking relief from him, which they must have known he could not grant. Strange it was, that he who had been hated before—he who had, by his own misconduct, brought upon his present associates all the dangers to which they were subjected—was now looked upon as the only man who could save them; and in his word there was implicit reliance. This is the charm of superior intellect, which ever holds weaker minds in subjection, and be the heart ever so bad, the head will command respect.

On the night of the 28th, when the half-famished men had believed themselves happy for a moment, an alarm was given from the man steering, that he distinctly heard breakers near. To have touched would have been certain death. The boat was instantly hauled up to the N.N.E., and in a quarter of an hour the panic and the noise had subsided. Bligh had long since determined to make New Holland to the southward. His object was to penetrate the reef which surrounds the coast at a long distance from it. He knew that smooth water would do as much to restore his boat-load of skeletons as more provisions. The incessant baling would then be dispensed with, and consequently more rest obtained. When daylight appeared, Bligh instantly kept away, and ran down upon the reef, which he made at nine o'clock. It presented to the eye of despair one long surf of broken water, dashing furiously over a ridge of rocks, beyond which all was smooth and tranquil.

But immense danger awaited them before they could possibly enjoy the paradise in sight. With the greediness with which hunger grasps at food, did Bligh run down upon the reef, until, to his horror, he found himself embayed. In vain the boat was hauled to the wind: the breakers were broad upon the weather-bow, and roaring under the lee-beam. The oars were resorted to; but how could these emaciated beings contend against the long roll of the sea? In vain their commander cheered them to try their utmost: the boat was gradually washing to leeward, and death was near at hand.

Bligh was restless—his eye was everywhere—the danger was most imminent, and he had already hinted the necessity of endeavoring to cross this roaring surf, when, about a mile distant, and on his lee-bow, he discovered an apparent opening. He at once resolved to push for it. It was useless to attempt weathering the outer angle; and great indeed was their joy, when the boat, steered by the able hand of the commander, dashed through the very narrow opening, and came at once, from rolling and pitching heavily, into water as smooth and unruffled as on a river! There was a shout of delight at this sudden preservation. It seemed now to them that the worst part of the voyage was passed. The land was visible; it rose high and distinct; and a promise was made that the crew should land on the first convenient spot.

Bligh now caused his men to return thanks to God for his gracious protection; and with much content they took their miserable allowance of a twenty-fifth of a pound of bread and a quarter of a pint of water for dinner.

They had now run, since they first resolved upon this hazardous expedition, and left that island where they were so nearly butchered, Tofoa, a distance of nearly 2,400 miles. They had been fortunate in the wind, and equally so in the rain. Had sultry weather instead of cloudy weather been their lot, human nature could not have supported the aggravated sufferings.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALTHOUGH suffering from extreme privation, Captain Bligh did not forget how useful any remarks he might make relative to the position of the island now in sight, and the opening in the reef, might be to future navigators; and in his journal he carefully marked down the requisite bearings and distance, the latitude and longitude. The wearied seamen were now gratified by coming to a grapnel and fishing, but in the last they were unsuccessful; and as the corner of the reef under which Bligh had sought shelter was too inconsiderable to afford it, he weighed again, ran down, and anchored close to the mainland in a sandy bay.

Bligh now landed, and his enfeebled associates did the same, keeping the boat at hand, to which they could retreat with-

out much fear of interruption. On landing, a glow of satisfaction was discernible on each countenance. They felt, as it were, released from enthrallment—they once again felt the ground under their feet—they were enabled to move their limbs with freedom—they were unconfined as to space. The sight of a few old fire-places convinced them of their vicinity to the human race; but not a soul was visible. Indeed the men, so nearly famished, sought food rather than those who might prove enemies. The most precious discovery made was that of an oyster-bed. Here was food to repletion. The oysters grew on the rocks, and the tide was out; but as it was nearly dark, very few were gathered. To sleep on board the boat was out of the question; half of the men were therefore allowed to land, and made their slumbers soundly, although couched upon the hard rocks.

Daylight brought with it renovated strength and high spirits. They had slept, and slept soundly. No drenching showers had fallen, to soak and to chill them—no constant bailing had been required—no cautious attention requisite lest the boat should broach to and swamp. Such was the animation of each eye, that the commander, as he saw the altered looks, began to conceive favorable hopes that all might surmount the difficulties they yet had to encounter. The day's labor was equally divided; one division was sent to see every thing in the boat refitted and in readiness; the other searched for food and for the inhabitants.

Great was the rejoicing when the last party returned, having found abundance of fresh water and oysters. A fire was made by means of a magnifying-glass belonging to Bligh, who used it to read off the index of the sextant; and in the cleansing of the boat a tinder-box and matches were discovered, and thus the greatest luxury of life, fire, was provided for the future. Everything seemed now to take a prosperous turn. In clearing out the boat (for which until now no opportunity had ever occurred,) an old copper pot was discovered. They were now revelling in clover: from the ravenous destruction of a raw bird, hastily caught, killed and devoured, they returned to the luxury of cooking. The oysters mixed with some soaked bread, and a small quantity of pork, afforded a stew, which, though it might not have been relished by people of more delicate appetite, was delicious to those who now partook of it. Every man, however, began to complain

of dizziness of the head, violent pains in the stomach, and a general weakness of all the joints; and four good stout men could have made easy prizes of the whole crew. Still Bligh knew that a little rest, moderate exercise, and food used with discretion, would give his men sufficient strength and fortitude to withstand the privations they must yet suffer before they reached Timor. Great care was taken to keep the men from the noon-day sun, at which time they selected their beds under cover of the bushes, and slept. Mr. Nelson, the botanist, discovered some wire-grass—a sure indication of great moisture. He forced a stick about three feet long into the earth, and remarked the end was wet, as if it had passed through water. The cutlasses, and every article that could be used in digging, were soon at work, and in an hour a well was formed in which the water ran sufficiently strong to keep them in the full allowance of that most requisite article. Thus was the crew of the boat made affluent in the necessaries of life, and they speedily began to show signs of a perfect restoration to health. As yet, however, no natives had appeared; although two wigwags were discovered, near which was a pointed stick with a slit at the end of it, which was recognized as a sling such as is in general use among the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land.

The island on which Bligh reposed his men was not more than two miles in circuit, and was a mere lump of rocks covered with wood. The soil was sandy and nearly sterile. The manchineal and palm-tree were the only trees which grew on this wretched island, which starvation had changed into a paradise. The latter tree—the most useful perhaps in the world—contributed something towards the food of the crew: the tops of the trees were lopped off, and the interior or heart was not only nourishing, but extremely palatable.

It is by watching the birds of the air, and beasts of the field, that men grow wise. Bligh was one of those cautious travellers whom nothing escaped. He observed the birds eat certain berries which grew on the low kind of brushwood, and he immediately conjectured that they would make a wholesome food; nor was he mistaken, although his prudent foresight restrained the men from any excessive use of them. The birds, such as wild pigeons and parrots, set him at defiance. They seemed to know he could not harm them, and flew and flut-

tered over his head provokingly close, and without apprehension. Quite in vain Jack looked aloft, and then at the stewpan: neither parrot nor pigeon was fool enough to be caught; and the oysters stuck so fast to the rocks to which they had grown from their earliest moments, that it was found much easier to open them there than to break them off.

The 29th of May being the day of the restoration of king Charles the Second, and the name not being inapplicable to their present situation, for they were restored to fresh life and strength, Bligh named this place "Restoration Island."

On the 30th of May, Bligh found he had only two pieces of pork left. The fact was, it had been pilfered; although every man, fore and aft, was sure he would rather abjure pork for ever, than be guilty of such unseamanlike practices. Yet the pork was gone, all but two pieces; and Bligh apprehensive that the thief might fatten whilst the industrious and the honest might starve, resolved to stop that theft for the future by the most easy of all remedies; he resolved to cook it and eat it. It was a kind of what sailors call, "a blow out and leave the mess:" for it was determined, now all were partially invigorated, to push on and make the best of the voyage. Accordingly a sumptuous repast was made—oysters were obtained for the sea-stock—the boat was put in readiness; and Bligh, before he embarked, made every one attend prayers: and here, in this apparently desolate island, these wretched men held up their hands in fervent adoration, and returning thanks for their miraculous preservation in crossing the broad seas, implored that protecting Providence still to watch over them, and to guide them to their homes and their relatives.

The order was now given, and obeyed, to embark, and just in time too; for a body of savages were seen over the hill-top, bellowing and beckoning, and evidently fearful they had allowed the birds to escape which they might so easily have caged. The fear of a repetition of the Tofoa treachery, with a recollection of the stones and the canoes vividly impressed upon them, determined Bligh instantly to put to sea, which he did. The savages, armed with a spear or a lance, and carrying a short weapon for close combat, in vain made signs; the boat passed them within a quarter of a mile, and left the naked, black, and bushy-headed gentlemen quite in amazement at the incivility of the strangers.

Bligh now made all the sail he could carry, and the next morning found himself coasting along a low sandy soil. He seemed to have excited some attention; for, as the boat neared the land, seven savages came down waving branches—a kind of peace-offering. But there was no necessity to make the acquaintance of these treacherous hordes, some of whom were seen endeavoring to conceal themselves behind bushes, each man being provided with a lance instead of a bush. Bligh was anxious to know of what race they might be, without incurring any danger. He therefore placed his boat within two hundred yards of the rock, and returned their signals. The savages, on seeing this, seemed less inclined to be communicative. They were perfectly naked and black, and were altogether a very nondescript sort of creatures.

About four miles to the northward a high island was visible. To this Bligh steered, resolved to land, and, as he said, to bathe and look at the coast. It was here that the first symptom of insubordination occurred. Hitherto not a word or murmur had escaped any one; they had contentedly obeyed their commander, and submitted to every privation. But their strength had been restored, and one or two evinced a little disposition to be riotous. Bligh landed about eight o'clock on the morning of the 31st of May. Two parties were despatched, one to the northward, and the other to the southward, to seek for supplies; a third party remained by the boat. Each party went rather a longer distance than was prudent, and fatigue and weakness got the better of their sense of duty. A general murmur began: one declared he had done more than his neighbor; another as stoutly maintained that he had done the most; and finally they declared they would sooner go without their dinners than search for it. At last, one with whom Bligh had attempted some little severity of manner, started up and said, in a mutinous manner, that he was as good a man as his commander. This was an awful moment. The savages were only four miles distant, and all savages have canoes. The slightest insubordination would have led to the most serious consequences; and Bligh resolved to maintain his authority, or die in the attempt. Had this determination occurred to him five weeks previous, he would never have lost his ship. At that time he submitted without an effort; but now, having grown wise by experience, he seized a cutlass, and throwing another to

the man who had thus provoked him, he called upon him to defend himself. The very act was sufficient, without striking a blow; the seaman, frightened at having overstepped the line of discipline, immediately begged his commander to desist from murdering him. He never raised an arm to defend himself, but implored his forgiveness. Bitter must have been that moment to Bligh, if he argued from the tame submission of this man what might have been the result, had he, on a former occasion, called loudly to his officers and men by name to have rallied round him, and, in defiance of the bayonet near him, offered a sacrifice of his own life, rather than that the ship should be taken by mutineers.

Those who are conversant with seamen, and mankind in general, know that all men, when engaged in unlawful pursuits, are more or less cowards. Smugglers are the greatest contradiction to this; yet even they generally yield to fewer numbers than their own band. But the principle holds good even with the man who has already sacrificed his life by a violation of the law: an officer not half his size secures him, he holds out his wrists to the handcuffs, and is afraid of the smallest resistance.

By this bold but certainly imprudent conduct of Bligh (for he ought rather to have seized the ringleader of this petty revolt, and thrust him in the boat, than to have placed his life—on which the rest depended—in competition with one unquiet individual,) he regained his wavering authority. But his temper must have been his worst counsellor even in this. His hasty impetuosity could not even brook the insult; and he took it literally as one man against the other; and not as an officer insulted by his inferior. It had, however, one good effect; the men with him feared that his temper, softened by misfortune, might again gain the ascendancy over him, and they became tractable and quiet, and no further demonstration of mutiny took place.

On this island they found oysters and clams, and laid in a good stock; of water also there was abundance; but as Bligh knew the savages had seen him land, and he himself had found a canoe thirty feet long, he thought it best to move directly after dusk, in order to disappoint the natives in the attack he had not the slightest doubt they meditated. He therefore weighed, and stood over to a key, off which he anchored for the night.

The wind beginning to bluster, the boat

was tracked into a secure place, and parties were despatched in the hopes of obtaining some birds of the noddie tribe; but, after much vexatious chasing, Mr. Nelson and his party returned about noon, overcome and fainting from fatigue. Mr. Nelson complained of a violent heat in his bowels, a loss of sight, much thirst, and an inability to walk. With all these unpleasant symptoms, he had fortunately no fever; and Bligh, who had to this moment hoarded the wine as a medicine, now administered this in small quantities, with small pieces of bread soaked in it. Having laid him in the shade, he soon began to recover. But all hands were more or less complaining; they had discovered some dolichos, a species of bean; the men being too idle, or too fatigued, to boil them, ate them raw, and the consequence was, they suffered immense pain in the stomach; oysters and soup, however, both in one, were the general food.

A wigwam having been discovered, it was thought prudent to conceal the fire in a thicket; and great pains were taken by Bligh to make his men understand the imprudence of allowing the fire to blaze after dark, in consequence of their utter inability, from weakness, to oppose the smallest number of savages. The men betook themselves to sleep; but one, more obstinate than the rest, insisted upon having a fire to himself. He had one, and the consequence was, that, at the very time when it was most requisite that no blaze should occur, the whole island burst into a flame, in consequence of this fool having lit his fire near dry grass, which caught instantly. The breeze blew the blaze merrily along, and a stream of fire pointed out the retreat of the launch. No sleep was allowed that night, and all hands became on the alert. The boat was inside reefs which it would have been certain destruction to have ventured near during the night; besides which it was low water, and the boat was aground. It was a night of intense anxiety, because there was no retreat in the event of an attack. But the morning came without any unwelcome visitors.

Those on the different lookout had not been idle; for, on the following morning, one party returned with twelve noddies, and might have had a hundred, had not one refractory character determined to separate himself from the rest: the consequence of which was, that he disturbed the birds, and thus only twelve were captured. But Robert Lamb, who was the riotous man, was not inactive. It ap-

pears that he confessed to having eaten nine birds himself, during the time of his separation from the rest. Bligh's temper was perfectly ungovernable when he heard of this misfortune. The accident of the fire had not contributed to cool him, and he seized the guilty Lamb, and punished him by a very severe beating, and had there been any means of administering a flogging, Lamb would have caught it to a certainty.

The turtle party were unsuccessful; the fire was quite enough to scare them.

At dawn of day, on the 2d of June, the launch left the island, and stood to the northward. The boat was now navigated between shoals, rocks, and keys: the mainland being in sight, and mocking the poor seamen with its sloping lawns and shaded groves.

The allowance of food continued scanty enough whenever the boat was under sail, namely, one twenty-fifth of a pound of bread, and the proportion of six birds not above the size of a common pigeon, and not very plump or fat. Mr. Nelson was still upon the wine list, but the rest had recovered.

On the 3d of June, a little of their former sufferings returned. It blew hard from the S. S. E., and owing to the reef not extending so far to the northward, a heavier sea than they had lately experienced, added to their labors. The boat, however, was anchored for the night, and all hands slept in her. The navigation in the dark was not safe; for there were many shoals, and reefs, and keys, and islands; indeed, so many of the latter were visible, that the spot which seemed to enclose them within its horns was called the Bay of Islands. They weighed again at daylight, and the same monotonous existence continued; the daily fare being occasionally increased by an allowance of six oysters. But such sumptuous fare fell rarely to their lot, and was hailed with proportionate delight.

On Thursday, the 4th of June, Bligh, having rounded the rocks and shoals on the north part of New Holland, shaped his course to the westward. At eight o'clock in the evening they once more launched into the open ocean. Each man manifested the greatest confidence in his commander. There was no breath of dissatisfaction; every one looked to him; and they bore the knowledge of forthcoming privations like men resolved to accomplish a great undertaking, and feeling, from the distance already traveled, that their boat, however small, was ade-

quate to surmount the dangers. Fears and misgivings were locked in Bligh's breast. He could not disguise from himself, that one sea might swamp his frail bark, or that the men, now re-accustomed to space and exercise, had again to lie down in the small narrow shell which contained so large a number; for it is to be observed, that eighteen men in a boat of the dimensions already mentioned, would have been considered a sufficient cargo even to go from a hulk in Portsmouth harbor to the dockyard; and there no sea rolls to topple into the boat, nor are provisions stowed away for six weeks.

Whether or not Bligh was a man of religious habits, previous to late events, is unknown; but misfortune humbled pride, dangers and difficulties bowed him down; and every morning and evening, from the time he was cast adrift, like a weed, he fervently prayed; and now that his tiny boat was again committed to the great ocean, after giving every man reasonable hope, from the difficulties already surmounted, that eight or ten days would bring them to a land of safety, he offered up aloud, and was joined by all a fervent prayer for God's gracious protection; and he felt a conviction, in his own mind, that his prayers had been heard. It is the belief that we can overcome difficulties, which gives us success. He who is timid at first, and advances to any undertaking impressed with an idea that he can not gain the mastery, will only succeed by mere good fortune, if he succeed at all; whilst with the other it will be some very unforeseen misfortune which can check his advance.

Six days had been spent on the coast, or on the islands of New Holland, and if the boat-load of wretches only gained in provisions a few oysters, clams, and birds, they had gained confidence, and, what was as requisite, nights of repose and comfort. Small, indeed, the supply of both had been; but, small as it was, Bligh became fully sensible how much it relieved the distresses of those around him. Had he not met with these resources, about this time, nature must have sunk under the aggravations of hunger and fatigue. Some would have ceased to struggle for a life that only promised a continuation of wretchedness and misery; whilst others, perhaps possessed of greater strength, would have lingered behind their companions, miserable objects of decaying nature, with the skeletons of men and the minds of idiots. Even now, flushed as they were with hope, reinvi-

gorated as they were from the sustenance and the repose they had gained, they were but a wretched set of spectacles. But they had "that within" which defied despair—they had hope and confidence.

No sooner had they encountered the roll of the sea, than two men were required to bale. A boat so deep, necessarily shipped water, and she was deep enough without additional weight. The allowance of each man was still the twenty-fifth of a pound of bread, with a more liberal proportion of water than before; and six oysters were added. Supper was again reduced—an allowance of water alone constituted that meal. The wind continued a fresh gale at S. E. or E. S. E., and great as the distance was for a boat to accomplish, yet, throughout the whole of this tedious and wonderful navigation, she averaged upwards of one hundred miles each twenty-four hours. Some boobies flew over the boat, one of which Bligh caught with his own hand. As usual, the blood was given to the three weakest men, and the proportions served out in the manner before described, such as, "who shall have this?" &c.

On Sunday, the 7th, the commander rummaged his small store of bread, and he found that he had still nineteen days' allowance; and as the wind was fair, and the boat slipped quickly along, Bligh acted up to his promise, and increased the allowance, by giving a proportion of bread with the water for supper.

On Monday morning many and bitter were the complaints of the crew; and now it was that Bligh, ever watchful, remarked the probable termination of life of some of his companions before he reached the long-wished-for port. Mr. Ledward, the acting surgeon, and Laurence Leboque, an old hardy seaman, were giving way fast. The low sepulchral tone of the voice indicated the perfect exhaustion—the features, sharpened by sickness, plainly told how near they were to the grave which rolled alongside;—whilst the general haggard appearance—the attenuated form—the indifference to every object—confirmed Bligh that at last death would come amongst them. He had not the means of supporting or alleviating them beyond the administration of a teaspoonful or two of wine. The two men just named were the worst, although all exhibited great drowsiness and desire to sleep,—certain proofs that nature was almost exhausted.

It was now that Bligh, in spite of his own feelings, contributed to assuage those

of others by words. It was evident that if the breeze continued for four days longer, the wished for harbor would be entered; and these promises tended much to enliven their drooping spirits.

"Courage!" he would say, "my men! see what we have accomplished! and how little remains to be accomplished! Even now, the gannets, the boobies, the men-of-war birds, and all the tropical birds, are around us—the dolphins come swimming by us—and the one just caught will add to our scanty meal. But think of the joy of returning, after all our sufferings, to our own country! to have the satisfaction of again seeing our wives and children! and you, my lads, of once more landing at Portsmouth! Come, cheer up and keep alive! and I'll spin you a yarn which will show you how much may be done when the mind of a man is resolute and steady; but let us share out the fish—come, who shall have this?"

In vain Bligh endeavored to keep attention alive; indeed he was much too exhausted himself to have spun the yarn. But he was the only man in the boat who knew how certainly a few days more would bring them to Timor; the rest seemed indifferent to the intelligence, and the day passed, and the usual monotony of one day succeeded the other; the cramped situation, the gradual growing weakness, all contributed to render them indifferent to life, and to wish for death. But when Bligh, on the 11th of June, showed one or two who yet clung with some hope to existence, the birds which never flew far from land—the rock-weed, which had not long been torn from the rocks—and told them that there were many islands between the east part of Timor and New Guinea, where, if it was absolutely requisite, they could again recruit, their eyes glistened with delight; although many who heard the words seemed to disbelieve every sentence, and sank back on the thwarts quite overcome. An extreme weakness, swelled lips, hollow and ghastly countenances, great propensity to sleep, occasional debility of mind, and not unfrequent wanderings of imagination, verging closely upon incoherency and derangement, marked the progress of the disease. The wine was given with as generous a hand as prudence would allow. Every man's face was a looking-glass in which the countenance of each was reflected, but each was ignorant of his own spectre-like appearance; and when Bligh remarked to the boatswain that "the surgeon looked

very bad," and said this, believing that his own spirit, superior to the rest, had kept him more alive, he was answered by the boatswain, "Yes, he does look bad enough; but I'm blessed if you don't look worse!"

On the 12th of June the wind continued from the E. S. E., and blew fresh. Every bird which came near was watched with eagerness, as some now made their appearance which never willingly came far from land. All eyes were kept on the lookout. The land which was to terminate their sufferings could not be far distant. Every bank was believed an island, and reported as such; and more than once all were deceived but their commander.

Once more the sun went down, and cheated expectation grew into despondency. Every one but Bligh began to despair. Confident in his own observations and knowledge, he knew he could not be very distant from land, and he felt that he could hold out some few days yet without giving up all hope. Before night had closed in, the evening prayers were repeated; and again Bligh promised his crew of spectres all the blessings of repose—again he cheered them to bear up a little longer; and then with a blessing upon them for their good behavior, he set the watches and sought repose.

Who can paint the excess of joy which almost bewildered the wavering in mind, when, at three o'clock in the morning of the next day, the land of Timor was discovered from W. S. W. to W. N. W.? Then indeed rose the hands and voices to heaven in expression of thanks—then each man shook hands with the other, and laughed with almost maniac joy; whilst Bligh, overcome with the general feeling of delight, after congratulating all, threw himself on his knees, and returned thanks aloud.

The boat, was instantly on the discovery, hauled to the wind to the N. N. E. although many would have gladly rushed on to the rocks, and combated the surf, to have reached the shore. They talked of the morrow as a day when all their troubles and adventures should cease; and only two slept, those two being Leeward and Leboque. Day dawned; and these poor creatures, who had now been forty-one days confined in the narrow space of the launch—after having been in danger of destruction almost every hour of that time—after having run a distance, perfectly incredible, of three thousand six hundred and eighteen miles—and after

having suffered the extremes of hunger, thirst, cold, wet, and almost prostrated hope, saw before them the land of Timor! It was no mockery of the sight, no morning fog-bank which the rising sun dissipates, or which the warmth of the day raises like a curtain; but there it was in substantial certainty, about two leagues distant, and bearing from S. W. by S. to N. E. by N.

There was still a difficulty, but not a very serious one to be overcome. Bligh, although he knew the Dutch had a settlement on Timor, was perfectly ignorant on what part of the island it was. He believed it to be, or rather had a faint idea that it was, to the S. W. He therefore bore up, carrying all the sail he could spread, steering along shore to the S. S. W. Here, as he skirted the coast, rose the agreeable prospect which land ever affords to the long-suffering mariner. The high land of the interior, interspersed with woods and lawns, sloped gradually towards the coast; whilst here and there, although no habitation was visible, cultivation was evident. At last some huts were discovered, but it was evident they were not the resort of Europeans. Along the shore there seemed a ridge of rocks, over which the sea beat violently. The surf was visible for many a mile, and all landing near where they were was impracticable. At noon they had neared the shore to three miles; but they did not dare, although impatience had prompted many to express a wish that the hazard should be run, to approach closer.

If anything can be wanting to show the perseverance of Bligh, this extract from his journal will be sufficient. The state of his crew must be borne in memory—their eager desire to land, their scanty allowance, and their drooping spirits; yet, with the land on board of him, he had spirit and enterprise still to avoid the coast. During the afternoon they continued their course along a low, woody shore, with innumerable palm-trees, called the fan-palm, from the leaf spreading like a fan; but they had now lost sight of cultivation, and the country had not so fine an appearance as it had to the eastward. This, however, was only a small tract, for by sunset it improved again, and they saw several great smokes, where the inhabitants were clearing and cultivating their grounds.

They had now run twenty-five miles to the W. S. W. since noon, and were west five miles from a low point, which, in the afternoon, they imagined had been the

southernmost land. Here the coast formed a deep bend, with lowland in the bight, that appeared like islands. That they might not run past any settlement in the night, Bligh determined to preserve his station till the morning, and therefore hove to under a close-reefed foresail, with which the boat lay very quiet. They were here in shoal water, their distance from the shore being a league. Bligh now served bread and water for supper, and the boat kept lying to very well. During the night, all but the officer of the watch endeavored to get a little sleep.

It is impossible to avoid admiring the energy and prudence which, in this emergency, could have kept the half-famished crew under the influence of command, and having skirted a shore within a league, where sustenance hung apparent from every tree, without attempting to land. The circumstance is unexampled in the history of mankind.

On the 14th, Bligh, having encountered a heavy sea, stood into a spacious bay or sound. Here he imagined the settlement must have been made, for it was admirably adapted for shipping. He came to a grapnel near the east entrance, and despatched the boatswain and gunner to a hut to discover the inhabitants. Before long they returned with one of the people, who volunteered to show Bligh to Conpang, the place at which the Dutch governor resided. The specimen of human nature who now enacted pilot was certainly not the most prepossessing. He was of a dark tawny colour, with long black hair, and chewed a profusion of beetle-nut. He wore a square piece of cloth round his hips, in the folds of which was stuck a large knife; a handkerchief wrapped round the head served for a hat, whilst another acted as a pocket, being hung from the shoulders, and containing beetle-nut. The pilot brought with him some dried turtle and Indian corn, and offered to go for more; but Bligh's impatience overcame all hunger; he refused to wait a moment; and at half-past four, P. M., he again weighed, keeping, by the direction of the pilot, on the eastern shore, under all sail. But when night came on, the wind died away, and the skeleton crew, revived by hope, actually took to the oars, and used them to some effect. This, however, was too laborious to last long. The boat was anchored, a double allowance was instantly served out, with a portion of wine to every man, and all hands went to sleep, and slept soundly.

At one o'clock in the morning, after

the most happy and sweet sleep man ever knew, they weighed again, keeping the east shore on board in smooth water. Soon, however, Bligh found they were in the open sea, the whole of the land to the westward which they had passed being an island, called Pulo Samow. The report of two guns now gave new life to every one, and two square-rigged vessels and a cutter confirmed their existence. Attenuated in form, and weak in muscle, as the men were, such new life and spirits were given by the sight of the long-wished-for harbor, that they tried the oars again, and after an occasional rest, and working until near daylight the next morning, all their troubles were over; the grapnel fell on a sandy soil, the boat swung with her stern to Coupang, and Bligh, having made during his voyage, out of some flags, a union jack, hoisted it half-mast, as a signal of distress; and all the officers retiring to uphold the dignity of the flag, he says, *refused to land without permission.*

Soon after daybreak a soldier hailed him to land, which he did amongst a crowd of Indians. An English sailor belonging to one of the vessels stepped forward, and conducted him to his captain. The crew were taken into this gentleman's abode, refreshment offered, and the wearied housed.

The abilities of the painter, perhaps, could never have been displayed to more advantage than in the delineation of the two groups of figures which at this time presented themselves. An indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire,—the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Their bodies were nothing but skin and bone; their limbs were full of sores; they were clothed in rags. In this condition, with the tears of joy and gratitude flowing down their cheeks, the people of Timor beheld them with a mixture of horror, surprise, and pity.

We must now shorten this part of our narrative by briefly stating that, after a sufficient residence at Timor, Bligh purchased a schooner, and arrived at Batavia on the 1st of October, and on the 14th of March landed at Portsmouth, having lost only one man, Mr. Nelson, who died at Coupang.

This wonderful instance of open-boat navigation—this accomplishment of a great end by small means—should be a lesson imprinted on the memory of all offi-

cers of the navy. It shows that an officer may, by prudence, always maintain his authority, and that confidence in the ability of that officer is the mainstay of discipline. It shows how the mind and body of man may overcome natural habits; and how the passionate in temper, the abuser in security, may become the calmest in danger, the consoler in adversity. It is the greatest deed on record.

CHAPTER XV.

"THAT's well done," said Adams, as the painter was cut, and Bligh and his wretched associates were cast adrift. "If ever you live, my hearties, to cross the wide sea in that cockle-shell, you may come back and hang us all. I say, Christian, my lad!"

"Halloo," said Christian, "who taught you to take such a liberty with me? I shall teach you to pay me proper respect—for I am captain now."

"That be d——d for a yarn!" said Quintal; "we are all captains now."

"To be sure we are," replied McKoy. "Why, do you suppose we set that old gentleman adrift to let you swing the cat over our shoulders? Not we, I promise you!"

"Morrison," said Christian, "turn the hands up, and make sail."

"Hurrah for Otaheite!" said Adams—"Hurrah! hurrah!" joined Quintal and McKoy, who stood on the taffrail, and waved their hats to their former messmates, who had now taken to their oars, and were pulling towards Tofoa.

"Come," said Christian—"none of your tomfoolery here, if you please; away aloft, and make sail."

The determined manner of Christian greatly tended to shake the confidence each mutineer reposed in his friend, and even Quintal and McKoy, two of the most daring and desperate, could not so easily divest themselves of the respect due to an officer as to hazard a disobedience; they therefore went aloft, and the sail which Christian thought proper to set was accordingly set.

Whilst this manœuvre was being executed, Christian felt the importance of another step; that was, the necessity of his being chosen commander by the majority, and that the discipline of the navy should be maintained in his person. He

had, to further his views on this subject, kept against their consent three midshipmen. These youngsters were willing to have shared the hardships to which their former commander was destined; but they were detained on board, that by their presence a certain portion of discipline might be upheld. These youths attended at their respective stations; Christian carried on the duty as he had frequently done before; and, with the exception of a lesser number of men, the Bounty was at this moment to all intents and purposes a British man-of-war.

Adams was on the quarter-deck, and Christian walked aft with him; the latter broke into his views in the following conversation:—

"Adams, we have done a good but a damnable deed, and the halter is round our necks. We two are the only reasonable men of our party. Morrison, although a sea lawyer, is not to be trusted; and we must keep Quintal and McCoy in subjection, or they will break into the spirit-room; and if once drunkenness gets amongst us, we are all lost. You know, Adams, that to make any one of the crew captain, would be a folly, because of course I, who am and have been an officer, would never serve under any one inferior in rank to myself. Besides, you know we arranged all before—that I was to be captain, and do everything for the best. I propose to turn the hands up—hold a council of war—and take each man's opinion; but I will not allow my rank to be canvassed; for if once there ceases to be union on that subject, we are all lost."

"I know, Mr. Christian," replied Adams, "that in all ships there must be one captain; and I know well enough that to raise one of the crew to that rank would only be the cause of jealousy, angry words, and fighting. I of course, therefore, am for you, because I think you are best able to navigate the ship; and if you feel inclined to turn the hands up, I'll stand by you as I have done. You are certain of the support of the midshipmen on board, because they themselves would have nothing to do with the command without we chased the boat, and put Bligh back amongst us; neither would they serve under any one but yourself. So the sooner the thing is done the better."

As this chimed in with Christian's views, the hands were turned up to "hold a council of war." Every man was forced to be on deck, and Christian addressed them after this fashion:—

"My men, we are free—we are no longer

under the tyranny of that man, who, before this day week, will, I hope, be far enough never to trouble us again. We have got the ship—we have committed an act which for ever keeps us from returning to England—there we know well what awaits us—and therefore we give up all thoughts of any return, since the first man who called us by our names would be the most likely to lead us to the yard-arm. It's no use thinking of what is done—that cannot be altered now. We are to consider and settle what is best to be done for the future; and I suggest a plan to you, which you will determine upon. To return to Otaheite at this moment would, in my mind, be absurd. Bligh heard the cheer of hurrah for Otaheite; and owing to my cursed folly in giving him the launch, when the cutter would have been quite sufficient to have landed him at Tofoa, where the natives would take care of him,—he may easily return the small distance we have come. He would then prepare the king for our arrival; and as we are not all of us very much pleased with to-day's work, we should have enemies on board as well as alongside. By delaying our visit there, he will imagine we do not intend to return. He will soon either lengthen the launch, deck her, and render her seaworthy for a long trip; or he will build another craft and be off. My plan is, therefore, to stretch over to an island called Tooboui, which is a little to the southward of Otaheite, and make a settlement upon it. As soon as we find ourselves pretty secure, we will send the ship over to Otaheite, and bring our women. Henceforth, my lads, we must believe ourselves natives of these islands—we must forget all our European connexions—all the miseries of our former situation—all the daily drudgery to which we were condemned—all our nights of toil. For the future the wind may blow, the rain may fall, no boat-swain's call shall summon us from our hammocks, to cling to the yards, and reef the sails; nor shall the degrading punishment of the cat again be known amongst us. No, my lads, from this day our liberty commences. We will build ourselves houses, supply ourselves with cattle, cultivate the soil, and revel in its luxuries. We will marry and become one large family, living in the midst of plenty—freed from all the pains of penury—all the misery of servitude. My lads I have told you my proposition; let any one suggest a better, and I shall be ready to conform to the wish of the majority."

"Oh, d—m Tooboui!" said Quintal, "I'm all for Jack Adams's plan. Go back to Otaheite, blow old Bligh to blazes—let's get our women on board—and then I don't care if we float about the world like old Noah in his ark—or find an island without a soul to pick up shell-fish upon it, and bring ourselves to comfortable moorings for life. That's my say. I suppose every man may say what he likes now, and do what he likes—so I'm all for grog ahoy—and d—n the captain!"

"That's your sort, Quintal!" said M'Koy. "Every man for himself, and God for us all! For my part, I don't care if I live in a cocoa-nut tree, and swing in one of its leaves for a hammock. As for grog, I'll soon make that, if we can find one of those tee-root trees,* for I have not been brought up in a Scotch distillery not to know how to make liquor out of a fir-tree, if I had nothing else. Come, speak, Jack; we must not let him have it all his own way, like the bull in the china shop."

"Why," said Adams, "as far as I am concerned, I think we had better settle the ship before we settle on shore. It's my vote that Mr. Christian is made captain, and that we all agree to serve under him; and that we place him over us, not nominally but really, giving him authority to govern us according to the Articles of War and ship instructions; for without that we shall have half a score of these youngsters talking to such lily-livered fellows as Coleman and Norman, who took care to bellow over the stern as the captain of the launch drifted away, "I have had no hand in the business."

"No more I have," said Coleman, "and I'd rather go in that boat and starve, than live here, and be a mutineer."

"That's optional with you, my lad," said Christian; "when we get to Tooboui, you may leave us if you like."

"I dare say," replied Coleman, "and get baked and eaten by the savages."

"None of your insolence to Mr. Christian," said Quintal; "he's your officer at any rate—and Morrison has got a cat to tickle up such sneaking curs as you are."

"Avast there, Quintal," said Adams; "if he does not like it, you know—why he must lump it, that's all. But about this plan—I vote that Mr. Christian shall be captain."

"Well, if we must have a captain," said M'Koy, "and you won't have me, I'll vote for him also."

"We all vote for him—all, all!" resounded fore and aft.

"Well, my lads," said Christian, "if you all vote for my being captain, you will follow my directions without a murmur; so, Morrison, turn the bands up, trim sails—for W. N. W. is no longer our course."

The men moved with alacrity—the sails were trimmed as ordered, and Christian directed his course towards Tooboui. He then mustered the people, and put them in watches, taking care to place the most active mutineers in the same watch as the midshipmen, on whom he knew he could not possibly rely; for, young as they were, they had expressed their abhorrence, first at the great dereliction of duty, and, secondly, of the lingering death to which they fervently believed Bligh had been doomed. Adams was told to keep a bright look out upon them, and Quintal and M'Koy, the two most determined and most desperate of the gang, were placed as a kind of sentinels on the men. They were present at all whispers, and frustrated every plan or plot that could be projected.

It was now evident to the well disposed on board that they had no chance of escape until they arrived at Otaheite; and the better to disguise their intentions, they came apparently with lively spirits into the plans of the mutineers, kept their watches, and did their duty as hitherto. Before the first day was expired, many who wavered became now confirmed mutineers in mind, thus leaving only one or two who differed from the rest.

Christian well knew the characters of seamen, and he took especial care to keep them employed. His first care was to clear the ship of all the rubbish that was useless to him in his new life. All the trees which Bligh and Nelson had selected with such care, and nursed with such attention, were thrown overboard; but all the European seeds which had been left on board he most carefully concealed. The arms were polished up—the powder and ammunition placed in readiness, and every kind of employment which a fertile mind could suggest was found for the men, "to keep the devil out of their minds," as Christian whispered to Adams.

At last the time arrived to pipe the hammocks down; and although Adams tried his best to get up a forecastle yarn, or a Saturday night's song, and Christian, willing to begin well, and give a favor-

* *Draconis terminalis*.

able impression as to the mildness of his rule, desired that an extra allowance of grog might be served, yet each man seemed to wish to hold conversation only with himself, and one by one the crew, with the exception of the watch on deck, crept down below, and turned in.

The night was dark; the breeze moderate from the eastward; a dead silence prevailed; and nothing but the splash of the water, as it met the bow of the *Bounty*, and bubbled as it passed astern, was audible. The high land of Tofoa was no longer visible. The moon that night was clouded, and the officer of the watch, as he paced the deck, kept his head down, and walked quickly, as if in intense thought. Christian stood abaft, leaning over the taffrail, not without feeling his conscience rise to chide the misdeeds of the day. No man was more sensible of the error he had committed; yet no one was more resolute, having so committed it, to baffle all intrigues, and to battle against all adversity. The early scenes of his childhood rose before him. He who so often wandered over the north of England—who had been received with delight by all—who was remembered with affection, would one day be brought before them as a murderer in motive, a mutineer in mind. "And what is mutiny," he thought, "but robbery? The stores belonging to my king I have purloined—the life of my captain I have meditated—I have estranged myself for ever from all my earliest friends and acquaintances—no more shall I hear the kind words of a mother, the advice of a father; but must linger out my life among savages. I must go back from civilization to all the ignorance of barbarism. And whom am I to live amongst but my companions in guilt?—seeing at every instant the maledictions which linger on the lips of those whom I have plunged, unwilling followers, into the same gulf as myself. At that thought I could undo all the work of this morning, and an age of misery would be gladly offered in atonement.

"He was not so bad after all," considered Christian to himself, thinking of Bligh. "He was violent when in a passion, and who is not? He was then a maniac; and should a reasonable person heed the word of a maniac? His abuse—what was it? a few words strung together at random, to which the ear had become familiar, and the mind callous. Still he was kind to me when I was ill; he inquired affectionately after me. It

was but yesterday night I was to have supped with him—this day I was to have dined with him. And where is he now? Perhaps surrounded by barbarians, who will murder him; perhaps at this moment writhing under the torture of pain; or perhaps looking with great anxiety at that rising cloud, fearful that the wind it brings may swamp him. I have done wrong, for I cannot applaud the deed. I am now an outcast. No convicted felon escaped from the jail looks with more suspicion on each passer-by than I do. What I have so easily succeeded in doing, Adams, and Quintal, and M'Koy may do again. Who now are my associates? Culprits as condemned as myself. Who is to be my friend? Great God, save me from the thought! I have no friend! I can have no friend!—alone—my own security in my own courage—wrapped up in the bulwark of my own heart—the secret of which must never transpire. Thus must I linger out life; and when I die, if I escape the knife of my own men, who shall stretch me in my last bed? who shall close my eyes? who shall commit me to the earth, to blot out my name from memory? No, no—would that could be so! but this crime *must* be discovered; the infamy of the deed, the ingratitude of the act, will long be remembered; and my poor innocent parents will be branded with shame, as having given birth to a vagabond, a scoundrel, a mu—"

"The wind is rising from the eastward, sir," said the officer of the watch; "shall we take a reef in?"

"Yes, take in a reef—do anything—but leave me quiet and unmolested for a moment."

"O that my prayers might be heard!" he continued to himself; "and my poor old captain, with whom I have made two voyages before, and who gave me the rank I have forfeited, should land in security in England, and live to be advanced in the service. What fools are men! what playthings of the moment! doing an act in one hour, which a whole life of seventy years is too short to erase from their memories! I can only trust Adams. He, the son of a foremast-man, must be my confidant—my companion—my friend! Bitter, bitter thought! How true it is, crime levels all; and at the last and general day I cannot be found more innocent than the man who has atoned for his fault in this world by swinging on a gibbet! Boy," he exclaimed aloud, "bring me some grog. I'll drown even thought for a moment; but I must not sleep; the

very sentinel may take my life; and though I fear to die, I wish the oblivion of death was upon me."

Adams, who, although born under a gun, and educated in the galley, had still a religious, or at least a superstitious mind, turned over the events of the day, and was equally shocked. He, however, felt less acutely the pangs of remorse; for his mind wavered between love and ambition. He never allowed himself to think much upon the business; he quieted all his uprisings of conscience with "What's done, is done; and now we have only to make ourselves comfortable." But he was shrewd enough to know that civilized beings must ever rule the barbarians; and he was resolved not to die without a struggle to be somebody more known in the world than John Adams of the Bounty.

There was not a man on board—no, not M'Koy or Quintal—who did not start in his slumbers. With many the idea prevailed that Bligh would rise from the deep with his miserable crew and haunt them; for they considered themselves steeped in crime; and when the head is rested on the pillow, the memory and conscience are apt unwelcomely to return. With these men, when the fear of the dead was banished, and they forgot for a moment all the levity of the Point at Portsmouth, prospects more brilliant from Adams's speech rose in the distance. They saw before them the life of indolence and ease they had already tasted, and they knew that, go where they might at first, as every heart had some feeling for Otaheite, that island would be the one from which they would seize their women.

Of the innocent, little need be said; for the innocent mind can always command a certain degree of repose. It is true, some misgivings as to the future naturally occurred; but they were all buoyant with hope; they looked forward to the certainty that after some time ships would be despatched to learn the fate of the Bounty, and that once at Otaheite they were safe. Of the consequences they felt no apprehensions; for why should the innocent fear? Therefore they continued their duty for their own security, and obeyed orders to prevent further insubordination.

Throughout the first night Christian was frequently on deck. He could not sleep; he had forced upon himself a charge he never had known before. He was amongst strange islands which had never been properly surveyed, and he felt

the responsibility he had entailed upon himself. He knew that now all discipline was gone—that the look out men would slumber without fear of punishment; and that a rock might spoil all his plans for the future. Thus between fear and anxiety, he passed the night. The day brought with it some alleviation of his sorrows; and time, as he became habituated to the upbraiding of his conscience, tended to keep his attention more fixed upon his future life and future happiness.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE wind was baffling, and the Bounty under the directions of Christian, made but slow progress towards her port. The seamen followed directions without murmuring, and the duty was executed as soon as commanded. All fears rapidly subsided, as each day rendered them more secure, and placed their captain at a greater distance. Occasionally there was such a quest on as "I wonder where he is now?" which was generally answered in a tone which showed how completely all fear of his restoration to the command had vanished. Amongst the midshipmen, however, there was soon a plan concocted. Each of the three left on board talked of escape when an opportunity should occur, and whispered their apprehensions in confidence to each other.

In the mean time active preparations were making by Christian and Adams, in order to fortify the place which they should select as their settlement; and this idea was made known to the crew by Christian, who always attacked their fears whenever he addressed them. "My lads," he would say, "remember what we have done, and how certain is the consequence if we are ever discovered. This island will afford us a shelter, and here we must fortify ourselves—against the natives, if natives there be—against any vessel, if vessel should find us out."

As the Bounty approached the island, the hopes of the men were raised to the highest pitch; for they had been ever since the 29th of April until the latter end of May, before this land of Tooboui was discovered, and some slight discontent had been manifested; for amongst this gang of mutineers were one or two very refractory characters. The discipline of

the navy had formerly kept these latter in awe, but they now occasionally gave vent to their ideas unrestrained; for although Christian, like all emancipated slaves, became a tyrant, and used language every atom as violent and as improper as his predecessor in command, yet he had fallen to the rank of other mutineers, and all his high-flown anger and expressions failed to support him in that situation of respect which is ever best upheld by the officer and the gentleman combined.

"Now, Adams," he said, "yonder is the land—it looks exactly what we want; for, as far as I can discover by means of this glass, there is not a man on the island. Here we can rest for ever; for if my eye does not deceive me, here are the same trees which sheltered us at Otaheite; and when our fort is built, and houses arranged, we shall want——"

"Only our women, Mr. Christian," replied Adams; "those we must have, and those we must get from Otaheite. I cannot live without my wife; for, do you know, sir, ever since the day we set that poor fellow and his true followers adrift in the launch, I have lost half my courage at night-time, and should sleep the sounder for a companion."

"Poh! poh! Adams," said Christian, "you talk like a woman; here we are, safe from all pursuit. Bligh knows the character of the natives; depend upon it, he will manage to make them fit out his boat, and will get to Java."

"Not he, Mr. Christian, not he—you know it as well as I do. His crazy craft could never cross the seas, and he never would trust himself without the power of defence amongst savages. If I thought he was safe, and that we had not contributed to murder him and his crew, I could live on that island, and pray to be forgiven."

"Halloo, Adams, you can't be on that tack? why, I shall be afraid to trust you."

"Don't fear me, Mr. Christian; I can act as a man, and feel as a man. I know we have done wrong, all of us; but having done it, I'm not the man to go and ask another to hang me. I would rather live there with my wife, and try to do good to others."

"That wife of yours, Adams, will ruin us, I fear."

"Why so, sir? has she not proved how fond she is of me? Why should she ruin us?"

"For this reason: If we make our settlement on this island, and then send to

Otaheite for the women, some of the men will mention our retreat. Then, when a ship comes to search for Bligh, if he never gets home, or for us if he does, the king will tell the captain where to find us, and then——"

"I understand, sir; what you say is true, and we must strike out some other plan."

"Place a leadsman in the chains," said Christian, "and turn the hands up—bring ship to an anchor."

The land was in many parts high: it was covered with trees, and here and there an opening appeared like a lawn before a noble estate. The coast was rocky, high, and abrupt. The long roll of the sea, as it dashed against the reef, threw its spray high into the air, and seemed to give warning to the intrepid mariner of the danger of its approach. No harbor had as yet been descried, nor had any creek been discerned of sufficient magnitude to afford a landing even for a boat; and although the *Bounty* was sailing within two miles of this beautiful, verdant island, no inhabitant seemed with cautious cunning to peep over the rocks to watch the novel sight. The seamen, as they viewed this island, declared it prettier than any other they had seen, and they longed to anchor and explore it; but hitherto any attempts to land would have been attended with great danger.

The wind had died away considerably, and the *Bounty* had run the full extent of the island, when a small bay was discovered, which seemed sheltered from most winds. It terminated in a sandy beach, where the water hardly appeared to roll upon the shore. As there was no appearance of any rocks or shoals, the *Bounty* was steered for this bay under very easy sail, men being placed on the bowsprit end, and some aloft, to give notice of the slightest change of water, which was so clear that rocks could have been discovered many fathoms under its surface. Slowly did the old *Bounty* thus advance to her anchorage in five fathoms, where at length she was moored within pistol-shot of the shore, and preparations were made to land. But here began the first difficulty. Christian, knowing how he had deceived others, was afraid to trust any one. "Who knows," he argued with himself "if I land, that one of the midshipmen may not persuade the crew to leave me here, and take the ship to Otaheite? If I could so easily induce the men to forget their duty and their allegiance to their captain and their king, why may not oth-

ers do the same in a better cause!" In this dilemma he consulted Adams, who soon cleared away the difficulties.

"Let one of the midshipmen go in the boat; put Quintal and M'Koy as two of the crew," said Adams, "and we are safe. I'll answer for it, those two men would rather cut a dozen throats than give up their women and their independent lives. Send them, as a matter of duty, to look for the natives, and I'll go and see if the place will do for us."

The boat was manned as proposed, sent on shore, and in an hour returned. During this hour Christian never left his glass. He watched every motion of the men when within sight, and became restless and impatient when some tree obstructed the view. At last he saw them come down, man the boat, and return.

The report was from the midshipman, that no natives had been seen, and that as far as they had penetrated there was no sign of habitations. They had found an old canoe, bottom up, and worm-eaten; and here and there some husks of the cocoa-nut convinced the explorer that occasionally savages had resorted to the island; and they discovered besides these proofs, the place where a wigwam had stood.

Adams gave his opinion in secret, that the island was admirably adapted for their purposes. The high point of land which formed the outer horn of the bay was detached from the main-land by a narrow neck of water. The trees grew so thick near the edges of the coast, that the settlement might be made without any one being able from the sea to discover it. The high peak afforded a capital look out; and an enclosure might be made in the shape of a fort, which would bid defiance to any savages, should they dare advance across the water.

"And now," said Adams. "if you like, you can go on shore; and I, and Quintal, and M'Koy, will remain on board."

Christian's eye expressed a visible suspicion, which Adams remarked, and said, "Fear not, sir, we are not such fools as to desert you—we were all concerned in securing the captain, and although they might acquit the others, they would hang us."

"Adams," said Christian, "by your conversation you always express an idea that Bligh will get safe home."

"God only knows," replied the seaman with fervor, "how anxiously, how unceasingly I pray that it may be so! If I thought he and his crew would get safe, I

would rest contented on that shore, and never wish to leave it."

"We are bound up together, Adams," said Christian, with much earnestness; "all the mutineers look to us, and we must place implicit confidence in each other. I believe you sincere. Now, therefore, be on your guard whilst I go on shore; watch these midshipmen well—take care that Byrne, Coleman, Norman, and M'Intosh don't get whispering together, or come within hearing of young Heywood. But stop—I will insure a part of that—put two of them in the boat—I will leave one as boat-keeper, and take the other with me and Churchill. Keep your eye on board, and we shall do well. If Heywood or Stewart attempt to take command, fire a gun, and secure them. As for the other—Young—he is, if I don't much mistake, more contented with the change than he appears to be; in short, Adams, he has given me a hint of this, but I, fearful that he might endeavor to gain my confidence to betray it, have received his remarks with caution."

"If he is true to us, Mr. Christian," replied Adams, "he is our best card. The other two are young, but they are clever, and we shall never keep them amongst us."

"As sure, Adams, as you and I tread this deck, if they attempt to leave us, they will never live to write home, even if they put the letter in a bottle, and trust to the current for a postman."

Christian now went on shore. Adams' report was true—no place could be imagined more eligible, more especially as the island was supposed to be without any inhabitants, and only occasionally visited. He returned to the ship, and resolved the next morning to commence operations. Adams was directed to divulge the plan, to which the more violent party instantly assented,—whilst the more prudent kept intimating that Otaheite was the best island, where they were known and loved. In this latter idea Adams secretly joined. In fact, all wished to go there; but most were too lazy to undergo the necessary labors of the ship, and indeed wished to sleep and do nothing at all.

Adams faithfully reported all the murmurs and propositions; and Christian overcame the rising scruples of his crew, by promising them that when the fort was built, and the habitations ready, the ship should go to Otaheite, and the wives and children of each man should be brought to Tooboui, which was for the

future to be their residence. This calmed even the riotous, and gave hope to the most insincere. Some now began to whisper their intention to leave the Bounty on the first opportunity; and others looked forward to the completion of the settlement as an end to all labor and exertion for life.

Early the following morning all hands were landed, with the exception of four people, three of these being steady followers of Christian. The ground was measured, trees were felled, and a kind of stockade commenced, so as to offer a good resistance to any attempt at landing in the creek. The other part of this island was sufficiently defended by rocks, which rose so abruptly that no boat could approach without danger. The interior, which was a kind of open lawn, surrounded by palm and cocoa-nut trees, with some bread-fruit interspersed, was destined for the new town,—it being proposed to build one house in the centre for Christian and his family, and four at the different angles for the crew. This was merely to be the commencement; for it was pointed out by Christian that the open space was ample for each person to have a separate abode, and that when they returned from Otaheite, all hands would cast lots for the houses, and thus obviate any discontent which might arise from jealousy of situation. The gardens or open grounds for the growth of potatoes, peas, beans, &c., the seeds of which they had in abundance, it was proposed should be on the other or larger island; the smaller one being entirely for the residence and the fortification.

Novelty always excites to labor. The most refractory worked with diligence, and by noon, when the heat of the day rendered it laborious in the extreme, all hands returned to the ship, and went to dinner, and to sleep; at four o'clock they landed again, and continued the stockading; and as the water was so deep in this narrow creek as to render fording impossible, Christian suggested the necessity of a drawbridge communication, which would render the passage easy by day and secure by night. Morrison, who took an active part in these arrangements, and who was one of the cleverest of the crew, soon produced a plan; carpenters were employed in arranging the planks; whilst the uprights were placed on end and secured by ropes—it being Christian's plan to render the small island free from attack in the first instance, and of being

contented with tents made from the sails of the ship.

It did not escape the vigilance of the commander, or of Adams, that all hands worked with considerable pleasure; the fact which occurred to them being, that the sooner this was done the sooner they would return to the wished-for anchorage of Matawai Bay. At night, considerable advancement having been made during the day, all hands slept on board, and a good look-out was kept; for it was by no means improbable but that some canoes might enter the bay.

In the morning the working party were early on shore; and some dismay occurred when the carpenter's mate, Norman, declared that he left overnight a small heap of long nails, every one of which was missing. Traces were discovered of footmarks, easily recognized as those of savages, who had landed on a slippery bank beyond the stockades, and who had left marks to the place where Norman left the nails; and it was further confirmed by finding one nail close to the place where they had landed and again crossed the creek. Christian surveyed the ground by himself; he would not allow a man to be near him; and he satisfied himself, from the appearance of the bank, and the different marks, that at least ten men had crossed; and he argued that their intentions were warlike, from the secrecy they practised during the day: as the look-outs on board the Bounty most solemnly declared no canoe had entered the harbor during the night.

This discovery added much to the fears and apprehensions of all. They knew that on board the ship they were safe; but to make a settlement on an island to be subject to eternal attacks—to be obliged to watch with vigilance, and to be ever ready to resort to arms—was not one of the circumstances they had reckoned upon. In the meantime the stockading went on, and before dark the place began to assume the character of a defensive situation. But although men had walked into the interior in every direction—had clambered through openings in the rocks—had ascended hills and examined caves—yet no native had appeared. It was resolved, therefore, by Christian, to ascertain beyond a doubt if the carpenter was right, and his own conjectures founded on fact. He therefore, when all were embarked but himself, fastened a rusty dinner-knife on the top of one of the stockades, by making an incision in it, and leaving the knife in the

opening. The next morning the knife was gone, although there was no trace of the landing. But on this head Adams remarked that they all knew the men and women of these islands to live as much in the water as out of it, and therefore that in all probability they had crossed the creek by swimming, and had clambered up the stockade.

Whilst they were examining the ground for marks, they were startled by a loud cry, and on an eminence which overlooked the working party on the large island, there stood about a dozen savages, waving branches of trees—a peaceable signal, which was immediately answered.

Both parties advanced towards each other very cautiously, there being much suspicion of the sincerity of the islanders; for although they were unarmed, yet they took up a position near some loose stones—a weapon in the hands even of a mild Otaheitan by no means pleasant to face. Notwithstanding many of the men had picked up some words which they learnt from their wives, these strangers seemed disinclined, or in reality were not able to understand them. They pointed to the Bounty, as if wishing to go aboard; and on a consent being given, they hastily rose, clapped their hands, and disappeared down a narrow cleft in the rock.

Christian now returned on board, leaving only a few men to carry on the work, but stationing people within sight of the ship, to give the alarm, should savages land in any part of the creek. These people were of moderate stature, tattooed, with thick bushy hair, and with a peculiar cast of cunning in their countenances; and although only a few had been visible, yet it was certain that plenty more were to be found.

About half an hour after Christian had returned on board, a canoe was seen coming round the headland, which was the outermost part of the island on which the settlement was to be made. They came close to the ship, and then, as if suddenly afraid, paddled off. Christian hailed them, and waved a plantain leaf; upon which they turned round again, and very cautiously approached the ship. After much coaxing and persuading they ventured on board, and soon became friendly. They had nothing in their boat, but seemed much inclined to fill it; for, in spite of the best watch upon them, they succeeded in stealing some nails and one marling-spike. They talked and jabbered without any restraint; and although many of the men recognized words which were used at Otaheite, yet, when they attempted to

make themselves understood, the savages pretended ignorance.

Adams, ever watchful, remarked that these men were continually counting the crew, and that they were anxious to find out the use of various things, none more so than the gun, or cannon, which they attempted to lift, and expressed great surprise when they found it so heavy as to baffle their attempt.

Christian thought this a good opportunity of ruling his future subjects by fear; he therefore ordered one of the guns to be drawn, and then loaded in their presence. He put the shot into the hands of each of them, who weighed it, and then looked at his companion. It was then put into the gun, which was primed. They were then made to understand, that they were to look out far, far away, and the gun was fired. Not one saw the shot; for when the report occurred, they all fell on their faces, and remained crouching down.

It was, however, quite evident to Adams that these men had seen and heard cannon before; and Christian suggested that this was likely enough, as the men in the boat were all past thirty years of age, and it was not fifteen years back since Captain Wallis had made good use of his guns, and had given the Otaheitans an idea of their power.

The savages were soon restored to a feverish quiet, when unfortunately a large goat which had been Bligh's especial pet, not exactly liking the figures of the savages, came behind one, and gave him a tremendous butt. The savage, on turning round, and observing the creature raised on its hind legs, its eyes almost starting out of its head, apparently about to renew the attack, jumped overboard, and was hastily followed by his companions. They soon got into their canoe, and, without looking behind them, paddled away with all speed.

"This is a bad beginning, indeed," said Christian, "and I fear we shall not be able to reconcile them to us."

"A few nails and a knife or two," said Adams, "with a string or two of glass beads, would make them all friends, until they had an opportunity of stealing them, or found themselves strong enough to rise against us."

"Ay," said Churchill, who was standing by, "they may take a lesson from us in that respect; we never unshipped the skipper until we found we were strong enough so to do."

"Silence, sir," said Christian; "no one asked your advice."

"That's just the reason that I gave it," replied Churchill, as he went forward—"d—— it, how proud he's grown since we made him head mutineer."

To quarrel with any of the men now little accorded with Christian's views. He was aware that all had a lurking desire to return to Otaheite, and he knew what would be the consequence of such return; if he once let the men on shore, they would never return on board again. In the meantime, the stockade continued, and was at last rendered sufficiently strong to resist any open attack. But during the night the savages regularly paid it a visit; and wherever they could steal any iron, they never allowed the opportunity to be lost.

At last all was completed, and part of the crew landed. It now became evident, even to Christian, who was the most anxious of any to remain where he was, that the island would never hold the natives and the settlers. Although the savages sometimes appeared, yet there never was any good faith between the two parties—one always came to rob, and the other to find out how they could best get rid of their adversaries. Nor were their quarrels confined to savage and civilized. The men of the *Bounty* soon began to murmur. They had rummaged the island fore and aft, but always in parties; for they did not dare trust themselves out of each other's sight. No cattle of any kind could be found, and it was evident that very shortly the provisions of the *Bounty* would fail, and they be left to farinaceous diet. Perhaps the water might have supplied food, but then they must have the trouble of catching it; besides which, the natives kept them on the continual alert; they never would declare themselves, and act as friends; and not a night passed over without an attempt or a successful landing. No houses had been built, and only one gun had been landed, which was placed opposite the drawbridge, and commanded the opening through which the savages generally emerged.

Murmurs now increased. All the security of Otaheite was contrasted with the vigilance required here. A month had elapsed, and the natives, so far from becoming friends, watched for a favorable opportunity to pounce upon them as foes. Still this island was the only one they knew which was likely to afford a shelter. At last Christian summoned all hands to his council—placed before them their position, and urged them to speak out like men. McKoy took the lead: he proposed to return to Otaheite—to fill the ship as

fast as possible with hogs, fowl, and women, and then come back and try the island once more. Churchill seconded this plan; and Adams, who in heart yearned to get back again, spoke warmly in favor of it. Seeing all hands of one mind, Christian consented; and after removing everything of any value, and leaving nothing but the stockades, the *Bounty* again weighed and put to sea.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON the 6th of June, the *Bounty* entered Matavai Bay. But previous to this, Christian had been well informed as to the disposition of his crew. He learnt that the midshipmen had come to a resolution to desert, if leaving mutineers can be so termed; and that some of the crew were favorably disposed to avail themselves of the first opportunity, and run. This would evidently ruin all; and Christian and Adams, the two who consulted together and ruled the crew, resolved to nip this mischief in the bud, and boldly to declare their determination. When the island was made, and the anchorage in sight, numerous canoes were seen pulling towards the ship. Before, however, any boat had come within hail, Christian had turned the hands up, and addressed his followers thus, having previously, through Adams, made Churchill, McKoy, and others equally violent, privy to his intentions, and learned from them their acquiescence in his determination.

"My lads," he began, "when you placed me as captain to command you, you agreed cheerfully to obey my orders, and follow my directions. I, acting, as I always shall, for the best, took you to Tooboui, where I resolved to settle, and I still adhere to that resolution. You are acquainted with the reasons which have induced me to return to Matavai Bay, and how necessary it is that we should guard against all suspicions as to what has happened, as well as to guard against discovery for the future. The story that each of you will tell his woman is this—That we most unexpectedly fell in with Captain Cook at an island he had just discovered, called Whytootakea, where he intended to form a settlement, and where the bread-fruit trees had been landed—that Mr. Bligh and the crew now missing were kept by Captain Cook to assist him in

forming the settlement—that in the mean time I am appointed to command the *Bounty*, and that the reason of the ship's return is to procure hogs, goats, fowls, and other articles, which Otaheite affords, and which are necessary for the new settlement. The next thing I shall mention to you is this—that cruel as it may appear, I have resolved that no woman shall be taken on board this time. It would leave a clue by which we might be discovered. When the settlement thrives you shall not want women. It is for your own safety and welfare that this apparent hardship is resolved upon. Now, one word more, my lads, before we anchor. People in our situation never sleep soundly—I know the intentions of many of you. Now mark my words, (and he turned towards Heywood and Stewart,) if any of you desert, I will oblige the natives to restore you—as some of you know very well Bligh succeeded in doing. On your return to the ship, I swear by God that the moment you are brought on board, that moment you shall be shot—you shall be subject to every degradation, and then your life shall pay the forfeit of disobedience to my orders—thus making a dreadful example to the rest of the crew.”

“Bravo!” cried McKay.

“That’s all right,” said Adams.

“I’ll get the small arms ready,” said Churchill.

“I won’t waste powder upon such warmin,” said Quintal, “and I think it would be much better law and justice just to string one of them up now, in order to tenerate the others like. I’m blessed if I see any reason why a midshipman should not be hung as a warning—you can draw plenty of such animals from the dock-yard.”

“There are some of us,” said Christian, “who know what’s going on pretty well—we shall not have our eyes shut—and I swear, as I swore before, that any one attempting to desert shall suffer just the same as if he effected his escape for the moment, and was ultimately brought back. Now you all know my resolution, and I think you may guess from what has happened, what is likely to occur.”

“But about our women, sir? we must have them.”

“I should like that, sir, myself,” said Adams.

Christian gave Adams a look—it quite silenced him—the men were sent to their different stations, the sails were reduced, and again the *Bounty* was at anchor in Matavai Bay. Scarcely had she swung

to the breeze before the canoes were alongside, and the first one conveyed the wife of Adams. She jumped upon deck, instantly recognized him, and rushed into his arms. Christian saw it, and trembled for the consequences. If Adams had failed in his duty, Christian could not have punished him. He was the organ of the captain, and he knew exactly how to gain the confidence of the crew, whilst he was working for his chief. The girl showed evident symptoms of her situation. “Coming events cast their shadows before,”—and Mrs. Adams would probably be a mother before five months had elapsed. In this rush of affection, when she threw herself into the arms of Adams, there was nothing done for effect—it was nature which prompted her so to act—and she obeyed the impulse. She hung round him, and kissed him again and again. At this moment Adams felt himself—like his namesake the first Adam—likely to swerve from his duty—for he loved her tenderly; and when Christian came up to him and said—“Remember, Adams, how much we have at stake—act like a man, and although you live with her now, fortify your heart against the departure.”

“I do, Mr. Christian, act as a man, for I feel as one. Fear not that I shall shrink when the moment comes. I know I must act as a fugleman to the rest; and when we sail I will be the first to send her out of the ship. Let the men have their women on board, and they will not be much inclined to go on shore.”

“Come here, Adams,” said Christian; “I must go on shore to the king, and tell him the story I have determined upon. Do you keep your eyes about you—don’t let your wife and her love shut your eyes to our ticklish situation—mind that.”

Christian, finding one woman aboard, allowed all the rest to come, and the deck was soon crowded with the tayos and the women. All inquired after their friends with the liveliest solicitude. The wives of those in the boat with Bligh were earnest in their inquiries when they might be expected to see them again; and the scene on the deck of the *Bounty* might have shamed more civilized society,—where the unforeseen entrance of a casual acquaintance would have checked at once the current of natural affection.

In the mean time Christian visited the king Tinah. He told him the same story he had desired his crew to tell, and great was the emotion of the good king when he heard that his old friend Cook was

alive and near him. Christian seeing this, for the natives of Otaheite knew no deceit, immediately turned it to his advantage. "I assure you, king 'Iinah," he said, "Cook thinks of you as you do of him; he has desired me to present you with this red cloth and these beads and ornaments for the queen, and in return begs a continuance of the friendship which has so long existed between you both."

"What does he most want?" inquired the king.

"He has sent me here to purchase pigs and fowls—poultry of all kinds; and when he has procured enough, and built a house or two for the settlers, he intends coming to see you. He has brought out iron in great quantities for you; fire-arms, swords, knives, nails—everything you can want; and he will best be made acquainted with your love for him by the speedy despatch of the Bounty."

The king took the hint. Orders were given to collect the grunterns. His majesty bought them of his subjects, and no doubt existed upon Christian's mind, but that the king knew he would gain much more of the most useful commodity, iron, by offering these pigs and poultry to Cook as a present. When this was hinted, Christian said he was desired to purchase them; but on the king pressing him to take them as a gift to Cook, Christian allowed himself to be persuaded, and the ship shortly was crammed with these articles.

The conference with Adams was short. Both were of opinion that the sooner the Bounty left Matavai Bay the better, and the chief mutineers were most willing to join in their commander's desires. They were told that the sooner they left Otaheite the sooner they would return, and the women were made to understand that the island to which they were bound was not more than a fortnight's sail, and that in all probability they should return in a month or five weeks. These affectionate creatures never murmured at this hasty departure. They said they were happy—more happy than ever—that perhaps some of the crew would settle at Whytootakee, and that they would live with them and bring their relations—that as the distance was so short, they could soon come over and see their parents and friends, and they could take with them from Otaheite all that was required. Adams took care to keep this idea alive in their minds. He talked of the lovely island Cook had discovered, and told them stories of its abounding in the few

things which did not flourish in Otaheite. He kept mines of iron before the men, and clothes and trinkets in the eyes of the women; and when Christian had completed his stock, these excellent creatures left the ship, determined instantly to begin and select their stores for emigration; they saw the Bounty depart, not with the sorrow they had formerly expressed, but with a lively hope that the day was not far distant when they would meet their husbands, never to leave them again.

No one evinced greater pleasure at the ship's departure than the king. He implored Christian to remind Cook of the friendship that existed between them; laughed over the anecdote of the queen having stolen Banks' trowsers; and chuckled over the story of Dr. Solander's surprise at seeing one of his subjects eat, as a customary meal, three large fish, each as big as a perch; three bread-fruits, each larger than the two fists of a man; fifteen bananas, each about seven inches long, and four or five in circumference; and top up with a quart of the pounded bread-fruit, which is as substantial as the thickest unbaked custard. "Tell him," continued the king, "if Bligh has forgotten it, of the death of Omai, and the two New-Zealand boys. He has a good heart, and will feel for his friends, although they are different in color."

Christian confessed the liveliest concern when he saw the tears start from Tinah's eyes; for he who could go through all the horrid torture of tattooing, to be marked as superior in rank to others, without a murmur, shed tears when he spoke of his friend. He promised the king every thing he desired, and when he shook hands with him on the beach, embraced him and his queen affectionately, and departed with a lie on his lips, and a satisfaction in his heart at being about to carry back the ship he had piratically seized from his king, with the produce on board he had stolen from the natives who had served him well!

They sailed. Christian had himself seen his wife, and had promised, as Adams had done, a speedy return, and a better prospect for the future. He shaped his course for Toobiqui, and in the beginning of July he arrived and anchored in Bounty Bay, as he christened the spot. The stock was immediately landed and placed upon the smaller island, tents were erected on shore, and a plan was proposed to unrig the ship entirely, take out her masts, and keep her as a retreat, in the event of the savages continuing their

hostility, and of protection in case of need. This plan was partially though not wholly adopted. The top masts were struck, the sails unbent, and the ship warped into the entrance of the creek, which was so land-locked that no wind could disturb her. The boat was always hauled on shore, and placed under the eyes of the watchmen, the masts, sails, and oars, being placed in Christian's tent. Every precaution was thus taken against desertion; for the guilty man is ever suspicious of others: and with the exception of those so often mentioned as the most violent, there was not one who did not wish to desert from Christian, and become the subject of king Tinah.

It was soon discovered that absence had not softened the natives. They still kept a guarded distance, and, as usual, only approached to rob. It was quite in vain that kindness was used, presents given, or branches waved; the savages took their departure before sunset, and most frequently paid a quiet visit before sunrise. But as the stock was always driven inside of the palings which surrounded the settlement, and as a shot was occasionally fired, no pig or fowl was thought worthy of the risk, and no theft on that account took place.

Defence was no part of the golden harvest the mutineers were taught to expect. To them the eternal watching was worse than their duty on board a ship; and one or two were by no means backward in observing that they had certainly rather entailed a life of labor upon themselves, than one of ease and luxury. It was evident that soon the stock of linen would wear out, and there was no means of replacing it. The liquor, a store, too, ever most carefully guarded, would grow low. In short, each day, as it lingered out a miserable existence, only showed them an approach to savage life, with the arms and defence of more civilized nations. All shooting was prohibited: firstly, because it rendered the natives familiar to a sound which at present occasioned terror and dismay; secondly, because powder would soon become scarce. In short, they found themselves, from the coyness or rather determined hostility of the natives, a set of wretches on whom the sun rose and set, whose lives were wasting in the most horrible monotony, who lived with a companion they feared, and who feared the commander they had chosen. Moreover, they saw no end to this; for even

supposing they had brought their women, they were afraid to extend their gardening operations on the large island; for if the natives could but once pounce upon the unwary and unarmed, some large stones would finish the life of the one, and satisfy the revenge of the other. If the women were brought, their present abodes were too small to admit of the extra number; and it was evident that unless they could extend their operations, the whole must ultimately be killed by the natives; and yet in this very extension they afforded them the best opportunity.

This state of affairs was soon talked over, at first in whispers, and next openly. Christian saw the truth of it, but could provide no remedy. He still hoped to gain over the natives, and to insure their friendship, which he well knew at that moment was the result of fear, not of affection. It was on Monday morning that the first open dissatisfaction was manifested and that was by Quintal. He had been roused up to look out when he preferred sleeping, and gave vent to his indignation.

"Curse me," said he, "if I look out for any one. I'm blessed if I would have lent a hand to pack off Bligh, tyrant as he was, if I did not think that I was to live like a lord, and have an estate to myself. So this is the long and the short of it—look out I won't—and let any one of you try to force me, and we'll see who is the best man."

Adams interposed, and commenced with his soothing syrup.

"It will be all the better, Quintal, my lad, for us to keep these savages off for a moment. They'll soon get tired of this life, and leave the island. As it is, they only stow away in caves, and then we will have lots of land to plant, and to do as we like in."

"Why, d— it, Adams, that is worse than anything. We shall have to work like horses to clear the ground. I tell you I vote for Otaheite, and let those stay behind who like."

"Well, old boy, I vote for that also," said Adams; "but we must rig the ship first, and that will take some days; and during that time we must keep a look out, or we may catch a shower of stones, which won't be so agreeable."

"Well, then, here's look out," replied Quintal, "but I'm blessed, you know, Jack, if I stand this much longer. Why, if a gale of wind comes, I sha'n't have a

rag to cover my back, and I shall have to run about in mourning, like those niggers in nakedness."

The murmuring of Quintal soon gained over the better disposed men. Coleman, Norman, McIntosh, Byrne, and Burkitt, soon began to talk amongst themselves; whilst Heywood, Stewart, and Morrison, were busy forming a plan to build a boat and escape. In fact, it was evident that the moment was near at hand when a separation would ensue. The party who rigidly followed the orders of Christian contrived always to have the arms under their command; and thus jealousy was excited, and plans suggested.

To obviate this growing discord, Adams suggested various games, in order to amuse their minds; and although he succeeded well for the first five days, yet when Saturday night came, all hands refused to do anything else but sit down and tell yarns. This at first was agreed to by Christian, who although he had ever kept himself aloof from too much familiarity, found the dulness of his life so insupportable, that he, by way of encouragement, sat down on the grass with his misguided men, and having ordered a bowl of grog to be provided, trusted that another evening would be got over without a murmur. Byrne, who played the fiddle a little, had been scraping and capering about like a monkey, and at last began to sing, he himself standing in the middle of the circle, and playing an accompaniment to partially assist his miserable voice.

When first I stepped on board a ship to serve my king and country,
I shipped a sailor's hat and tail—and pocketed the bounty.

I'd heard of seas as high as trees, or sometimes running mountains high,
And grog that floated marling-spikes—but that I found was all my eye.

Bow wow—what a row—clear the deck, we'll have a fight,

Not yet—d—n the bit—but we will have a glass to-night.

[Spoken.]—Holloa, master-at-arms, who's that alongside? That's Backstay's wife, sir—she's coming to see him. What's that she's got in her arms? It's her baby, sir. Baby, sirrah! It's big enough for a bullock. Hit's only her infant in swaddling-clothes. Now, Beh, down below with you—take care you don't slip—take off the rounding of the baby. My eye, here's a skin of liquor! It's Saturday night, sweethearts and wives—hurrah!

If we go far, in peace or war—whichever way we roam, sir—

Our hearts are true, to king or Sue—our hope, a return home, sir.

Where'er we go, we'll beat the foe—a broadside pour as we draw nigh,

Our king and country cheer us there, and ease and sorrow's all my eye.

Bow wow—what a row—our home, our girls are now in sight,
Now then we're men—let's drain the cup to them to-night.

"Hold your infernal tongue, you fiddle-scraping vagabond," said Christian, as he stopped the singer in his song; "who want's to hear such precious nonsense as that?"

"It's all true enough," said Muspratt, "and I would sooner be at home—ay, if I was to be hung—than rot here amongst these savages."

"And so would I," said Sumner.

"And so would I," said Coleman.

"Now we are about it, and we all speak out like men," said Ellison, "I say I vote we go back to Otaheite; and let those who like it stay there, and those who like it return here. And so, lads, if you're my way of thinking, let's do it."

"You mutinous rascal," said Christian, catching him by the collar, "I'll teach you to talk in this manner."

"That won't do, Mr. Christian," said Ellison; "I'm no worse, and not so bad either, as yourself. Let go my jacket, or there are two or three here who won't see me ill used."

"Shame! shame!" cried one or two of them together; "let him go, Mr. Christian—let him go!"

Adams, seeing exactly what was likely to result from this breaking down of the feeble barrier Christian had raised to support himself, and knowing that from this moment all security was gone, since there was a regular division among the parties, recommended Mr. Christian at once to put it to the vote. Christian, infuriated at finding himself reduced to the level of his men, his authority despised, himself held in detestation, exclaimed that he no longer wished to command men who so little knew their duty; and then a flush of guilt, the probing of his own conscience, rose against him, and said, "If you had never taught these men to swerve from their duty, this degradation never had come on you."

No sooner had Christian given his assent to the proposition being put to the vote, than Heywood and Stewart, the two midshipmen, came forward as leaders of the party who wished to separate. Heywood, although young, boldly advocated the cause, as the only means of a return to England. He had been kept on board, he said; he had taken no share in the mutiny; and he was not sufficiently enamored of a savage life to forego the plea-

sure of again meeting his mother and his sisters. "Besides," he argued, "what good can come out of our present situation? We are here embroiled with the natives, and suspected by our friends; therefore," he continued, "I vote for rigging the *Bounty*, sailing instantly for Otaheite, and leaving the ship to those who choose to remain by her and Mr. Christian—waiting contentedly on shore until some other may arrive."

"No doubt," said Christian, "and then mention Tooboui as the place where the rest will be found, for here I will return and die."

At this moment Christian had not the slightest intention of returning. He had made the remark to throw the other party off their guard, for he was resolved that no one should know his destination, not even Adams.

Stewart warmly seconded his messmates, Heywood, Ellison, and Morrison; the latter especially, who was far above the rank in life in which he found himself, spoke to the same effect. A counter-mutiny was now fairly established. Adams himself was anxious to return to Otaheite, for he was miserable when absent from his girl; and the song of Byrne, which gave the first impulse to this rise against Christian, was also the cause of the vote, which was carried by a majority of four. It was instantly determined no longer to waste their time in the completion of the fort which they had begun, and which was to be fifty yards square; but to go on board the *Bounty*, and at once rig and get her ready for sea.

Three loud cheers followed the announcement of this resolution, Heywood's party being the most numerous. It was idle in Christian to attempt to regain his lost authority. The grog was swallowed with avidity—Byrne scraped his fiddle harder and harder, and sixteen out of the twenty-five, before that jovial evening had closed, joined Heywood and Stewart, leaving only eight besides Christian, who were resolved to shun the danger the others so sedulously courted.

Not without a great struggle within himself did Christian view the scene before him, and Adams was well aware of what precarious ground he stood. Both felt that they had taught their adversaries how to rebel against authority. Christian began to fear that he might be seized and detained by the rest, thus making him the scape-goat; and during that night he was in constant communication with

Adams, and both of them were always armed.

At dawn of day all hands repaired on board. It required no additional promise of reward to make them work. Heywood was everywhere encouraging the men, and Stewart was alive in forwarding the good work. Christian commanded when on deck, and managed—such is the awe in which an officer is held—even at that moment to retain his authority, and the respect due to him. The sails were re-embarked and bent, the hogs and poultry were re-shipped, and on the 15th of September the *Bounty* once more weighed her anchors and stood out to sea, firing a parting volley at the natives, which did some destruction, for latterly both parties had been at open war, and blood had been shed. It was this which rendered the savages implacable, and which would have led, had the parties remained on the island, to the total extirpation of Christian and his crew.

On the 20th of September, 1789, the land of Otaheite was in sight. The determination of sixteen of the crew to leave the ship had not altered; and accordingly, no sooner was the anchor down, than those men immediately repaired on shore, each going to the house of his tayo, or sworn friend; but, previous to this separation, the arms and ammunition of the *Bounty* were brought on deck, and equally divided amongst the crew. Neither did the sixteen men depart without taking with them a large quantity of canvass, some ropes, hammers, nails, &c., for Morrison foresaw that the time was come to effect an escape, and he had already formed an idea of building a vessel, should any opportunity occur.

The crew parted with each other as friends. It was now an equal chance as to the result of their respective lives. Christian and Adams had made up their minds rather to roam about for ever, than to remain and be led back prisoners to England; and in this determination they were joined by Young, a midshipman; John Mills, a gunner's mate; Matthew Quintal, William M'Koy, John Williams, Isaac Martin, able seamen; and William Brown, a gardener. They saw their old shipmates shove off without much regret, for they thus got rid of the majority, who perhaps might, if it had ever occurred to them, have recaptured the ship and brought her to England.

The nine men above mentioned now held a council as to the best mode of

proceeding. It would be hard work to manage a ship so large as the *Bounty* with so few men, and work and labor but ill suited their disposition. It was the fear, the never-sleeping fear of discovery, and ultimate punishment, which again drove them to sea. Christian trembled at every breeze. He made a calculation, in which his friend Adams joined, as to the time which must elapse before any ship could possibly be sent to examine the islands; and although it was almost impossible that Bligh could have escaped, yet their fears prompted them to believe in his perseverance and his known power of surmounting difficulties, and they expected, when each breeze arose, to see the broad sails of an English frigate swelling above the horizon.

It was resolved that no unnecessary delay should occur. More pigs and poultry were shipped; some bread-fruit trees were taken, and the decks below crammed with provisions; the water was completed, and the nine men soon fitted out the ship for a long cruise. It was no intention of Adams to sail this time without his wife; and Betsy, who loved him most sincerely, declared he should never leave her again. Each man had his wife, and the affection shown by Betsy Adams was not singular. These devoted creatures seem to have entwined their existence round the lives of their lovers. When they heard of the separation of the crew, and the division of the arms, it at once occurred to them that if the ship sailed this time, she would never return, and yet they clung with devotedness to their dear sunny island; and although on the instant any one would have interposed her own to save her lover's life, yet Betsy Adams threw of all local affection, and asked to go to sea with Adams.

Christian, who knew from experience that he never could command the eight men with him, unless they had their wives also, at once determined upon force as the best means of supplying them, if cunning failed. Several days had elapsed without any period being fixed for the departure of the *Bounty*. Christian now told his devoted crew that he had kept the secret to himself, lest some of the others should tell the king, and the king detain the ship, of the day of his sailing. He now told them that he had resolved to sail on the following night. He proposed that each man should get his wife on board, and that each of the crew should entice his tayo on board, at least to the amount of seven men in all; that they

should regale them as usual; but at dark, when it was customary for these men to jump overboard and swim on shore, that they should be enticed below, the hatches put over them, the anchor weighed, and the ship taken to sea. A shout of applause followed the development of the scheme; each man did according to the plan, and on the night of the 27th of September the *Bounty* weighed with the women and seven men, and was last seen by their former companions off Point Venus the following morning.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At dawn of day Heywood and his companions had their last view of the *Bounty*. She was then to the north-west of Point Venus, standing to sea with a freshening breeze. Long and long they stood watching her decreasing size. There was the vessel in which they had embarked, with hope and spirits high—in which they had braved many a stormy sea, now under the command of a headstrong, passionate youth, who had piratically seized her, and who now was steering her to some unknown point, never again to return!

As to personal safety at Otaheite, the sixteen men now left on that island entertained no apprehension. The king was wise enough to foresee that he gained by their presence, and he formed a resolution that they should not easily escape. Each retired to his tayo's house when the *Bounty* was no longer visible, and sitting down upon the ground, gave vent to the feelings which naturally overpowered them. How long were they now to remain the associates of savages? and what would be the result of their removal? Every man felt he was more or less compromised in the mutiny; for it was evident that had they resisted Christian's orders, Bligh would now have been captain. What had they done since? They had associated with him; obeyed him as captain; endeavored to form a settlement on the island of Tooboui; and, in short, had apparently acted as mutineers, as they were not passive under any circumstances.

Morrison soon began to build a boat, and he being a tolerable architect, and assisted in his work by the two carpenters and the cooper, Coleman, Norman, and McIntosh, she was, after many and many

a long day, ultimately finished. She was thirty feet in keel, thirty-five feet length of deck, nine feet and a half breadth, and five feet depth of hold. It will be seen by a reference to the Bounty's launch, that this vessel was every way better calculated to face the ocean than the other boat. She was rigged as a schooner, and decked.

Morrison was a man of superior observation and talents. He knew well the power religion held over each man's mind. He preached every Sunday on board his boat to his crew of six hands, and made preparations during the week-days for a voyage to Batavia, in hopes of obtaining a passage home in the fleet bound to Holland. He sailed accordingly, but soon returned. His crew either mistrusted his talents, or feared that the provisions were insufficient for so long a voyage. The fact was, that the king would not allow his subjects to give those necessities which were required, being anxious to keep the men whom chance had thrown on his island.

Heywood and Stewart discountenanced this scheme of the schooner. They felt inwardly convinced of their innocence, and awaited the king's ship, which sooner or later must arrive.

The crew soon found Otaheite as desirable a residence as formerly. Some, indeed nearly all, underwent the painful operation of the tattoo; and all, with the exception of Heywood, got married, and became amenable, as natives, to the law, claiming also its benefits.

Amongst the men most sworn to friendship were Churchill and Thompson. They had both taken an active part in the mutiny; and both claimed the friendship of a chief of some importance, but who was the tayo of Churchill. Whilst this chief lived, all went on prosperously; but at length he died without issue, his property devolving by the Otaheitan law upon his tayo; and hence Churchill became a man of some importance, having assumed the dignity and rank of his predecessor.

A humble mind can rarely bear any sudden elevation of rank or unexpected windfall of fortune. No sooner had Churchill been tattooed as a chief, than he kept his friend Thompson at a greater distance. The rough character of the latter was little calculated to pass over this insult without resentment, and before long they were perfectly estranged. Whenever they met, useless recriminations occurred—Thompson accusing Churchill of having murdered a man and child in cold blood, which was a fact; and the

other taunting him with having purloined certain articles, his poverty having driven him to the theft. Hitherto murder was almost unknown to these islanders; and how Churchill escaped the vengeance of the king never transpired; but he lived, and he lived to murder his former friend Thompson, which he did by watching an opportunity of shooting him.

The mildness of the Otaheitan women vanished when they learnt that their peaceful valleys were likely to flow with blood from this demon's hands. They urged on their husbands to the deed; and Churchill was ultimately seized and pounded to death with stones, suffering a lingering, horrible death, but which was scarcely adequate to the crimes he had committed.

From this moment suspicions were entertained by the islanders against their visitors; murder had been committed, and it might occur again. This led to a watchfulness over the English, which they could well have dispensed with, and again they tried their schooner; but they returned, and ultimately gave up all chance of escape.

A year and a half wore away, without any particular occurrence save that recorded. Several of the men had become fathers, and all seemed more happily disposed than hitherto, and more contented with their lot. They were spread over the island, six always keeping together, and in the vicinity of the schooner.

It was on the 23rd of March that Coleman gave the alarm that a ship was in sight. She was instantly made out to be much larger than the Bounty, of which vessel no tidings had ever reached them; and the panic became general amongst all but Coleman, Heywood, and Stewart. The rest felt their guilt rise up against them. They were well aware that the vessel which now stood towards the anchorage was an English frigate: whether Bligh was alive or dead, they were equally guilty. They therefore flew to their schooner, and put to sea; whilst the three above mentioned, in all the consciousness of innocence, embarked in a canoe, and were soon alongside of the Pandora, commanded by Captain Edwards. Although these three men came with the intention of surrendering themselves to the captain, they were instantly seized, branded as mutinous and piratical scoundrels, placed in irons, and all communication between them and the natives disallowed. From Heywood, Captain Edwards learnt the story of the schooner; boats were des-

patched, and before the evening of the next day fourteen survivors were on board, and in irons.

The women, when they heard of this unexpected severity, used all their arts to gain admission, and were as often refused; but the one who had married Stewart, and by whom she had a daughter, rushed on board with her infant, and implored an interview with her husband. As a great favor this was granted, and the scene which followed was one of intense anguish. This poor creature subsequently sank into the deepest dejection; she refused all nourishment, and died within two months.

The Pandora, having received her freight of guilt, weighed her anchors. She could gain no information of the destination of the Bounty; and therefore, after having, in company with the schooner, which was afterwards separated from her in a gale, examined many islands during three months, and made fresh discoveries, she shaped her course towards New Holland.

It may seem to have been a useless cruelty to keep men confined in irons, when it was impossible they could escape if unshackled. Yet such was the disgust at the conduct of the Bounty's crew, that they excited but little commiseration, although confined in a narrow hole scarcely large enough to admit their numbers, and were for ever kept in the bilboes. Sad indeed must have been the reflections of these unhappy men, who occasionally heard the song of merriment, as the seamen crowded the fore-castle, and kept up Saturday night. All was joy to them; the object of their voyage partially successful, they now directed their course homeward, where many a smile would greet them, whilst those in confinement knew that the termination of the voyage would be fatal to themselves; for, from the general conduct of Captain Edwards, it was obvious that the British public had sided with Captain Bligh, and that a court-martial, with a strong prejudice against them, would lead them, perhaps, to pay the forfeit of the supposed crime, and the foreyard-arm terminate their sufferings. They had ample time for reflection; for they had no employment, and no means to beguile the tedious hours. Many looked back upon the happy hours they had spent amongst savages, and dreaded all the cruelties in store for them from the revenge of civilized men.

As the Pandora got forward in her passage, the restraint if anything, became more oppressive; every hour, as the log

was thrown, and the rate of sailing reported, only brought them nearer and nearer their end; for there were many who felt themselves guilty, and not one could believe himself entirely innocent.

The constant favorable breezes which had wafted Bligh over the great ocean, blew to forward the Pandora on her passage. On the 29th of August her reckoning placed her not many miles from New Holland, and consequently in the vicinity of the barrier reef through which Bligh was fortunate enough to discover an opening. The journal of that unfortunate but enterprising officer had informed Captain Edwards that an entrance was to be found deep enough to admit his ship. A boat was accordingly lowered at sunset, and this opening was discovered; but, owing to the darkness which came on before the boat's return, the Pandora was hove to, in order to avail herself of the first dawn of day to push through into the smooth water, which looked like entering into a mill-pond. The sea rolled heavily outside, and its loud dash, as it broke over the coral reef, might have been heard for miles in a still night. The ear soon got accustomed to the sound; the hammocks, as usual, were piped down, and the watch—as is generally the case when the ship is hove to—asleep.

The current in this part runs strongly to the northward. The Pandora, apparently still, and preserving her situation, was gradually sweeping past the opening: then, as a necessary precautionary measure, Captain Edwards directed that soundings should be tried for, although it was more than probable that no bottom would be found with many a hundred fathom. The line and lead was passed forward, large coils were collected in each man's hands, and the word "heave" was given. The lead was instantly hove overboard, the man calling out "*Watch.*" the second man instantly called, "*Soundings, sir,—the lead's down.*"

It was a panic! The hands were turned up; but before the topsails could be filled, the courses and the other necessary sails set and trimmed, the Pandora struck on the reef. An instant and general confusion arose; for although every man knew the ship to be close to the rocks, yet the noise and the surf generally warned them if they approached too near. The hand-lead was then tried. She had drifted into a quarter less two fathoms on the larboard side, and three fathoms on the starboard side. The only chance to extricate the ship from her most perilous situation was to heave all the sails aback,

and endeavor to get her off the way she came on.

It was soon found that the anchor could have been of use to heave her off; for not a dozen yards from the ship there was no bottom with one hundred fathoms. The sea rolled heavily, the ship struck fearfully—the seamen, ever alive to the danger of rocks and shoals, were active aloft. The sails found to be useless were furled, the topgallant-yards and masts were sent on deck. There was ample work for all; and the prisoners, who had learnt the situation of the ship, volunteered to come forward and render all assistance in their power. What devil could have prompted a refusal to such a natural request, no man can imagine; but instead of availing himself of this most necessary aid, Edwards weakened his own crew by placing two additional sentinels upon the prisoners, with orders to shoot any one who should attempt to liberate himself from his fetters. In vain they again and again urged their request to be freed. The ship continued to strike harder and harder, and these men, handcuffed and in irons, overheard the report of the carpenter to the captain, that the ship was already past recovery—that she made no less than eighteen inches in five minutes, and that even now there were four feet of water in the hold.

Every man was placed at the pumps, or to bale out the water from the different hatchways; and as this was work which soon fatigued them, three of the Bounty's men—those who hailed Bligh when he was cast adrift, and declared that they were innocent of the deed, were released from their irons and placed at the pumps. The anxiety of the captain for the fate of his vessel was now most evident, from the frequent questions put to the carpenter, such as, "Do we gain on the leak?" To each that dull monosyllable "No" was answered, until the carpenter himself, with much anxiety in his countenance, came aft and reported that, in spite of all exertion, the ship had, in the small space of an hour and a half from the time she first struck, gained upon the pumps, and that now she had upwards of eight feet in the hold.

It was now ten o'clock at night. The weather, contrary to that found generally to be the case, (for misfortunes ever accumulate,) promised to remain fair; but the sea rolled on its usual heavy roll; the ship, as she was lifted from her rocky bed, fell with a heavy crash again upon the rocks—the masts and yards rattled with the shake—and every tongue gave

an involuntary expression, as the decks appeared to grind under the feet.

Such was the state of the Pandora when the master declared she had washed over the reef. The men placed in the larboard, or in-shore chains, called out the soundings in ten fathoms. This revived hope; although there was evidently well-grounded apprehension that if the leak continued to increase, or the pumps fail to hold their own, the Pandora would sink long before daylight. To keep her from falling, from any counter-current, again on the reef, the small bower anchor was immediately let go, and a whole cable veered out. The best bower was then let go under foot in fifteen fathoms; whilst part of the crew, now almost fainting from fatigue, still continued to labor at the pumps, the rest were placed to throw some guns overboard, to lighten the ship.

The constant cry of "Splice!" as the men panted to be relieved, grew closer together as the labor continued. The prisoners, who felt the cruelty of being forced to remain inactive, when by their exertions the lives of many might be saved, constantly implored Captain Edwards, whenever he approached near their prison, to liberate them; but "Silence!" was the only answer they received, and that thundered forth as a term of reproach.

"We must thrum a sail as quickly as possible," said Edwards; "the guns have lightened her. The carpenter reports that we nearly hold our own, and if we can get anything under the ship, we may yet keep her above water. Now, my lads," he continued, "now is the time—and we shall soon have a respite."

"Two of the pumps, sir," said the carpenter, as he came aft, "are for a while rendered useless."

"Then why do you come to report it, sir?—see your men at work to repair them. Down with you, and lend a hand yourself."

"I very much fear, sir," said the first lieutenant, "that all our hopes are likely soon to vanish. The ship is evidently settling; and owing to the fatigued state of the men, and the loss of the two pumps, the leak increases fast."

"For God's sake, Captain Edwards," said the prisoners, "release us!—do not let us go down to the bottom without a struggle! We will not crowd your boats. Give us but the chance—the chance that the poorest creature on board might demand—that of a spar to float upon."

"Sentry, keep those fellows quiet," said Edwards. "Let the men be kept

steadily at the pumps, and at baling, and we shall yet keep her afloat until daylight. In the mean time get the boats out—put into each some bread and water, and everything else which may be requisite for a long voyage. Lash the two canoes together, and keep the boats astern of the ship, ready for instant service. Mr. Hayward," continued the captain, addressing the second lieutenant, "see the booms unlashed, and when you can find a spare hand, make a raft or two."

"Here are hands, sir," said Heywood, "ready and willing to assist—do, sir, for God's sake, for mercy sake, hear our prayer, and release us!"

Not the slightest notice was taken of this prayer. The captain seemed intent upon watching the progress of events, and not a moment elapsed without his looking at his watch, and casting his eyes to the eastward to mark the first dawn of day. The seamen worked with willing hands, for well they knew what miseries awaited them. The pumps were repaired, and soon in use; the buckets were piled at the hatchways; officers and men joined in the labor; but no favorable report was made, to give the captain the slightest idea of saving his ship.

Day dawned, and the Pandora might be seen washing about at her anchors. There could be no hope left. The water had increased as the ship settled. The men grew faint from fatigue; greater exertion became requisite, and Captain Edwards, seeing that no chance remained, summoned his officers. They were unanimous in their opinions, that nothing more could be done to save the ship, and consequently every precaution was taken to save the men; but still whilst the Pandora floated, her commander could not believe she was lost.

It was now half past six in the morning. The water had gained so much upon the pumps, that it washed over the combings of the hatchways. The hold was full, and the panting seamen, relinquishing the useless attempt, now left the pumps and assembled on deck. There they seemed to wait with saddened countenances the termination of their miseries. Still no order was given to man the boats; and during the silence which the approach of such a catastrophe ever inspires, the voice of the prisoners, who knew the ship was fast sinking, again rose to implore Captain Edwards's pity; but that prayer, like all the foregoing, was useless.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE awful moment was now fast advancing. Every man had forsaken his station. Some ran below, and rummaged out the few remaining pieces of money which caution had prompted them to save; others dressed themselves in their best clothes. Some wore as many shirts as they could find; whilst others, believing that death awaited them on shore from the general manner of all savages, became reckless as to all consequences, and lurked about in the hope of discovering some spirits. To get drunk was to rob death of all its terrors; and if they were to die, they preferred that and which would come unaccompanied by all the thought which renders the end of life horrible.

Captain Edwards and his officers were on deck, watching with silent horror the finale of the scene. The imploring voice of the prisoners to be released rose again and again in vain. Had they been released, they might have escaped; and this escape Edwards resolved should never take place. The ship, now completely water-logged, heeled over on the larboard side. The minute was fast approaching—all hope was gone—all exertions fruitless; a general rush was made aft to gain the boats; and as Edwards passed over the very hole in which his victims still remained in irons, again and again did the imploring voices of these men assail his ears. He passed on in silence. The sentinels still remained at their posts, and the master-at-arms sat upon the scuttle which enclosed them. The heel of the ship, before she sank, slid the scuttle from its place; and as if by the act of an all-merciful Providence, to save some to expiate their crimes on this earth, and the innocent to escape, the man, in the act of endeavouring to regain his position, dropped the keys of the irons from his hand, and they fell through the scuttle into the prisoners' possession. No time was lost—each man liberated his neighbor, who instantly forced his way on deck. The sentinels were watching the gradual sinking and settling of the ship. Heywood was the last on deck, and as he touched it, one loud and terrific scream was heard—the ship gave a pitch forward, and sank head foremost.

Then, indeed, was the struggle for safety! The mastheads of the ship alone appeared above the surface of the water, whilst the enormous vortex occasioned by the sudden sinking drew down many, carrying them round and

round in the whirlpool which it occasioned. So well had the sentinels done their duty, that they sank at their post. The master-at-arms, who had struggled to regain his position, was drowned in the attempt; and the guilty and the innocent were now left to their own exertions to save that life, of which the law might deprive them in a few months.

The boats had pushed off to a small sandy key, when the last short prayer of despair sounded on their ears. "She's down! she's sunk!" responded to that cry. Those in the boats worked hard to gain the key, in order that they might return to snatch another messmate from a watery grave. Young Heywood, who had found time to divest himself of his clothes, in order to be less encumbered during the long swim before him, fortunately found a stray spar, on which he floated till he was picked up; but his friend and companion, young Stewart, had not time to release himself from the manacles: and thus, with his hands shackled, was summoned into eternity, to the last moment a prisoner, and a murdered, innocent man. He sank. No friendly hand was stretched to save the panting wretch from the death that awaited him; no cheering voice rose to stimulate the unfortunate youth to further exertion; no gallant fellow strained the oar to bring assistance: his loud cry to heaven was choked in his throat, as the rushing waters overpowered him; and even the circles which his struggling form left to bear witness of him for a second, were unobserved and unnoticed. Three more of the *Bounty's* crew perished from the same cause; they, too, died with manacles on their hands. Ten were saved; and out of the ship's company of the *Pandora*, thirty were drowned, and eighty-nine were safely landed on the key.

Few shipwrecks have been attended with more circumstances calculated to inspire horror than that of the *Pandora*. She was in apparent security when she struck—the panic, from that second, never subsided. Fear multiplied fear. There was not a man, from the moment that the carpenter made his first report, who imagined the ship could be saved; and nothing awaited them in perspective but a long lingering labor in the boats; deprived of provisions, exposed to all the rigors of open boat navigation, with the very port as an asylum that Bligh had to reach, before his crew of spectres could feel anything like security.

The spars which broke adrift as the

frigate sank, afforded assistance to many. Some, braver than their messmates, clung with silent courage to the mast or oar they happened to meet; whilst others, less inured to such scenes, and with less confidence in themselves, cried and shrieked aloud for assistance. Some calmly struck out, knowing that any extra exertion would occasion such fatigue, that drowning would be inevitable before the returning boat arrived; whilst others, impatient at the apparent length of the swim, violently threw about their arms, and died exhausted.

But of those who struggled against fate, none exerted themselves more to save their few miserable days of life than the mutineers of the *Bounty*. Well they knew what awaited them on their return to Portsmouth; and yet, as if willing to cling to the few days left between the catastrophe and their execution, they were clamorous for assistance, and eager to be again prisoners. It was now their turn to undergo some of the many torments they had inflicted on Bligh, and their miseries soon began. It has been mentioned that Heywood and others stripped themselves naked, in order the better to save themselves. They each made for a small sandy key, and were picked up by one of the boats, which, having landed its first cargo, returned to save others. The hot broiling sun, acting upon a naked skin, soon occasioned the most intense pain. There was no shelter, for not a tree grew upon this miserable place of refuge; and some canvass, which had been saved from the wreck, was used for the boats, in order, by stretching it round the gunwales, and thus heightening the boats, to render them more secure. The thirst was intolerable, and the supply of water small indeed. In vain they tried every measure which ingenuity could suggest. Their skins blistered and peeled off; and sufferings, the most excruciating, followed their rescue from the sea. One man soon gave way: he was to all appearance drunk, and as such was condemned and abused. But it was not so; the poor fellow, unable to bear the oppressive thirst, drank largely of salt water, became shortly afterwards deranged, and then becoming a maniac, raved, stamped, swore, blasphemed, and died.

No sooner were all saved who were destined to be saved, than Captain Edwards prepared to depart from the sandy key. The boats were put into order as promptly as possible; and their provisions, which some prudent man had

thrown into one of the boats, were mustered. The whole stock, to sustain life for ninety-nine men for the long period of sixteen days, was a small keg of water and some biscuits. The calculated allowance was two wine-glasses of water per day to each man, with a proportion of biscuit smaller than Bligh issued; indeed his plan appears to have been followed closely in all particulars by Edwards. Scales were made for each boat, the weights were cut from bullets, and the men were advised to resort to bathing, in order to drink by absorption.

Three days elapsed before the boats were completed, and the proportion of men allotted to each. During these three days of miserable existence on a key ninety yards long and sixty broad, they were exposed to the heat of a vertical sun. For the Pandora's people, tents were erected, but for the miserable remains of the Bounty's crew there was no shelter; even an old sail, which was useless, and which was lying on the sand, was denied them; and such was the intense suffering of these unfortunate wretches, that to save their bare bodies from insupportable heat, they buried themselves up to the neck in the burning sand. This lighter pain to that occasioned by the rays of the sun scorched their skin entirely from their bodies, and left them literally as if they had been scalded all over.

In this state, these unhappy people were destined to embark, to reach, if possible, the settlement of Coupang.

The land, which looked tempting to Bligh's eager crew, was now viewed in the same light by the Pandora's men. The mountainous island was too enticing to be passed without an effort to land. A small bay was selected, and the boats stood in; but no sooner had they rounded the point, than swarms of naked savages came howling down, armed with bows and arrows. With the cunning which ever distinguishes these people, the first tried to entrap the Pandora's captain by outward show and signs of friendship. Their bows were concealed, and boughs of trees waved, alluring him to land. But Edwards was prudent, if he was not humane. Although well armed with muskets, and having ammunition sufficient for an attack or defence, he preferred present hunger to the chance of an arrow's wound; and giving up the idea of landing, he hauled off and made sail. No sooner was this observed, than all peaceable demeanour was at an end; an arrow was discharged which struck one

of the boats, and immediate preparations were made for a further attack. A few muskets were instantly discharged, and the frightened savages ran howling into the woods. Yet not even the evident fear which these poor creatures exhibited at fire-arms was sufficient to tempt Edwards to land; and although hints were given by men who would have risked their lives for any nourishment, the attempt was abandoned, and the boats continued their course.

Bligh's narrative of his sufferings had been published in England long before Edward's was sent out, and the oysters and the uninhabited islands were soon found out. Stores were collected, and their water replenished, until they again got into the open sea and shaped a course for Timor, having a voyage of about one thousand miles on the Indian ocean to perform before they arrived at the wished-for harbor. They commenced this undertaking, being clear of all the islands, on the 2d of September. They made the island of Timor on the 13th, and arrived at Coupang on the 15th.

Naked, scorched, half-starved, depressed in spirit—the subjects of rebuke and calumny—the remaining few of the Bounty's crew who escaped the wreck were landed at Coupang; where, far from any alleviation of sufferings excepting as regards provisions, they were confined in irons in the castle, whence they were ultimately shipped on board a Dutch ship, to be conveyed to England.

All that followed these calamities, as regards the above portion of the mutineers, may be summed up in a few words. The prisoners, on their arrival at Portsmouth, were made over to the Hector, commanded by Captain Montague; and here, although prisoners, they were regarded as unfortunate men, and every comfort which the service allowed, or mercy could dictate, was lavished upon them. The trial was not fixed until September; and the result was that after a patient investigation of the facts, all were found guilty and condemned to be hanged, but Norman, Coleman, M'Intosh, and Byrne. Heywood and Morrison were recommended to mercy, and received the royal pardon; the former living to be an ornament to his profession—a man universally esteemed and beloved—on whose character not a blot ever remained; and who, if error there was in remaining in the ship, when even his weight would have placed his captain and the crew in greater jeopardy, and made one more to be supplied from the scanty store of pro-

visions which had been thrown into the launch—fully atoned for it in his after life. He was a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and an excellent officer.

CHAPTER XX.

CHRISTIAN watched with impatience for the last view of the lessening island of Otaheite. The men whom he had enticed on board, felt no apprehensions as to their return. The women, pleased with the novelty of their situation, chattered and laughed; whilst the minds of Christian and of Adams, the only two who thought about the future, were weighed down with apprehensions. Adams was leaning over the taffrail when Christian came aft.

"Why, Adams," he began, "you look at the island as if you were taking a long farewell of it."

"And so I am, sir," replied Adams; "I took the hint from you—I saw you watching and watching the high hill, and I thought I remarked a kind of sorrow on your countenance—and when I got here, I began to think of what we are to do—I think I borrowed a little of your grief. But we must not be down-hearted."

"Down-hearted, Adams! men who have done what we have done must never look back; before us is our only view; and I have been considering what is best to be done. We cannot go back to Tooboui; there we should never be able to make a settlement. When we had the whole crew, we were harassed to death; and now, with only nine, and two of them most intractable, we could not maintain our position for a night. Besides, our last attack was fatal to some of them, and savages brood over revenge."

"What do you intend doing with the men and women we have on board, sir?"

Why, the women are easily disposed of. Out of the twelve we shall take each a wife, or rather keep our own. That leaves three over our number. We will let the seven Otaheitans do as they like with them, so they are all comfortably disposed of. But as to the men, between you and me, Adams, we must make them our slaves. They are ignorant fellows, and we must humor them in the first place. We must treat them well whilst on board. When we get on shore, we can manage them better."

"But where are we going now, sir?"

"Where, indeed! You may well ask the question. As I looked at the island we have just left, I thought how happily we might spend our lives there, if the fear of discovery did not render every hour painful. That a ship will be sent out to look for us, I have no doubt. Those fools who remained behind will find themselves swinging from the fore-yard-arm. The discovery of these men will leave us in jeopardy. Of course Heywood will mention Tooboui. There we shall be hunted for. The plan of the fort will show we have been there, and every island in that direction will be examined. To be sure we ran in the Bounty, before we anchored in Matavai Bay, twenty-seven thousand and eighty-six miles; and that looks a great distance, and apparently gives great security. But, Adams, you know as well as I know, that when an English ship is sent out for a particular purpose, it's very seldom she returns without being able to give some account of it. No, Adams, we cast ourselves adrift, and we must float about until we find an island on which no man has ever put his foot—it matters not how small: we must steer away to the south-east, and cruise about the dangerous Archipelago. We have charts, as far as the old Spaniards could make them, of those seas. There, about twelve hundred miles from our present position, we may fall upon an island, the soil of which will repay us for the labor we can bestow upon it. The Otaheitans with us will be of the greatest use. You know they can build boats and houses, finish all requisite furniture, (but with that the ship will supply us,) fell, cleave, carve, and polish timber for various purposes, with only an adze of stone, a chisel or gouge of bone, which they get from a dead man, borrowing his arm-bone—a rasp of coral, and the skin of a sting-ray, with coral sand as a file or polisher. They will be able to build us canoes long and strong enough to traverse seas, and cut us out houses like palaces, with the carpenter's tools we have on board."

"All true enough, sir," said Adams; "and then as to provisions, we have enough on board to last us six months at full allowance; and in overhauling the lockers I have found lots of seed of different kinds. We will lock up the potatoes which are left, and I mistake if we don't get about as good a garden as any man need have. But the difficulty is to find the island."

There must be some uninhabited—there

must be some to which the savages seldom resort; and if we are the first people they have seen, the noise of those guns will keep them at a most respectful distance. But in the mean time, Adams, let us think how we can amuse these people; for at present they are more numerous than we are, and when we are asleep they might master us. Thank heaven, the sea-sickness will keep them quiet for a day or two."

"And when they are well, we will make Christians of the men and wives of the women. We shall command their affection better by a little ceremony, no matter how absurd. In the mean while we have plenty to do to manage the ship, and to keep Quintal and M'Koy from getting desperate. Those two fellows understand each other well, and they are always together."

"We have nothing to fear from them, Adams. They might have stayed behind if they had chosen. They are knowing enough, no doubt; but, with you at my elbow, I do not fear any conspiracy from them. To obviate even this, we will always make them partners in our apparent plans, and gain confidence from an openness of manner which will remove all suspicion. We must now divide the natives into watches, and keep a bright look-out upon them."

"I rather wish we had on board some of the broad-shouldered, dark-colored people from Tongataboo, than these delicate whitey-brown lads from Otaheite. The former work like men, but these people have no idea of rough usage."

"No, Adams, that island, that beautiful island," said Christian, with animation, "was intended for a place of rest, not of labor. The muscular appearance so common amongst the Friendly Islanders, arising from their activity and constant employment, is lost with our shipmates; for that blessed island, which led us to commit all the actions we have committed, needs no labor, no toil; idleness is there repaid by fertility—fertility increases without labor. Look at their plumpness and smoothness of skin—sure indication of languor and lassitude. By heavens, Adams, if I had dared to stay another moment at Otaheite, and had not feared that some one, to save himself, might have arrested me, I would have given, ay, and would give, half of my days yet remaining, to spend the other on that island. But we must go forward now. Let's get all hands to listen to any yarn—keep their minds employed, and do

not allow them time to brood over their present state."

"Why, they all think themselves," said Adams, "very happy. Each man has got the girl he likes—some (and you amongst the rest, sir) are soon likely to be fathers—we have got a tight ship under our feet—good canvass to swell to the breeze—guns to protect, and grog to enliven us. With these and our girls we might sail about the ocean for ever—our ship for our home, and in her our country and our church"

"You are always saying something about a church, Adams," said Christian, rather sharply. "I suppose you want me to appoint you acting bishop?"

"I should have no objection to that appointment either; for unless we can impress upon our shipmates here the necessity of obedience to those above them, I know what will follow fast enough. But we've time enough to talk of that."

The land of Otaheite was no longer visible: the high peak had gradually drawn nearer and nearer the horizon—a fresh breeze had sprung up—the Bounty continued her course—and Adams repaired to the fore-castle, in order to suggest some amusement. Christian alone paced the deck, and thus held communion with himself:—"I have done a deed at which, in my cooler moments, I shudder. What am I now?—a weed cast adrift upon the ocean. Where can I go?—to whom can I turn? I am as it were deprived of parents and of relations—in my own country a by-word and a scorn; in this suspected—in that condemned. And whom do I see around me? Men who, but for me and my advice, would have perhaps been honored as the defenders of their country. What are they now? Pirates, perhaps murderers. How can I place confidence in them, or they in me? No; we must stand apart, each suspicions of his neighbor. Living, we can have no friend—dead, no one to regret us. I feel it all. I know that at the last moment of my existence I can have no one in whom I can repose. I must make my grave amongst strangers, and be remembered only as a pirate. But I am now deluged in crime, and I fear to part with life; for I can make no atonement for my crime!"

Whilst Christian thus indulged his fears, (for from the moment of the mutiny they were never absent from him,) his principal man, without whom he would long since have been cut off from his men and lost his command, Jack

Adams, was seated on the forecastle. His object was to draw the crew into conversation, and learn from them their hopes and fears. "Well, Quintal," he began, "here we are all adrift, like the marine on the grating. We've got rid of those fellows who have neither spirit to live with us, nor to avoid being hanged. What say you, my lads?—let's sit down and talk over the matter."

"That's all right, Adams; let's bring ourselves to an anchor; and that's more than we shall do with the *Bounty*, I expect, for some time."

"Why," said M'Koy, "the farther we go from that island the better, and the sooner we land the better; for those bread-fruit stuffed gentlemen, who have done nothing but open their mouths and get fat and sleek, won't like this rolling about."

"Now, my lads," said Adams, "here we are all of one family, and, as long as we live, very likely to increase our relationship. The *Otaheiteans* luckily are all rolling about sick enough, and little disposed to listen to our plans, and this is one out of many which I shall propose to you; we all know that there are more natives on board than seamen; and if we came to govern them by brute force, I question if we should not get second best off. We must not only use them kindly, and gain their confidence, but we must make them believe we are superior beings to themselves. You see how they worship occasionally a block of wood, and what fear they have ever shown of an evil spirit, which they believe to be flitting about the house, looking out to catch them off their guard, and whisk off with them. There's not a man amongst them who would look into an empty bottle in the moonshine, for fear they should see the black gentleman ready to claw their eyes out; and you remember how they trembled with fear when they saw Bligh with his sextant, as he told them, bringing the sun down to the earth. We have got men in size, but babies in mind, to deal with; and we must ever remember that, like all children, they are revengeful and cruel when they believe themselves superior in strength—but when they find the eye of determination upon them, they slink away, and conceal themselves like frightened dogs. We will make them Christians—we will teach them that there is an eye which never sleeps, eternally watching them and guiding us, and that torments of which they have no idea are prepared for those who lift a hand to do

violence to a fellow creature—that living with us they must follow our religion, and, by way of admitting them into it, every one of them must be baptized. You laugh, M'Koy, but you little know how soon an ignorant mind becomes impressed with awe, and wonder, and amazement. I will, if you like, be the clergyman; but you must all behave yourselves with great gravity, and mark my words—good, great good, will come of it."

"You are not going to christen them, Jack, are you, as you were yourself—to stuff them with tobacco, and make them sip grog?"

"No, indeed, Quintal, I am not. We are to live amongst these people until we die; and I tell you the greatest safeguard we can have, is founding in them the belief that our God protects us, and will protect them—that the Eye which never slumbers sees all their actions, and knows all their thoughts—that to imagine a crime is to commit it, and that of all crimes murder is the worst. Remember our two unhappy shipmates at *Otaheite*, who were stoned to death. This, we will teach them, was a just reward for the cruelty they had committed; and likewise that from the moment they are christened, from that moment they are placed under the guardianship of angels."

"My eye, Quintal," said M'Koy, "I wonder where Jack Adams picked up all that knowledge. He did not say a word to us about that, when he sent Bligh adrift in the boat, and when he knew well enough that if a breeze sprang up, all hands must go to the devil."

"I'm thinking," replied Quintal, "that Jack has got something else in view besides making Christians of the *Brownies*. I'm blessed if I don't think he will ask for a subscription to build a church, and another one to feed the parson."

"It's all gammon from beginning to end," said Isaac Martin. "Can't we keep the fire-arms, and, by way of showing what we can do, shoot one to keep the rest in fear? Just as if a parcel of naked savages can master regular-built men-of-war's men!"

"Well, lads," said Adams, "I am one who is sorry for what is done—that cannot be helped now—and as we are to live together, I suggested this hint: if it fail, we are only where we were before."

"Ay," said M'Koy, "that's true enough. But what's the use of frightening the poor devils, and putting into their heads that they could commit murder? I am all for the following plan:—make slaves

of them—regular-built West India slaves—and let them work whilst we sleep. If they run rusty, just shoot one if we can spare him, or flog him if we are short of hands to do the work.”

“That’s it,” said Martin, “who would have thought of preaching to niggers? I tell you, Jack, in Jamaica they very often make a white child, just able to walk, flog a black girl of the same age—to make one to know who is mistress, and the other to know what she is to get all her life. Let’s begin as we intend to go on—show them they are slaves, and make them so. If Jack begins to preach his liberty and equality system, they will be playing us the same trick we played Bligh.”

“Well, well, lads,” said Adams, good humoredly, “if you don’t like my plan, let us say no more about it. But I am determined to make a Christian of my wife; and I think you will be soon satisfied that she will behave herself the better for it. You can do as you like; but depend upon it there is no proper behavior where there is no law; and for a ship’s company to pull well together there must be discipline, and the Articles of War. So, I tell you, you will find it on shore; if one set of people are to be tattooed, and the others fair game to shoot at, you won’t be long without a murder.”

“Oh, no preaching, Adams,” said Quintal. “Who will believe your gammon, when you were the first to vote for taking the ship? Now set us an example—let us see you christen your brownie of a wife—and if yours takes to it quietly, then we can see what ours say. It’s all the same to me if my wife worship the devil, as long as she is true to me. But if she likes the change, and chooses to swap her religion with Poll Adams, you may cross mine.”

“It is not a thing to be done carelessly, or in a hurry. As yet these poor devils, whom we have decoyed on board, believe themselves going to return to Otaheite, and we must awaken them to the change they have to expect gradually. The best way to accomplish this is by kindness; make them friends, and in making them our friends teach them to respect us.”

“Had we not better have Mr. Christian here?” said Quintal. “He’s the best man to do all this; for they may believe from his name that he is a regular parson.”

“He has left it all to me,” said Adams; “he is well aware of the troublesome burthen he has got upon his shoulders. It’s no light work, my lads, for nine men to find a desert island and to cultivate it—

neither could we do it, if left alone. We have stolen these poor people away, and the best way to make them respect and like us is to share everything equally with them—not to make them work more than ourselves—at the same time to be firm and resolute to punish a theft, which these poor devils do naturally, I believe. This is my idea of the business. When we land, of course it will be everybody for himself, and God for us all. Then we shall see who is right.”

“Well, Adams, will you bring your wife on deck, and christen her on the fore-castle.”

“No,” replied Adams, “certainly not. Since you object to the plan being general, I shall endeavor to forward my plan my own way.”

This was the second night after the departure of the *Bounty* from Otaheite. Both Adams and Christian had foreseen the consequences of a sudden discovery to the natives that they were never to return to their homes and families. They knew how attached these people were to the sunny islands; and they feared one of two evils—either that the natives would rise at once, or seize some moment favorable to their views, overcome the crew, and force them to return; or that they would sullenly give way to their fate, and, like the negroes of the West Indies, defy the whip or the lash, lie down, starve, and die. Neither were the two leaders (for Adams certainly shared the command with Christian, putting Mr. Young, who was a midshipman, completely in the background) blind to the consequences which would inevitably ensue, if M’Koy and Quintal became imperious masters, and attempted to rule these men with a rod of iron. That they were capable of revenging was amply demonstrated in their conduct at Otaheite, when they stoned the two Englishmen to death.

Unfortunately, even at the onset of this life of adventure, the people destined to live together were of such different habits, that no harmony could possibly result. Christian himself was frightened at the difficult task he had to perform. He might, he knew, accidentally fall upon an uninhabited island, which would offer a negative security, since he could have no enemy against which to contend. But he carried, he knew, his worst enemies about with him;—for although M’Koy and Quintal sullenly did their duty, yet it was evidently done as the result of policy, not of obligation.

It has been mentioned that each man

had entrapped his nominal wife on board—some of these people being in reality the wives of others, who were now on board. The natives had good-humoredly consented to this when the ship was at anchor; but how far they might forego their domestic comforts for ever, was a difficulty yet to be tried. It was impossible for a man of Adams's talents to be blind to all these untoward circumstances. His life, whoever, was at stake, and he resolved to preserve it by every caution. That he was attached to his wife he felt—that she loved him, she had already given proofs. He now determined to enlighten her mind a little—make her a Christian—and by tenderness and affection, win her over so completely to himself, that all secret combinations of the other women, all grumblings and discontents of the men, would, through the channel of his wife, come to his ears. He already suspected that M'Koy was determined to separate himself from the crew, whenever a convenient opportunity occurred; and he felt afraid that the gin-distillers would work more ruin amongst the men than all their frivolous quarrels. Adams was too much of a scholar himself not to see the fatal results of ignorance in others. Henceforth it was not the officer who was to lead, but the man of most genius and activity; and he resolved to be the first. He even, as he walked the decks, framed laws for his new colony; for, from the inactivity which Christian displayed, his wandering manner of conversing, the fears and the apprehensions he for ever expressed, Adams foresaw that he would consult his own safety rather than the safety of those who obeyed him as the captain of the *Bounty*.

In the mean time the breeze freshened, and the *Bounty* increased her distance from Otaheite.

CHAPTER XXI.

ADAMS'S reasoning had been thrown away upon Quintal and M'Koy, who laughed at all his apprehensions, and having got their women on deck, they began to laugh and sing. The poor girls, who now no longer heard any words of comfort as to the return of the ship, (for they had been promised by Christian and Adams to be landed the following morning at Paré, the king's district, and being now out of sight of land, began to cry, and moan, and tear their hair—a certain indication of excessive grief in all savage countries.

"Hold your cursed blubbering," said M'Koy; "do you think we have nothing to do but to sail about to please you? Why, you are never going back to the island again—do you understand that?"

It was evident that both understood the words, for they joined in a rapid conversation, each exhibiting the most lively grief, when one, more clamorous than the rest, seized Quintal by the arm, and asked him if it was true that all the promises made to them during supper the previous evening were false, and that they had been deceived on board, and were now going further away from home.

"True?" said Quintal, "to be sure it's all true. Did you not say you loved us? Ay, to be sure you did, and is there any greater favor than living with those you love? Come, be off with your whining and crying, and don't pull your hair about that way like ignorant devils, but go to bed like Christians, and make your minds up to sail about the world until we are tired of that and come to an anchor."

The tone and manner in which Quintal uttered these words, confirmed the women in their worst apprehensions, and they immediately dived below to find out Polly Adams. She, as the wife of the man who appeared to rule the destiny of all, was, by the native women, at once elevated to a sphere above themselves. They sat down on the lower deck in a circle, the Otaheitan men being admitted to the conference. No European ears could have distinguished the different intonations, which were uttered with a rapidity perfectly extraordinary. Each spoke one after the other, when, on a preconcerted signal, they each clapped their hands, and instantly separated. On the countenance of the men there was a kind of fixed determination, whilst the women assumed a gayer expression, and joined their husbands.

"Well," said Young to his wife, "you have made noise enough; what is it all about?"

She placed her finger on her mouth, as if to convey to her husband that she was bound to secrecy, and then asked him if it was true that the ship was going on and on in the large sea, and that they were to swim about for ever.

Young told her that early in the morning they would see land, and that all hands would go on shore, and see if the island was better than Otaheite. His wife instantly left him, and the intelligence she conveyed was evidently satisfactory to the rest.

In the mean time Adams had commu-

nicated to Christian the rash remark which M'Koy had made, and the general discontent which had already arisen amongst the women. Christian merely laughed at it, and remarked that they were on board, and could not escape; that since the mischief was done, it would be better to enforce obedience, and he hinted that the Otaheitans must be at once brought into subjection. Adams begged of him not to resort to any harsh measures at present, but allow things to take their course.

Some days now elapsed, but it was evident that the natives did not get at all reconciled to their situations on board. Day after day the same question was asked as to the return to Otaheite, and the same answer given, with more asperity of manner. At last an island was discovered, and the Bounty stood in-shore. This was the island of Purutea. A canoe came off, bringing a pig and some cocoa-nuts. This island, being inhabited, was at once voted a dangerous residence, and it was determined to put to sea. The news was soon communicated to all, and the women again formed a group. The substance of the conversation overheard by Young was, that they might swim on shore and save themselves. Quintal immediately took a musket, and made them understand that he would certainly kill the first one that attempted to depart. This threat had the desired effect. They crouched below, and covered their faces with their hands. One of the natives who brought off the pig was enticed by Christian on board, in hopes of gleaming from him the state of the island. The native, attracted by the buttons on Christian's jacket, showed evident signs of wishing to possess it; and Christian, willing to insure the friendship of the man, took off his jacket and gave it him. The savage, pleased at possessing so valuable a property, took the jacket to the gangway, and calling to his companions in the boat, showed them the prize. Quintal had been watching the movements of the women; but attracted by the noise of the man's voice, he turned round, and there he saw Christian without his coat, and the native waving for the canoe to pull quickly alongside. Without a moment's hesitation he shot the unfortunate fellow, who, staggering nearer the gangway, fell overboard just as the canoe came alongside. Christian rushed at Quintal, and endeavored to wrest the musket from him. The latter stoutly maintained his hold, and a severe contest ensued. Adams, however, came in time to the relief of his captain, who gave vent to his abuse of Quintal in unmeasured

language. The howl of the natives, as they lifted their dead companion into the canoe, and immediately pulled on shore, changed the current of abuse into an admonitory discourse.

"How are we ever, my lads," Christian began, "to form a friendship with these islanders, if such murders are allowed? From this moment the island of Purutea is a hostile shore to us. If by any accident we were forced to land, there is not a hand on that shore which would not be armed against us. This must not be. If Quintal is thus to be allowed to commit a murder at his pleasure, we must be considered as a floating curse, and no good will result from our companionship. One must command, and I *will* command."

Even M'Koy, who had stood by this fiend as his friend, could not and did not attempt to justify the murder; and Quintal had hard work to reconcile himself to his shipmates, although all in the end admitted there was some excuse, as he believed, or asserted that he believed, the native to have torn the coat from Christian's back, and to be using his utmost endeavors to escape with it.

This deed was viewed with unspeakable horror by the mild and well disposed captives on board. They argued, as well they might, that such ruffians might, in a moment of passion, commit the same act on them; and great distrust was manifested by all. Adams, however, succeeded in calming their apprehensions. He assured Polly that this was an unmeditated attack, and arose entirely from a mistake; and this coming again from Polly to the rest served to reconcile Quintal's wife, who vowed that she would be no partner to a man whose hands were dyed in innocent blood.

Sail was immediately made upon the Bounty, and she stood to sea, steering towards the Friendly Islands. In a few days they made the island of Tongataboo. No sooner was the ship espied than numerous canoes flocked on board, and to prevent any rise of the musclicle men in favor of the Otaheitans, all, both men and women, were confined below, with gratings placed over them, and a man armed with a musket placed to frighten them into quietude. This act, although perhaps requisite, by no means tended to raise the character of Christian and his men in the eyes of their tayos and wives. It was evident that both parties were suspicious of each other, and hence arose a mutual distrust. The communication with these people was of short duration; although they urged Chris-

tian to land and see the thriving state of the horned cattle left by Totee, (Captain Cook.) They bartered away their hogs with their usual frank manner, and such was the confidence in the honesty of each party, that the natives examined the knives offered for barter, without any suspicion being engendered as to a theft. The islanders were, however, at a loss to understand what had become of all the men, and could not imagine why Christian, who had voluntarily approached the island, should be in such a hurry to leave it. They lingered on board until they were rather unceremoniously requested to withdraw, and no sooner were they in their canoes, than the *Bounty* filled, and made sail to leeward.

A few days afterwards a low island was discovered. It was small, but amply large enough for the men on board. By this time the general discontent had much increased, not from any act of tyranny, but from the uncertainty as to the termination of the cruise. The women had long since given over any hope of escape, and sullenly and silently bemoaned their fate. The men ate by themselves, and conversed principally with one another. Still, however, notwithstanding the treachery that had been practised, they marked their attachment to their respective tayos, it being a religious principle with the people of Otaheite never to relinquish their friend as long as he lives. Even Adams was discontented: it seemed a useless waste of time searching for an uninhabited island; and when this low and ill-adapted island was discovered, such was the state of despondency on board, that each was clamorous to run the ship on shore, and form a settlement. The ship had now neared this place within a mile—a boat was lowered, and Adams and others landed. They had buoyed up their hopes to the last moment, for not a native appeared until she touched the shore, when group upon group appeared, each peaceably and friendly disposed.

It was already evident to Adams that this low, miserable island was over-populated—that, from its vicinity to Tongataboo, it was in every respect unfit for the meditated colony; and once more, with depressed spirits, the boat was pulled on board, and the report made. Even those who were the least disposed to remain in the *Bounty* saw the folly of attempting a settlement in an island which afforded no shelter for the ship, and with one consent they called out to make sail again.

As Christian believed this to be the most leewardly of the Friendly Islands,

and one at the very extremity of the group, he resolved to work to windward, and was pleased to find his proposition warmly received. Although, with the exception of Adams, all were headstrong and impatient, yet they had reason enough to see that any residence near an island so frequented as Tongataboo would be to run the greatest possible risk; and no one murmur escaped, nor was there one wavering voice, when the orders were given to trim sails on the starboard tack.

The only person who was in reality making any advance in favor of the adventurers was Adams. He had secretly instilled into his wife's mind the folly of her own religion, and hours and hours were passed in explaining to her the mild tenets of the Christian dispensation. At first there was an evident dislike on the part of Polly to be employed on this, to her, unholy avocation. By degrees, however, Adams worked upon her mind, until she began rather to like the daily lesson. With wonderful patience he expounded to her the word of prophecy; and Polly, if she did not rightly understand every word, felt a creeping awe as she caught the sense. To the plain simple words of the gospel, Adams contrasted the absurd and silly creed to which she had been raised; but he took especial care not to disgust her with any sudden ejaculation conveying his horror at her belief; he rather extracted parts to show where they assimilated. He took the God they all worshipped, and explained to her that in this respect they were alike, and only differing in name. Reckoning on the mild disposition of the Otaheitans, he worked upon her feelings, and showed the mildness of our Saviour. The Otaheitan practice of charity in its most extended sense was shown to correspond strictly with the tenets he wished to inculcate; the doctrine of doing unto others as she wished others to do to her, was strictly in accordance with the rule of life amongst these people. He confirmed her where she was right, and by patience and perseverance removed the extraneous particles, which, like the thorns, threatened to choke the whole. His arguments were well adapted to strike a savage mind. He drew an awful picture of the power of God, as he showed her the rolling ocean, and made her tremble at the howl of the hurricane. Again he pictured to her the calmness of eternal repose, when the big sea was smooth and level, and reflected in its bosom the glorious picture of the heavens

above—one served to portray the wrath, the other the forgiveness of God.

From affection, Polly Adams at length grew not only more fondly to love and respect, but to venerate her husband; and when, after many days' constant endeavors to enlighten her mind, he asked her to relinquish her creed and be baptized into his faith, she burst into tears. Long was the struggle between received ideas inculcated from her earliest years, and precepts which her common sense taught her were true and just: for Adams's creed was not mystified by churchmen's arguments—he drank from the pure unadulterated fountain. He did not confound her with difficulties—he rather disarmed her by the plainness of his faith; and when at this moment he urged her to renounce her own religion, he half soothed the mingled feeling of fear and awe which agitated her, by assuring her that he rather admired her clinging to that which her parents had taught her, and respected her the more for still adhering to that, if she were not fully satisfied with the creed he taught.

There remained but one objection to overcome in Polly's mind: "You tell me," she said, "all that is good—you do all that is bad; you tell me, 'commit no murder,'—the crime was unknown until your people taught us; you speak of sobriety—we never knew drunkenness until the Christian drew a liquor from a tree, and gave it us to drink; you tell me to honor my father and mother—and you leave yours to grow old without their son to bless them; you tell me not to swear—and what do I hear from the Christians' mouths? You tell me not to bear false witness—when you contributed yourself to deceive me. These commandments we required no book to teach us—we have ever done them; but you, who tell me my religion is wrong, bring me the articles which we have long since used, and which you to this moment, to all outward appearance, contradict.

"Poll," said Adams, "you speak like a wise woman—and they are rare articles, east or west. Because we do wrong, my dear, it is no reason why you should not know what is right. If you have so done without the commandments, you have done well without knowing that you were acting in accordance with the express desire of him who made us. But listen, Polly, I will show you that you are wrong in all you have advanced. You say we taught you murder. You know that, in your island, there are your warriors—the arreoys, who live in common with the wo-

men, and who smother their children directly they are born—this is murder, and is religiously practised by the great men of your island. Then, again, you have a custom against which the law of common sense must shame you. Do you not murder human beings at the marais—places you have made sepulchres instead of temples, to which use they were at first formed? You say you have a god, but you act as if he were a tiger—a man devourer, instead of a kind and beneficent being. You are my wife by word—you must be so by this law—then to live with another would be a direct violation of one of those commandments I have taught you. You will get rid of your sticks and stones which you worship—you will be better and happier."

Polly threw her arms round the neck of Adams, and said,—"I am convinced—I am ready to forsake all for you—I give up my country and my friends to travel in strange parts with a stranger. I will forget all that I was taught, excepting that which you say is right and good. You alone for the future shall be my husband, and your God shall be my God."

Adams had already placed some water in a basin, and making her kneel down and repeat with him the prayers which he read from our service for that purpose, he baptized her as Polly Adams. He remarked with delight the tremor which agitated her when he made the sign of the cross upon her, and hailed with rapture the sincere devotion she manifested.

"This book," he said, as he finished the service, and placed the Bible in her hands, "is to be your guide; follow the direction herein contained, and life will be, in spite of all adversity, one long day of pleasure, and death have no terrors, nor any torments. I will teach you to read; already you have made great progress, and we have time enough, I fear, before we reach the unknown island for which we search, to make you understand every word which is necessary. And now, Polly, you must be true to me in every sense of the word. If you hear your countrymen plotting against the life of any of us, you must at once tell me. You must try and make the other women believe as you will properly believe, and they will in their turn instruct the men. But remember this, Polly, to talk of a crime with the intention of committing it, is as bad as committing it. So that should you by any accident become acquainted with the intention of your countrymen, make me your friend, and I will be theirs."

Polly now disclosed to Adams the already secret determination of the women. They had resolved to leave the ship by swimming, directly an opportunity occurred, and they had only been deterred by the behavior of Quintal at Purutea; and one, M'Koy's wife, had actually slipped over the bows, but, fearing to be shot in the water, she had returned on board. "But," added Polly, "you have escaped much worse. When you were at Tooboui, the Otaheitan on board of the ship entered into an engagement with the nations of that island to admit them into your ports and murder you all, in order to take the iron out of the ship. You sailed two days before the time appointed. But now I will never leave you, Adams, and fear not for all the deep-laid plots of my countrymen. Although they never allow us to eat with them, yet they never hazard any undertaking without consulting us. At present there is much discontent on board, but not so much as there has been. Our men are becoming habituated to the life, now the sickness has left them; and as they have little to do, and plenty to eat, they are satisfied. But they still look every day for the land they have left; every morning they tell each other that Otaheite is not in sight; and they discredit every word which Quintal and M'Koy told them, believing you all to be their best friends, for whom they would hazard their own lives, and thinking that the day is not far off when we shall all return home to the friends and the country we have left."

"I will not further deceive you, Polly. It is our intention *never* to return to Otaheite. We have done a deed which would bring upon us certain death, if we were once again to see our native country. We have left Otaheite for fear of being sent or taken back to England. Our object is to live in any island we can find, and, with you and the rest, to form one little society, which will make us more comfortable, and you more happy."

Polly sighed heavily when she heard these words; but having relinquished her friends and relations, her country and her gods, for Adams, she smothered the tear a savage can shed when such bitter truths are told, and hanging on Adams, she said, "If you can be happy in such a life, I have no reason to be sorrowful."

Adams communicated to Christian the result of his morning's work, and the latter, from that moment, became more dejected and sullen. He saw that by his own bad example, he had involved others in daily dangers; he felt ashamed of the

deed he had done—his heart beat with the pulsation of a coward, who, having forfeited his life to the laws of his country, is for ever fearing the moment which may herald him to his merited execution. His suspicions, foolishly excited, now led to acts of tyranny—his men murmured against him—his slaves plotted his destruction.

CHAPTER XXII.

Six weeks had now elapsed since the Bounty left the low Island; during which time she had beat to windward many miles, but had seen no land. Every day brought with it an increased proportion of discontent. Murmurs, no longer stifled, were heard from every mouth but one; all but Adams fearlessly abused Christian, as the author of all their misfortunes; and at length a mutiny was openly declared. M'Koy and Quintal were, as usual, the leaders of it; they were desperate men, ready for any contest, who, not finding their wishes gratified by a residence on shore, resolved not to remain any longer on board.

Adams alone stood aloof. His mornings were devoted to educating his wife. She could already read a little, and began to write legibly. They kept almost entirely to themselves, Adams treating her with every possible kindness, and her love increasing with her existence.

The fore-castle is generally the place where discontented seamen pour forth their griefs; and here, exactly six weeks from the time of last seeing land, assembled all the crew, and all the natives. Isaac Martin was despatched to summon Adams and Christian to the consultation they were about to hold; and he delivered his message with all the impertinent effrontery of a man who has shaken off the shackles of discipline.

"I say," began Martin, addressing Christian, "if you want to know what we are going to do with the ship, you had better come forward, for we are going to settle it now. We have each got a vote, and if you don't like to come and give yours, you may stay where you are, and we'll do as we like."

"Insolent rascal!" said Christian, seizing him by the collar and shaking him, "how dare you speak to me in this manner?"

"Oh," said Martin, liberating himself,

"all those fine flaming flourishes won't do now. You made us mutiny against Bligh, and now we are tired of you—that's all about it. I have given you my message, and, by the Lord, the next time you collar me we'll just see who is the best man."

"Away with you, Martin, this instant," said Young and Adams directly; "we'll stand by Mr. Christian to the last; and take care how you let your tongue outrun its discretion."

Martin went forward and reported how his embassy had been received, whereupon the whole party forward stood up and gave three cheers.

"This is getting from bad to worse," said Adams, "and something must be done. We had better go amongst them, and see if we cannot flatter them into obedience. If you will let me speak, Mr. Christian, I think I can manage the crew—for I know them all."

This proposition was acceded to, and the fore-castle of the *Bounty* held every soul on board the ship.

"Now," said Quintal, "I'm chairman of this meeting, and order is the order of the day. There's to be no chattering amongst those women, and not more than three are to speak at once. Every man's to be heard if he can, and I vote for shooting the first fellow who disobeys my orders. Gemmen," he continued, "I have not the gift of the gab, but I know a bow on a lady's cap from a running noose at the yardarm; and this is what we are met to decide—if we go to England and get the latter, or cruise about here with the former until we are starved. I'm told I'm not to vote until the last, but I can't help saying, that if you ask me, we are all a damned set of fools to knock about here, when we might be ashore at Otaheite, and only be hung after all."

"I begin to think," said M'Koy, "that ever since we listened to Christian, we did a continuation of foolish things. If we had confined Bligh until he came to reason, and then got him to take us home, we should have done a much wiser thing than leaving our carcasses here to be pecked at by the sea-gulls, or our teeth to be stuck in the war-clubs of the savages."

"I'm just of your opinion, M'Koy," said Martin, "although I don't understand much about it; but this I know—here we are, and here we have been for six weeks. Why, d—— it, we could not have been worse off if we had been blockading the French fleet. We must go somewhere—that's quite certain—and my

vote is, that we go back to Otaheite, and there remain."

"I have no objection to that," said Young; "but I won't give my vote until I have heard all."

"My lads," said Adams; "I'm astonished that such thoroughbred seamen—such bold men—people of such good sense—should assemble here to do themselves all the mischief they can. Why, M'Koy, I appeal to you, because I know you are a person of good sound understanding—what good shall we get by going back to Otaheite?"

"None," said M'Koy—"I know that; but what good shall we get by staying here?"

"None," said Adams; "we all know that, and we are striving to get out of it. We are now a long way from Otaheite—more than a thousand miles. Any island would suit us, and before long we must find one. Don't ruin all we have done by any hasty determination. We have been out a long time, and I, with Quintal and M'Koy, think that if we do not succeed shortly, we had better make some other determination than the present one. But I am sure men of your sense would not think of returning directly, but of giving a certain time before we bear up for Otaheite. Suppose we say this day month?—we have provision enough on board, and there is no great hardship in remaining on board a ship with our wives and our friends, with plenty to eat and drink, and very little work to do."

"That's not a bad proposition," said Quintal, "and it's worth while listening to Jack; for when he does not gabble about religion or proper behavior, he is a devilish clever fellow; but how he can be such a noodle as to spend his time in making his wife a scholar, is above me. I never heard of a clever woman who did not do a deal of mischief. I tell you they are too light-built crafts to carry much head-sail; they always get pitching and bobbing about, or run slap bang end on, and stove the vessel. But all that's his look out. What do you say, lads, for this month?"

"I think it's too long a time," said William Brown, (who was the botanist's assistant, and who had preferred taking his chance in the *Bounty*;) suppose we say three weeks; and let it be understood amongst us, that if at the end of that time we do not find an island, we either return to Otaheite, or make a run for America."

"Bravo," said Williams; "I'm sick of

this life, and would rather be hung than go on. Here's my wife as sick as a marmoset monkey in a jollyboat, and three weeks look to me like three years. I vote for a fortnight—that's quite long enough to look for an island."

"Just as you like," said Christian, "fix your own time; if you all want to be hung, the sooner the better; so come to a determination, and finish this nonsense."

"There, gemmen!" said Quintal, "never mind what that man says, it's all gammon—what do you say for Williams's time—fourteen days from to-day? Why, we might run fourteen hundred miles in that period, and it will take us a month to get back again. I don't give my vote, but I think you had better give yours to Williams's measure."

"I cannot help thinking," said Adams, "that three weeks will be a better period. We are accustomed to our life now, and surely it is not worth returning to Otaheite to be laughed at by those we have left behind, when perhaps the seven days may land us in safety."

"Let it be three weeks," said Christian; "that is the time I shall take."

"No, no, you will not," said McKoy; "we are all equal here, and we have each risked as much as you have—we will put it to the vote, and, my lads, if you take my advice, you will show him now that we are all resolved to be independent, and that we did not ship off one load to get another. I'm for the fortnight."

"So am I," said Williams.

"And I," said Brown.

"And I," said Martin.

"And here's my hand for the same," said Mills, the gunner's mate. ●

"Carried, gemmen, by a majority of two; and I vote for the same, although, being president of this honorable society, I have no vote. And now, Mr. Christian, you understand our resolution, which, by —, we will stand to. If you choose to command the ship under these terms, go on and prosper; if not, say the word, and we will put Jack Adams as captain, and you in the foretop."

"I agree," said Christian, as the curl of disdain agitated his lips, and he walked aft.

Bitter, very bitter, were the thoughts which now occurred to Christian. He found himself ruled by the very creatures he had created, and thus he learnt one very great lesson in life, that when men exalt to their own grade those by nature and by situation inferior to themselves, or place themselves, by the committal of a

crime, on the unenvied equality, they must descend further and further in the scale of degradation; whilst those who place themselves above, trample more and more upon the others.

"Oh!" ejaculated Christian to himself as he paced the deck, "oh that I had never allowed myself to forget my duty! What have I done but involved myself in crime, and debased myself in society? Repentance ever comes too late. I feel now all the horror of my situation—to act the officer will no longer avail me, to cringe to those I ought to command I never will consent to do. By heavens, if those who plot against proper authority could only feel what I feel at this moment, they would never lower themselves to the level of others, or exalt the servant to the equality of the master. And what have I in perspective? to be lugged by the men who once obeyed me, against my will, to Otaheite—to be there kept till lingering justice shall lead me as a criminal from my lurking place, and fix me as a greater criminal swinging from a gibbet, amidst the hootings and revilings of my fellow-creatures! Adams," he said, "come here; what do you think of this proceeding?"

"It's bad, sir, very bad. McKoy and Quintal have poisoned the rest, and they have formed a resolution not to be governed, but to govern."

"Is there no remedy, Adams, which you could suggest?"

"None, sir, on which much reliance could be placed. Mr. Young secretly chimes in with these opinions. He never said a word when the question was agitated, and only voted with you when he saw you could not carry your proposition. I marked the look of Quintal when it was his turn to speak."

"But cannot we, Adams, shake off these fellows? We have another boat which might carry them, or we might gain the Otaheitans to our side, arm them, and land the rest."

"Neither will avail; if we once got rid of these men, no reliance could be placed on the natives when they become so much superior to us. If we get rid of the men, without teaching these men how to use the fire-arms, we should not be able to work the ship, and our position would be worse than the present."

"Then, by heavens," said Christian, "I will baulk all their views and intentions, which I plainly foresee. I will run the ship on shore on the first island I see, inhabited or uninhabited, and defend my

miserable existence to the last; for, Adams," he continued, "I have forfeited my life, but I am afraid to pay the forfeit."

"I have that same feeling myself, Mr. Christian; and if I could at this moment hear that Bligh was safe and his crew in security, I could go out of the world with greater comfort. I have, sir, of late been hard at work reading the book, and in teaching my own wife I have profited myself. I feel no longer that disposition to rebel against authority. I am sorry, very sorry for all that has happened, and I hope to live long enough to bring up others in the way from which we have all swerved."

"What a miserable figure we make, Adams! Here we are hated and despised by the men, merely because they fear us; and they would not hesitate to face any danger to get rid of us; but together we are a match for them all."

"There will be nothing done in the ship, nor any plot laid, which will not come to my ears. I will warn you, sir, of it in time, and at present I am for your plan, and will consent to run stem on to the first land we see."

On the forecastle all was noise and riot. Quintal, who had managed to get a little more grog than his allowance, and was consequently armed with a little Dutch courage, spoke openly of despatching Christian; and McKoy, whose prudence was proverbial, although he hectored much, could scarcely dissuade him from his intentions. The women, who, after the council had broken up, joined the rioters for the purpose of gleaning the decision, joined in the loudest merriment when they heard that the crew had actually resolved upon returning to Otaheite; and, for the first time since the mutiny, both men and women danced with spirit, and shouted with joy; whilst abaft stood Christian, inwardly cursing himself for the ruin he had occasioned. The tayos, when made acquainted with the resolution, threw themselves round the necks of their friends, screamed, and gave every demonstration of savage joy—they imitated Quintal as he threw himself about in drunken hilarity, shouted aloud some of their national songs, and created a confusion which even mutiny could not reconcile to the ears of Christians. Adams had become religious—extremes ever meet; a melancholy countenance, the index of a melancholy mind, seemed to bear him down; for he kept aloof from his shipmates, rarely if ever joining in their skeleton mimic of true joy, and confining him-

self almost entirely to the company of Christian and his wife.

Amongst all the women on board none were more clamorous for a return to Otaheite than Christian's wife. She was far advanced in pregnancy, and she saw no end to the miseries which surrounded her, and which would be rendered a hundredfold worse by her confinement taking place on board the *Bounty*. To all her complaints Christian turned a deaf ear: he told her that the duty of a wife was to follow her husband without a murmur, to whatsoever corner of the globe he might lead her; and as her importunities increased, he lost the little temper he ever possessed, and not unfrequently convinced the poor girl of her miserable situation by upbraiding her as a savage, and treating her as a slave. But when he found himself tolerated rather than obeyed, his fears got the better of his intentions. He was afraid to be left alone for the smallest space of time, lest the crew should break in upon him unawares, and place him in a boat to buffet about the ocean, until starvation should rob him of life, and the expectant birds pounce upon the carrion carcass as it floated about in the untenanted boat.

Well has it been said, "'Tis conscience makes cowards of us all;" and never was the truth of the saying better demonstrated than in the altered character of Christian. He feared every murmur—he no longer thrust himself forward to quell the clamor of mutiny, or stood coolly to withstand any approach, or to rebuke any freedom. All the courage he ever possessed (and he must have had no small portion, or he never had dared to do what he had done) was gone; he relied more upon Adams than upon himself.

The latter had by this time grown, through a lively faith, into a conviction that he had already washed out more than half his sins by the conversion of his wife, and his own sincere repentance. To all Christian's questions he invariably answered, "We must save these men—they would rush headlong into hell, without once considering the danger of the descent; and if they will not hear my voice, they shall own me sincere in my endeavors to save them to the last. Appear, Mr. Christian, not to heed them; rather join in their amusements; depend upon it, as yet, we have had the smooth task to play; the difficulties already begin to increase, and we require the more nerve and the more judgment as we advance. Until the fortnight is passed, let us appear contented

with the decision; and after that it will be time enough to steer through the storm which we cannot lessen, and guide the opposition we cannot altogether control. For my part, I am rather glad to see this noise and joy—it will keep them from thought; and if once they begin to think, they are certain to get into some mischief. They are wilder behalf than the savages they seek to make slaves; and the latter think themselves much more likely ultimately to possess the ship, than the hot-headed fellows forward. I wonder they don't look out for some time when the men are aloft, and take possession."

"That is the only occurrence I do not fear, Adams," said Christian; "for they are frightened at the sight of a compass, and have no idea how we find our way over a sea which leaves no furrow to show the track traversed over, and which presents to them one everlasting, never-ending sheet of water. No, Adams, I rely more on them than on our own crew."

"You are wrong, sir, depend upon it; you will yet find I am right. If these fellows can harbor such an idea as they did harbor for our destruction at Tooboui, depend upon it they only want time and a favorable opportunity to carry the same into effect. I'll be amongst our men, and hear what's in the wind; for they have got very quiet, and are consequently about something wrong."

Adams was, however, wrong for once in his conjectures. Quintal was busily employed in giving an account of his early life, which, from the earliest time, had been one continued scene of dissipation and riot. He had been connected with the juvenile depredators during the time of his youth—had been taught all manner of crimes from his associates in jail, and now, in his half-drunken humor, was laughing at the numerous false steps down which he tumbled until he was impressed at Gosport, and having undergone a little discipline on board a ship, became a valuable seaman. He had seen some service, and, when he entered on board the *Bounty*, had an excellent character. In all probability he would have done well, had not Christian forgot his duty, and led others to follow his path.

M'Koy, on the contrary, had been a steady, persevering boy. His parents had instructed him well, and he promised to be a comfort to them. He had been educated carefully, and was early admitted into a distillery. He soon learnt that trade, and would have continued all his life in that calling, had he not felt a great

disposition to taste some of the stuff he had manufactured. He soon grew enamored of the spirit, and began to manifest a certain tendency to intoxication. But still he might have reeled through the distillery, and have emerged from it a preacher and a practiser of his art; but one night, when the spirit was in and the reason out, he listened to the glowing adventures of a sailor, who, having landed from a trader in which he said he had served several voyages in the Mediterranean, was giving to a willing audience a magnificent account of the Levant, and also of several places, such as Malta and Gibraltar, at which he had touched. M'Koy had a great deal of his nation's curiosity, and being half primed with grog, he expressed his wish to see foreign parts. He was then only sixteen, a well-grown, stout lad; and as the evening got on, and songs were sung, he began to be very uproarious and very positive.

"I'll wager a good bet," said the seaman, "that you are all talk, like a young magpie, and that you dare not trust yourself at sea in any craft."

"What's your bet?" said M'Koy.

"I'll bet you ten shillings, and a blow out of fresh grub and soft tack, that you are afraid to sleep on board the *Dandelion* this night—much less to go to sea in her."

"Done!" said M'Koy; "and you, gentlemen, who are witnesses to the bet, shall meet us here to-morrow, and drink it out like lords."

Several voices answered, "That's all right!" But one old fellow, who appeared to know a little more of the world than his neighbors, remarked—"It's not any of us, I'll be brave enough to confess, who'll taste the value of a bawbee out of that bet; for I'm mistaken if the boy won't see more than's in Edinburgh, before he returns to the Highland Piper to drink another glass of pure *Ferintosh*."

"Come, my lad," cried the seaman, "top your boom and make sail—I'll stand pilot, and show you the *Dandelion*. She's a regular cradle, where a man may be rocked to sleep without any nurse to trouble herself—such a craft as no man ever saw her better. Come along—tip us your flipper. Why, I'm blessed if I don't think you'll win your bet after all."

"Win it!" said M'Koy; "of course I shall. Why can't I sleep on board as well as on shore, and be back at the distillery before seven?"

"To be sure you can if you like," replied the other; "only mind your heart don't fail you when you see the vessel

swimming on the sea, and perhaps bobbing about abit."

"Well, well, Quintal, how do you think it ended?"

"Can't say, M'Koy; but I suppose you won the bet, and forgot to give the blow-out!"

"No, no! they gave *me* the *blow out*, but it was a blow-out of harbor. I'm blessed if the fellow was not a crimp to one of the traders sent up for men. Embarked on board the Dandelion, I was just sober enough to find out that the craft was under weigh, and when I awoke the next morning, and rubbed the dust out of my eyes, I was out at sea miles and miles from Leith Roads, and never returned to them from that day."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Day after day passed, and the Bounty made no land. She had now been at sea eight weeks since she had made sail from the low island. The latter part of the time the ship had been kept one day steering to the southward and westward; then altering the course, she would stand to the north-west, and then again to the northward, it being Christian's idea that he must be in the vicinity of land, from several floating pieces of timber and weed, and that before long his diligent search would be rewarded. During this past fortnight (for the time had now expired) a much better feeling had existed amongst the men. The natives kept a good account of the days, and when the last was expired, both men and women called upon their tayos and husbands to keep to their promise and return.

Christian and Adams were standing abaft on the quarter-deck, examining a piece of drift-wood, which, from its being quite freed from all shell, or any marine substance, was agreed to be not many days in the water, when Quintal and M'Koy, who were not only the most ungovernable of the crew, but likewise the two who kept always together and plotted in private, came aft and said—"Mr. Christian, the time is up; we are resolved to return to Otaheite, and we request you to keep your word with us, as we have done with you, and shape a course back directly."

"Look at that piece of wood, M'Koy," said Adams; "we were just thinking

how long it had been in the water. Mr. Christian says a week; I say about three days, but perhaps you are the best judge."

"I should say," replied M'Koy, "about four or five days, certainly not more; it's quite green, and the water has not soaked through the rind. What do you think, Mat?" he continued, handing it to Quintal.

"Why," replied Quintal, "I should say, if it had not been bundled overboard from a canoe, that it could not have been four days afloat."

"Well, then," said Adams, "we are all agreed it has not been a week in the water, and consequently we must be near land. Let us take a good look round before we give up the search altogether; let us stand on for three more hours, and if at the end of that time we cannot see anything to make us think we are near our journey's end, why, we will keep to the promise like men, and bear up."

"That's spoken," said M'Koy, "like Jack Adams, upright and downright, straightforward and all that. We are agreed; it's no use squabbling about three hours; at that time it will be just sunset, and we will have a good look out aloft."

It was an anxious time for Christian, and he made the most of it. Every stitch of canvass the ship would bear was set, and he kept her well full, in order to increase her rate of sailing. The sun had now begun to near the horizon. It was a beautiful clear evening, and from the mast-head the look-out man could see many miles. Adams was standing on the weather gangway, watching the water, to see if the ship passed any other floating substance. His attention, however, was attracted by a noise of "Hist! hist!" close to him; he turned and saw his wife standing in the waist, with anxiety and eagerness stamped upon her countenance. He jumped down below. "What is the matter, Polly?" he said.

His wife looked cautiously round, then whispered, "Go back to Otaheite to-night, or every one of you will be murdered before morning. My countrymen have come to that resolution. The other women all know it, and are now busy in persuading their husbands to return, to avoid a great blow."

"Thank you, Polly," said Adams; "keep well in the secret with the rest, agree to all they propose, but warn me in time. I must be on deck now; do you stay with your countrywomen."

"There, Mr. Christian," said M'Koy, "the lower rim of the sun touches the horizon; five minutes more, and we must



THE LAST OF "THE ROCKET."

"The flames increased—the bulwarks were on fire—and the guns which had not been removed on shore, and which were loaded, went off from the surrounding heat, and, with a sound which before had never disturbed the atmosphere of that island, confirmed the destruction of the ship."—Page 119.



turn end for end in more things than the ship, if you don't keep your word."

"Now," said Adams, "here I go aloft for the last time to look out for land. That fellow Williams is asleep—he takes as much rest as a ground tier butt;" and away aloft went Adams.

The sun was just sinking; it seemed to linger a little longer than usual—the upper rim was visible—it was gone—when Adams called out, "All right, Mr. Christian—there's land on the lee-bow."

A general hurrah followed, which met with a far different response than an echo from the women.

"It's all a humbug," said Quintal; "that fellow Adams has done this to make us stand on longer. I won't believe it until I see it myself."

"Avast there!" said Adams, who saw Quintal about to mount the rigging; "wait until Williams and myself come down."

There was a manner in saying this, which made Christian believe that Adams was aware of some plot. He immediately seized Quintal, who, believing from this that the report was false, and only done to forward some scheme, turned round upon his commander and seized him. Adams hastened on deck; already angry words and useless recriminations had taken place; and Quintal had loudly expressed his hope that the savages would join the party, and lend a hand to take the ship by force; "in which case," he said, as he foamed with rage, "since you are so fond of being first, damn it you shall hang first."

This was precisely the disturbance which Adams feared, and what he apprehended would be the result. He got on deck in time to interpose, although M'Koy might have disengaged the combatants, had he chosen so to do.

"Foolish fellow that you are," said Adams, as he thrust Quintal away from Christian, "do you not know that to teach the savages to rebel against Mr. Christian is to insure your own destruction? It was for fear that they, hearing land was in sight, might rise and murder us all, that made me call to you to wait my arrival. Now, go and satisfy yourself; perhaps you may see it from the fore-castle, but land it is, I swear; and, habited or not inhabited, we must examine it well."

M'Koy had sense enough to see that Adams was right; and being perfectly indifferent where he anchored for life, as long as he did anchor on shore, touched Quintal on the shoulder, and said, "All right, mate—Adams sees a little before us

all—these women are not to be trusted, nor men either; but go aloft and satisfy yourself, and then let's have a jollification on the fore-castle."

It was Pitcairn's Island. Christian, who had found in Bligh's cabin an account of Captain Carteret's voyage, had purposely kept the *Bounty* in a right direction for this island, and by great good fortune made it. The land appeared high, rugged, and rocky. In the centre it rose to a small abrupt peak, the summit of which overlooked a perpendicular descent of many, many feet. It then shelved away, terminating in a small pointed rock, not unlike the spire of a church. By the aid of the telescope, trees were discovered; but the ship was too far off to make good a landing that night; and after standing towards the island until the darkness rendered it unsafe to proceed farther, the *Bounty* was hove to with her head off shore.

The seamen knew no bounds to their joy. All the discomfort—all the plans, or suspicions, if any, were hushed. The savages themselves caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and, as if by general consent, they all seated themselves on the fore-castle, mixed a wholesome quantity of grog, and began to make merry in earnest. Christian alone kept aloof, and Adams, although he joined the party, was particularly careful not to touch the grog, but kept his eyes fixed upon every movement of the blacks; whilst M'Koy, who soon got half seas over, volunteered a song, and thus he sang:—

Hurrah, boys, hurrah!—let's push about the grog—
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!—old Care's a sorry dog—
For life was made for mortal man to laugh and sing
all day.
And he can spend his life the best who drives dull
care away.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah!—our ship's a tight-built home,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!—o'er the seas of life to roam—
Of sorry looks—of faces grave, I'll have you all
beware—
For jolly boys and seamen bold are enemies to
care.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah!—we feel a true delight—
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!—once more the land's in sight;
And we shall soon our girls behold—and when we
step on shore,
We'll anchor then for life, my lads, and go to sea no
more.

"There, my lads!" said he, as he finished his stave; "now hurrah in earnest; the cruise is over, and to-morrow shall see us proprietors of that island, with a look-out house on the peak, and our own flag flying over the top of it."

Three cheers were given; and these men embracing each other like children, some

even cried; whilst the women, who believed all islands like Otaheite, thought of the repose to which all their lives they had been accustomed. One of the savages had placed some peas in a gourd, which he rattled merrily, to which his companions stamped, throwing themselves into all manner of ridiculous postures, laughing and grinning. The merriment of the party was, however, a little disturbed by the increase of the wind. The clouds, which had collected in heavy masses, began to show symptoms of a gale, and by midnight it blew very hard. The men worked willingly, and the *Bounty* was well managed; but it was soon evident that, if the wind continued, no landing could possibly be effected. Not one of the crew went to his hammock that night.

The morning at last appeared to dawn. Every eye was on the watch; for during the night the ship had drifted much, and some apprehensions were entertained by the men that if they lost sight of this land, they might never see it again. The island was in sight, and the ship's head being put towards it, she was edged away in order to near it. No man more anxiously surveyed this home of the wicked than Adams. He saw the thick foliage of the tall trees—he fancied the most eligible spot for his future residence—and with a smile of satisfaction he pointed out to Christian the iron-bound coast—the reefs of rocks, over which the sea burst with violence, throwing the spray high upon the land.

"That," he said, "is our best security—there seems no anchorage far or near—neither can I find the smallest trace of inhabitants; although, as we have sailed along, we have opened many points, yet I cannot discover a wigwam, nor have I seen one native. Besides, Mr. Christian, if you remark, in all the flat places near the coast, and where the water appears smoothest, there were no canoes hauled up. If our surveys should be right, and the place uninhabited, we are safe from all pursuit. We have found out a spot in which we may yet enjoy life."

Christian made no reply; but he continued steadfastly to remark how completely the island was defended by nature. Not an opening could he discover—the whole line of coast was one continued foam, and all approach during the heavy breeze which then blew was impossible. Having satisfied himself on this point, he wore ship, and put her head to seaward.

Although the order was obeyed, there was evidently much reluctance in so doing. Some, like men long confined in boats,

with a doubtful existence from moment to moment, proposed to run the ship on the rocks and land; and it required all the persuasion of Adams to deter them from this evident folly. They all declared that the gale would never cease; and although Christian had given them quite sufficient proof of his capability of navigating the ship, yet they pretended in their murmurs—not loud but deep—to suspect his talent so much, that he never could regain the island, if he drifted out of sight of it.

Three days more passed in this suspense, during which time the most refractory had considerably cooled; and although they had been so long at sea, a little sickness came in to keep the natives less inclined to mutinous plans or actions. They rolled about the deck, perfectly indifferent whether they lived or died.

On the fourth morning the wind subsided into a very light breeze, and the *Bounty* stood in-shore, it being the determination of Christian to land at all hazards. He was quite disgusted with the crew, who had availed themselves but too well of his instructions. When the ship was sufficiently close the boat was lowered, and Christian, with Brown, Williams, and M'Koy, and three of the Otaheitans, prepared to make an attempt at landing. Before, however, the boat shoved off, Christian had a long conversation with Adams. The ship would be left in the command of Young, who, although in reality as sincere in the cause as any, was doubted by some on account of his retiring manners, and in consequence of his having frequently remarked that he regretted the ill-advised step they had taken. Mistrusting himself, Christian mistrusted even his friend Adams. It is ever so: the man who has no opinion of his own capability to navigate his ship, has never sufficient confidence in the powers of any one else. Adams boldly told Christian that he was aware of this suspicion, but pledged himself, in the event of an attack from the natives on shore, to run the ship in and afford him assistance, or wreck her in the attempt.

Christian then shoved off, and pulled towards the shore, the ship heaving to with her head from the land. As the boat advanced, the surf grew higher and higher, and nothing but the utmost skill and steadiness saved her from her perilous situation. Four or five times were they obliged to alter their intentions, and as many times had they approached so near the rollers as to render the operation of turning the boat round, a business of great

and imminent danger. Two of the Otaheitan volunteers volunteered to swim on shore; but this was objected to. They pointed out breaks in the surf, over which they were certain that the boat would go in safety; but the danger was too great to try the experiment. At last a small opening was observed, where the surf evidently did not break, and within which the water was comparatively smooth. Christian, who was afraid to venture on a return to the ship and declare landing impracticable, resolved at last to attempt the pass; and calling on his crew to be very careful as to their oars, he put the boat's head towards the shore, and pulled right for the opening. Already was this frail tenement within the first break of the surf, and there was no possibility of a retreat. As they neared the place, the surf came boiling up upon each quarter, and not unfrequently bubbling into the boat. Before them was one white sheet of foam, and on both quarters the waters hissed and broke with frightful vehemence. The coolest among the crew were the Otaheitan, who disregarded the danger arising from the surf, through which they declared they could dive and come out in the smooth water. At last one sea higher than the rest came towering along. Brown and Williams called out "to give way;" but Christian, who was a good and experienced seaman, desired them not to pull, but to lift their oars well up, stand by when the boat was lifted on the sea, and to pull with all their strength. It came—destruction was apparently evident—the curling wave broke upon both quarters, whilst the center part rolled on over the deeper water. The boat was lifted up and dashed forward, and when the bubbling and foaming was passed, she was safe in the smooth water.

Right before them was a small sandy bay, on which they landed. Much time had been lost in looking for the entrance; and Christian saw that to reconnoitre the island properly (for he knew the savages frequently concealed themselves, and pounced upon the unwary in their sleep) would require a whole day, and it was now past noon. He looked at the Bounty as she stood off shore, and could not but picture to himself how hopeless was his situation, if the crew left on board were, in their wavering mood, to bear up, and leave him on this apparently desolate island. He was roused from his reverie by M'Koy, who remarked it was no use looking at the ship; he had seen plenty of her, and never wished to see her again, excepting to get his traps out.

The whole party now prepared to move inland. The boat was hauled up, for the surf reached the shore, and some damage must have been done to her had she been left afloat. On each side of this little bay the land rose abruptly in pointed rocks, and on the summit of one of these, which looked secure from any attack inland, Brown was placed, armed with a musket and a cutlass; and, in the event of his seeing any human being, he was desired to fire.

With great caution Christian proceeded to examine the island, and he soon found that he had full reason to applaud his cautious resolutions. No sooner had they cleared the beach than they entered a thick wood, after passing through which they came to an open space, concealed entirely from the sea, yet not far distant from the shore. Here they found ample proof that the island had once been, if it was not now, inhabited. Foundations of houses were traced, charcoal lay in small quantities, whilst several stone axes, such as are used by the natives of the Sandwich Islands, were picked up by the Otaheitan, who declared they were satisfied that men were upon the island.

Whilst the fears of all were much excited, Christian turned his attention to mark the produce of the island. The tall cocoa-nut tree nodded its apparently overgrown head to the breeze; the stately palm, the most useful of all trees, grew abundantly, and afforded a pleasant shade from the heat of the sun. The plantain trees were numerous; and lastly, that which escaped Christian, but was soon observed by M'Koy, the tea-root shrub, magnified into trees, tempted them to linger near its branches. The sea-fowl seemed to skim near the surface, unacquainted with the form of man; neither were they scared by the shout, or the threatening menace of the arm; they flew over the island on which they had been accustomed to rest, and heeded not the intruders who had come amongst them.

Whilst doubting if the axes discovered by the Otaheitan might not be the work of nature rather than art, and endeavoring to account for the foundation of the houses, as if willing to cling to the belief that no one had ever resided on the island, Christian's eyes fell upon a carved board. This removed all doubt; it was evidently the work of a human creature, and the point of habitation was settled. They now struck further into the island, but not a soul, nor any record of the human race, was found. They shouted louder and louder, whilst the echo returned the sound

unchanged by any human response. They traversed the woods—they mounted the high rocks—they examined every part with the greatest attention, until the coming darkness shut the *Bounty* from their view; and after a supper eaten in security, the party were divided into watches, and the two-thirds retired to rest, having previously lit a large fire as a signal to the ship.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT break of day every eye was directed towards the sea, and great indeed was the joy manifested by all when the *Bounty* was seen standing in-shore under a press of canvass. The mind of Christian was made up. He had found an island on which the remainder of his days were to be past. All who had been with him during the search were satisfied with their future residence. There was not a murmur even from M'Koy, and with cheerful hearts and willing hands they descended to the beach, launched the boat, and steering steadily through the breakers, once more stood on the deck of the *Bounty*. All hands crowded aft to hear the intelligence; and the women, who saw their own countrymen pleased with the island, forgot, for a moment, home, friends, and relations, and joined in the cheer of the seamen.

"Everything," said Christian to Adams, "is encouraging. In the first place, it is extremely difficult of access; nature has tossed up a barrier in the rocks which few will ever surmount. On shore everything is flattering; the soil is good, fruits abundant, with a profusion of wood and a plentiful supply of water. The mountains would afford us a retreat, where the passes are so narrow and so difficult, that our crew, even if we were discovered and obliged to fight, could maintain themselves against twenty times their force. We have, besides, these advantages, the great one of being able to see without being seen; and even if perseverance and numbers beat us from the mountain passes, there are caves so admirably formed, that no one could either discover or force them. On the northern side of the island I have remarked a small bay, and I think I can pilot the *Bounty* to an anchorage. It is far from safe, and therefore we must work the harder. Now, Adams, is the time for

exertion. Once on shore on this island, we may defend ourselves against any outward enemy; and the occupation which will be given, and the labor which will be required, will keep our riotous people employed, and consequently out of mischief. We have no time to lose; turn the hands up—bring ship to an anchor—see the cables ready—for in two hours from this time we will place the ship either in security at anchor, or," he said, as he lowered his voice, "we will strand her on the rock."

The gloom which pervaded the whole crew two days ago was now dispelled. The answer to the call of bringing ship to an anchor was three hearty cheers. Sail was set, and Christian, who had well surveyed this anchorage from a jutting peak, and marked where the surf broke, conducted the *Bounty* in safety, and before two P.M. she was riding at her anchors in a place since named "*Bounty Bay*."

It was now no time to slumber in inactivity. The boat was manned—stores were landed—rafts were constructed; and by sunset a great part of the provisions had reached the shore. A cave, not far from the landing place, served as a magazine, in which the powder was safely deposited. The arms were likewise placed in a small nook at the entrance of the cave; whilst the raft bore to the beach the spare sails, spare yards, and topmast, in order to raise tents, should the wind suddenly rise and deprive them of their floating home.

In this day of labor no one was excused. The women were placed at the different hatchways, to pass up the lighter articles; the men expert at canoes were most useful on the raft, and all lent strong and willing hands. But the contents of a ship are not so easily landed by so weak a crew; and it was Adams's wish not to leave one article on board. In the pilgrimage of life which they still hoped to make, cut off as they were from every human being, dreading as they did the sight of a strange sail, and condemned, as they had condemned themselves, to positive seclusion, every nail was of immense value. There was not an article on board that ship which did not multiply its value a thousandfold; for all the knowledge of the different handicrafts was almost useless, since they had no materials or tools beyond what the stores of the ship supplied. Some of the crew, when they saw the immense mass of things landed, declared there was enough, and proposed leaving the ship and residing on shore. To keep these men a little

more employed as the duty became lighter, Adams, who was by far the clearest sighted man of the whole, proposed a spot of ground for the erection of a village; and he forthwith set some to work, in order to have a good retreat when the *Bounty* should be no more. The savages being adepts at constructing huts, soon followed the example, and began to build. The ground chosen for this village was concealed entirely from the sea, and was a safe asylum from the prying eyes of those who might be sent in quest of the *Bounty*.

A week soon wore away, during which time the ship was dismantled, and almost everything taken out of her. It was on the 22d of January, 1790, nearly nine months since the first outbreak of the mutiny, that the whole of the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island were seated in a circle on the ground, in front of the village they had erected. They had not been more than eight days in possession of the soil, and the hull of the *Bounty* still rode at her anchors. This meeting was especially desired by Christian, and it was eagerly attended by all, because they now expected to hear of their future conduct—to be released from all authority—to be independent of all command.

"My lads," said Christian, "Adams and myself have been anxious to speak to you on a subject which requires your gravest attention, and which is to be discussed not in any light mood. We have all of us, my lads, being guilty of a great crime, and that I well know and feel; for from that moment I could never reconcile myself to myself. The English government will most assuredly use every means in their power to discover and to punish those who were guilty of the mutiny. To obviate the consequences which we have all entailed upon ourselves, we have sailed many miles to find an island on which the foot of man never trod. These foundations of habitations—these marais—these rude y-sculptured images, must convince you all that in this we have not been entirely successful; but we have found an island on which I think we may remain without fear of discovery. Before, however, I put the question to you which I intend to put, let me warn you of your situation. We are here condemned to live—condemned to die. From the moment of your decision, no tidings will ever reach us of our former friends and early companions. We must forget all our relations—we must relinquish every hope of endearment—we must be the founders of a new colony—we must live amongst ourselves. My lads, if you

can all reconcile yourselves to this, you are now to say so."

Here he was interrupted by loud cries of—"All, all!" "Here we'll stay!" "No going home!"

"Then, if it is your determination, we had better destroy the ship, for otherwise she might betray us. This is the question I am resolved to put, and to abide by your decision. But remember well, before you speak, that the *Bounty* once destroyed, you have no means of escape under any circumstances; that her destruction fixes you for life and for death on this island; and in all probability, with no other companions than those around you, and of the children which may be born of them."

Here Christian ceased, and no one seemed willing to speak. The truth flashed across them. Whilst sailing about, a thousand circumstances might have occurred to change their fortunes and their destinies; but here, upon Pitcairn's Island, armed against the whole human race, strangers to the world, and fearful of each other, they were to linger out life—to toil for a doubtful sustenance—to fall back into savage life, by associating only with savages—to become in time nearly, if not entirely, naked.

There was a silence for more than two minutes. No one spoke; each feared that his opinion might bias his companions, and that thus the onus would rest upon the impatient speaker. Christian looked at all, but no one spoke. He then continued:

"At sunset this day I remain no longer your captain. I free you from all restraint. How requisite it might be to have even on shore one above the rest, to whom you can refer to settle disputes, you are to determine; for where all are equal, quarrels more generally arise, and are with greater difficulty arranged. Remember, my lads, our lives depend upon your decision now. The ship once destroyed, we are prisoners for ever; and if she remains, discovery is almost certain. Besides which, some might be tempted to put to sea in search of other lands, and in so doing betray the whole. I should not have steered for this island, had I not been certain that those left at Otaheite would mention our retreat had they known our destination. Come—who speaks first? Something must be decided upon, and I am unwilling to be responsible."

"Since, Mr. Christian," Adams began, "you do not like the responsibility, I am not one who will shrink from his share. I was born on board a ship, and from that

day to this have served on board a ship. I loved the navy until I made the false step which has occasioned our now being assembled here. All that can be said on the subject may be said in a minute. We are already condemned criminals—would you return home to swing from the foreyard-arm? or will you take the chance of existence here? I am one who cannot bear disgrace. I would rather live here than die there, and therefore I give my vote—that the ship shall be run ashore and broken up.”

“I,” said M’Koy, “think the better way would be to burn her, and then we shall have no plank or spar, with Bounty on it, to tell us we once had a ship.”

“I’m for that,” said Quintal.

“I would rather keep her afloat,” said Young. “The savages have been here before, and may come again. Then, in the event of their being more numerous than ourselves, we cannot escape.”

“We had better destroy her,” said Brown; “and either way would answer the purpose; but I think, if we had her to break up, we should have more planks to make our houses habitable.”

The rest gave no opinion—hands were held up in favor of her destruction, but none, except Young’s, for her preservation.

“Let us do it at once,” said Christian. “It is getting on towards night, and before we are ready to run her on shore it will be quite dark; so for my last order, before I strike my pendant for ever—All hands on board.”

Christian had resolved to run her on shore; but Quintal, who was by far the worst of all the mutineers, and who sided with M’Koy, resolved to have his own way. He embarked on board the Bounty, and rushing down below, remained concealed for some time. The water being smooth, Christian saw no difficulty in guiding the hull, by means of the boat, to the narrow beach on which they had landed; but whilst giving orders to cut the cable, he saw smoke arising from the fore hatchway, which gradually increased, and soon confirmed the suspicion he had entertained, that Quintal had set fire to her forward. It was then that even Christian was anxious to save her. Indeed he had expressed a wish to Adams that the men might feel inclined to keep the Bounty for a month or two longer. He now called to his men to extinguish the flames; but no one heeded him. His pendant was in reality struck. M’Koy and Mills had set fire to her abaft, and nearly at the same moment the smoke broke through all the hatch-

ways—a rush was made into the boat. Quintal, M’Koy, and Mills were called up from below, where they had remained to insure the destruction of the ship—and when the boat shoved off to regain the shore, the flames were bursting through the port holes.

No sooner had they reached the beach than they all ran and seated themselves on the rocky points, watching the ruin they had occasioned. It was then too late to regret the hasty step of Quintal and M’Koy. It was quite in vain that each man gave vent to his sorrow, not only in words, but actually in tears. Then, too, it was that they earnestly regretted the cruelty they had practised towards Bligh, and condemned themselves in bitter terms. The night had set in—the flickering flame rose up, and cast a red light over the countenances of those who had destroyed her; each burst of fire, as the ship became more and more the victim of the flames, was followed by deep sighs. They were now imprisoned by their own hands; if destruction followed the loss of the ship, they alone had occasioned it. In vain one would now relate the anecdote which recurred to his memory, of times passed with friends at Portsmouth, or hurry over the last affectionate embrace of a sister or a wife. The flames increased; the bulwarks were on fire; and the guns, which had not been removed on shore, and which were loaded, went off from the surrounding heat, and, with a sound which before had never disturbed the atmosphere of that island, confirmed the destruction of the ship. Still the flame, the devouring flame, appeared at intervals to revive; and as Christian looked around, by this light, on the faces of those near him, he saw that out of that crew, who had forfeited their lives by the mutiny they had committed, and who were ready to increase the catalogue of their misdeeds, there yet remained some of the finest of human feelings, which are best attested by the unchecked tear. He himself could not cry; his eyes burned, but no moisture came to cool them. He grasped Adams’s hand, and in a hurried tone, like one awakened from a dream to a dreadful reality, he said, “What have we done, Adams? What can we do now?”

Adams held his hand with a tight pressure. At that moment the early days of happiness were before him; the last counsel of his friend was goading in his conscience; he saw, as a vision, the triumph, when he saved a human being from destruction—all the kindness which had

been showered upon him—the confirmation of the past, and the promises of the future—all came before him. He who could have commanded sufficient interest to have placed himself above want, and in his own dear native country, now looked around and saw the island—without house, without home—an alien, a felon, doomed to linger out his miserable days amongst men he either hated, feared or despised. Christian felt the convulsive grasp, as the tears started again from the eyes of Adams, and with those eyes fixed upon Christian, he said, "Our miseries are but begun; we have no secure shelter from the wind or the rain; we are houseless vagabonds and murderers. O that I could recall but one year of my life, and, Mr. Christian, I should not be in the miserable situation I have placed myself."

"What can we do, Adams?" asked Christian, with impetuosity.

"Nothing," was the answer; "we must now begin, like our first father, after he had committed a sin, to dig the ground, to get bread by the sweat of our brow—to toil and to slave. With me that is no great hardship. I have lately thought much of my faults, and I have felt a calmness which contributes much to my ease. But I cannot look at that burning ship, the last monument of our sins, without feeling that the flame which is never quenched may yet destroy us. I cannot forget the scenes of my youth—the happy days when every thing smiled around me—and fix my eyes on that burning mass of wood which has carried us in safety over thousands of miles, and not feel the loneliness, the desolation, which is around me. Who, Mr. Christian, is to straighten our limbs when we die? who is to close our eyes? to nurse us in sickness—to carry us to our graves in death? Strangers, savages—persons stolen from their homes, who must hate us living, and despise us dead. I see no consolation on earth; and I fear almost to seek it where it alone can be found."

"We've done it, M'Koy," said Quintal. "There she burns; and now here we may remain and make toddy. But I'm blessed if I like it altogether; for if we were all of one mind to be off home again, we could only do it by swimming."

"Home!" said M'Koy, "where is that?"

"Here," said Mills, as he cried aloud; "here, and nowhere else; we have no home but this island. Our ship, our former home, is destroyed."

"I'm sorry I did it," said Quintal; "for

we have been too quick. Mr. Christian wanted to preserve her a little longer; and now I would give a guinea for every five minutes she would yet remain above water. You had a child, Mills, in England, and a wife; what will become of them now?"

"I wanted but that expressed," replied the rough fellow, "to make me know myself the heartless vagabond I am. Ay, when we parted, and she told me of the long, long distance which would separate us—my poor little girl, only five years old, clung round my neck, and made me promise to return. Yes; well indeed can I see that little darling creature in her bed, her cheeks red with health—her little eyes closed—whilst a smile upon her lips showed how innocent, how pleasant, were her dreams! I see them now, as with my wife we stole on tiptoe and kissed her again and again; ay, and knelt down and prayed for her, before I tore myself away from both; and both I shall never see again."

"Let's go to our wives," said M'Koy, as he passed his sleeve across his eyes; "it's no use staying here, and looking at that which we have done."

"I would not go away," said Mills, "whilst one spark remains to show me that a part of the Bounty yet lives, for all I shall ever have. See there, the cable has parted, and the light breeze has blown her broadside on to the rocks. She is almost down to the waters' edge, and yet she floats. O God! that I could once more see her float to England, and restore me to my wife and child, even if I were hanged the moment after I had kissed them."

"Bad work, indeed, is this," said Brown. "What shall we do now?—and yet I have no one to rebuke but myself. Why did I not stay at Otaheite, and there follow up my calling, and make myself useful? A curse upon the blistered tongue of him who voted for the month instead of the fortnight! We now should have been amongst our former companions; we should have had a hope of salvation, which now is gone forever. How she burns! In another half hour not one plank will remain; all gone, destroyed—and we left here—nine Christians to look at each other, and see ourselves wasting into the grave! How I could cry, if my tears would but extinguish those flames!"

"She drifts upon the rocks," said Christian to Adams; "and she will be totally destroyed. Of all the nights I have ever passed, none has been so painful to me as

this. Far better would it have been for me to have borne a little longer with the taunts and upbraidings of Bligh, and have sought a more honorable redress on my return home, than to have cut myself off from all I ever held dear. Adams," he continued, "speak to me; for I feel so lonesome and wretched, that I almost startle at my own voice. Where are the women?"

"They have all returned to the village—if the tent can be called the village. When they saw the ship on fire, they suddenly rushed away; and there, no doubt, the twelve women and the six Otaheitan are doing as we are, cursing the hour they ever saw the Bounty. They, too, are thinking of all their friends—of their houses, gardens, children, relations; and they have sense enough to know that here they must remain—not our equals, but our slaves. This night begins our miseries. They will distrust us—hate us; and when once they find our force weakened by death, or by separating to different parts of the island, they will be planning some scheme to turn us into slaves. What affection can we expect from people whom we decoyed on board as friends, and, whilst regaling them and pretending friendship, treacherously tore them away from the happy island where labor is unknown, and a universal quiet reigned?"

"Have you heard what any of the men have said?" asked Christian.

"I have. They all, like ourselves, regret what is done. There they sit still, with their eyes fixed upon the ship—not one of them seems to wish to return to his wife. Amongst that crew, Mr. Christian, there has not been one man who has not cried like a child."

"I wish to God, Adams, I *could* cry!—there, look—she is on the point of sinking; she has washed clear of the rocks. God of all mercy, look down upon us! She has sunk; and nothing is left—no, not a spar or plank—to show where the good ship went down."

Before Christian could deliver himself of this sentence, there was a simultaneous shriek or exclamation from every man; and when they turned their eyes from the spot, where the last record of their crime had existed, they looked at each other, but spoke not. Even when they rose to return to their wives, as if impelled by some irresistible feeling, they each shook hands one with another—a kind of tacit acknowledgment that for the future their mutual aid was requisite; and they estab-

lished on that spot a sort of promissory friendship.

Adams alone spoke, and that in an under tone to Christian. "It is done," he said; "thank God, it is over. Now it is useless looking back. We must look forward. Whilst she blazed, I felt every fresh burst of flame reproaching me. She is gone. Henceforward I will be an altered man. My wife is already a Christian. I will bring up my children in the way I should wish them to continue. Good night, Mr. Christian. We have no longer a ship, and we have no longer a captain; but I will not desert you, although you occasioned my crime and my repentance."

CHAPTER XXV.

It was on the 23d of January, 1790, that the Bounty was destroyed, and Christian and his gang of mutineers were left on Pitcairn's Island. Each, as he retreated to his home or tent after the conflagration, sought consolation from the woman he had deceived and enticed from her home. Amongst the whole crew none had been more devotedly attached to his wife than Adams. He was by far the greatest favorite of the whole crew. He was sober, steady, active—the first in all danger—the best to consult; and one who to his other good qualities added that of being able by his address to reconcile the differences of his shipmates.

When morning dawned, Adams was the first to pay his respects to Christian. The latter was soon upon the alert, and both sat down on the rock from which on the previous night they had watched the last of the Bounty.

"I am thinking, sir," said Adams, "that the sooner we give all hands something to do, the better; and with your leave I think I can strike out employment for them, for a few weeks, without their having more to do than they would like."

"Let us hear, Adams," said Christian; "for I have seen quite enough of them to know that if we do not employ them they will soon be in great mischief."

"First, then," resumed Adams, "I propose that each person should have a piece of ground allotted to him, on which his house is to stand—that a portion of the planks, the nails, the tools, be given to each, and that we set the example of building, and begin directly to insure a

place of retreat for each family. Having done this, the next plan would be to share out the island in equal proportions. We shall become like the rest of the world; the industrious will soon command the services of the idle, and those most regular in their habits will soon become the most comfortable."

"What do you propose," said Christian, "to do with the blacks?"

"That is a difficult question, which I would not hastily decide. Perhaps, sir, you could manage to strike out some plan for them."

"The only way, Adams, ever to keep them in proper obedience, is to make them slaves. We will arrange the plan of the buildings; apportion the is and; and we will then propose that the blacks shall assist the whites, and by degrees we can get them lower and lower, until finally they become our servants, not our companions."

"It goes against my heart sadly," said Adams. "We first live by their friendship—we then take their wives—we afterwards entice them on board, tear them from all their relations, and from their homes, and after making them contribute to work the ship, which was every hour forcing them further and further from their island, we land them here, and make them slaves."

"I own it is bad—very bad; but what are we to do?—men may be managed on board a ship, where they are under the eye of an officer, and ever near a shipmate, who are watched from morning to night; but here they may make meetings, and in the caverns plot against us. Besides, the women, with the exception of your wife, Adams, would all make common cause against us; and we know that under the smile of a savage, there is always a little concealed treachery. But come along—let us set the example of profitable labor. We will begin and work, and each man shall have a choice of situation. For my own part, Adams, I rather like the flat upon the top of that hill, which is so shaded from the sea that no ship could espy me; and the very narrow neck of land which unites the hill would render me secure against any attack. When men have done what we have done, Adams, they shrink from their own shadows."

The sun had now risen, and the remaining fugitives of the *Bounty's* crew assembled on the flat which had been selected for the village, and heard the proposition of Christian, that each should

begin to build himself a house, whilst for the present the tents must suffice for all. "We are all carpenters enough for this work," said Christian. "Fell any trees but that row which shuts us out from the sea—indeed that is the only precaution requisite. Not a roof must appear visible from the water; and every man must know how dangerously attractive a house would be to any passing vessel."

With an alacrity little expected by Christian, each man began in high spirits to erect his house. From the booms and spare spars of the *Bounty*, good, well-seasoned uprights were obtained, and before the sun went down the village might have been distinctly traced. The blacks were employed cutting wood, and these poor fellows were devoted friends to their greatest enemies; they never asked which was to belong to them, as they concluded that the house of their tayo was their own.

Adams never allowed the sun to go down without instilling into the mind of his wife the necessity of prayer. This woman, already a Christian—already instructed by Adams sufficiently to read a little, was the only one who comprehended the extent of the forlorn condition of her husband and her countrywomen; but she became resigned, with a cheerfulness of spirit which greatly tended to support Adams in the numerous scenes of difficulty he was about to undergo. When their prayers were over, they swore fidelity anew one to the other; and if kindness of manner, an easy mind, a patience to overcome difficulties, an even temper, and obliging disposition, could win the permanent affection of any woman, Adams was the most likely man to insure success. There was about his countenance the strongest benevolence. He was never hasty or passionate; he could overlook the trifles which annoyed others; and in his conversation there was always that sound sense which pointed out the possibility of happiness even in their distant retreat.

In the evening the island was fairly divided into nine different portions. Christian had the first choice, and Young, the midshipman, the next; the rest cast lots as to their turn for choosing their portions, and at the conclusion each appeared satisfied. During the whole of this occupation, interesting indeed to the whites, the blacks sat down by the side of their friends, and never murmured at the injustice. The will of the white man was law, and in their eyes at that moment,

justice. They never grumbled at the palpable wrong—they never asked for one small plot for all their wants, but they saw the island given away to their masters without a murmur.

Each man now felt himself the possessor of something; and thus, with the occupation necessary in clearing the ground and planting the seed, (plenty of which had been brought in the Bounty, and carefully preserved by William Brown, the botanist's assistant, who foresaw, after the mutiny of the Bounty, that the crew must live by their own exertions,) the first few weeks after the burning of the Bounty, all passed off quietly and well. But although no outward act of disorder was practised, yet jealousy and distrust were fast advancing. M'Koy and Quintal kept a little aloof from the rest, and both, being hot-headed fellows, now and then came on the very brink of a quarrel. The prudence of Christian and the even temper of Adams generally restored peace and quietness; but it was the quiet of the volcano before it burst forth.

Christian and Young, who were both of good origin, and who, previous to their embarkation, had been accustomed to all the charms of civilized life, felt inwardly the bitterness of their present situation. Cut off from all those pleasures which formerly cheered them after a day of exertion—deprived of all that intellectual conversation so justly called the vehicle of knowledge—many an hour, when darkness gave repose, was spent in repentance for an act which had rendered them forever outlaws. Still Christian concealed by his cheerfulness the altered and degraded feeling of his mind. He never allowed the slightest murmur or regret to escape him; but, on the contrary, he ever wore the countenance of satisfaction, and by his example incited his companions to labor. Naturally of a happy, ingenious disposition, he won the esteem and respect of all. Those most likely from idleness to despond caught new life from the encouragement of Christian, and thus the little colony thrived; for, whilst the leader was laborious, none had an excuse for idleness. The houses were soon finished. The wide-spreading palm-leaf made the thatch—the climate rendered careful enclosure unnecessary, and the different articles saved from the ship gave to the common seamen luxuries to which he had not been accustomed. The sails, which were used as tents, were, when the houses were finished, equally

apportioned to the whites, and became very useful for clothing; and thus every comfort being within their reach, and beyond their most sanguine expectation, two years passed away in peace and prosperity.

It was before mentioned that each white man had a wife, and about this time there was an increase to the colony. Amongst those who were blessed with a family, Williams the armorer was one. This man was, perhaps, the most useful of any on the island. All the tools of that calling had been saved; indeed almost every article on board had been landed previous to the conflagration; and consequently he was enabled to make nails, hinges, and supply a thousand little wants which the blacksmith alone can furnish. Besides this, he was of a contented disposition and lived happily with his wife. About six months after he had become a father, his wife perceived the child to be indisposed; and as she sat nursing the infant one evening with her husband by her side, she began to show signs of alarm and grief.

"What's the matter with you, Susan," said Williams, as he took her hand; and giving it a kiss, he continued, "Why, cheer up, girl; all children, until they get the length of a hand-saw, are sick. Why there's Mr. Christian's boy, which he named Thursday October, and a rum name it is too, was ill and likely to die; but they fed it on birds' eggs, and it weathered the storm, and is now as rosy and as flaming as a forge. Cheer up, my girl, and don't take the sickness to heart; a bird's egg might do it good."

"Poor little thing!" said Susan, patting its pale cheeks, "you are very ill; but if a bird's egg can save you, and there is one on the island, a mother's eye will soon discover it, and a mother's courage soon obtain it."

"Mind what you are about, Susan, and don't get looking over those cliffs, for one of these days there will be some accident, which will not be quite so comfortable."

"And if the accident was to happen, Williams, do you think after death we should be allowed to visit this happy island, and watch over our children? We Otaheitan girls always believe this, but you Christians tell us not to think of it."

"Why, my dear girl," said the rough-hearted fellow, "I do not know what to believe about it; but I think if a ghost was to come back, we should have our old captain dancing about these houses, and I make no doubt he would keep us

awake as long as possible. Now, as he never yet has hove in sight, I don't believe he has the power, or I'm blessed if he would not give us a parting hail. But don't let's bother about that of which we don't know anything, but let's go to bed, and to-morrow, please God, the boy will be better.

At daylight both were on the alert—Williams to cut some wood, and his wife to go in search of some eggs. The place where Williams was employed commanded a good view of the neighboring cliffs, which seemed to overhang the sea. "Well, thought Williams, 'that's a good girl of mine, and her heart's in the right place; I'll be home early to-night, and comfort her, poor soul!'" As he said this, he worked away at the tree he was about to fell, and struck the harder and the surer. He stopped to take breath, and turning his head toward the cliff, he saw his wife on the very summit. She looked, from the peculiar formation of the precipice, as if toppling over; and Williams, alive to the imminent danger, dropped his axe, and placing both hands together before his mouth, roared out her name. It was useless, for no voice could reach the distance. He beckoned to her to go back; and although every exertion was made, yet the distance was so great, and the low trees behind rendered it almost impossible that she could have seen him. He started and ran towards her, but stopped with breathless anxiety when he saw her gradually approach the precipice. There were a few shrubs which struck their roots into the rock beneath, and which grew exactly on the summit. Beneath them, about six or eight feet on the precipice, striking outwards from the perpendicular height, grew some more, but so very small to the distant eye as scarcely to be discernible. Williams stopped, and kept his eyes fixed upon his wife. Large drops of perspiration coursed down his cheeks, and he trembled from head to foot. His wife approached the very brink—he saw her kneel down, as if fearful to encounter the precipice, and he held his hands to heaven as if to thank God by actions, for he never spoke. Now he saw his wife leaning over, as if endeavoring to reach some object. He could but barely distinguish the hand which could not reach the shrubs below. She had evidently seen a bird's nest; the wants of her child overcame all danger, and she strained her short arm, almost toppling over the cliff. Still she could not succeed. She then retreated and stood up—

then backed on her knees to the precipice; she tried the different branches above, to see which was firmest rooted, and having fixed upon that most likely to support her weight, she clung to it with the grasp of one who feels the slightest relaxation evident death; and one foot was visible as it felt for a small jutting or point on which to rest; then came the other, and the woman rested in the most imminently perilous spot that imagination could picture. She had yet to loose her hold, to step down to the shrubs her feet barely touched, and (worse than all) to return. Williams could not speak—he was tongue-tied—no effort could force a word from his gasping throat. With eyes strained towards the object he so loved, he stood more like a statue than a man, saying that tears were fast falling down his face. She released her hold, and digging her nails into the soft cliff, some part of which had rolled down when her feet first touched it, and bending her face towards the cliff, got safe into the bushes, which safely held her. Here she succeeded in gaining the object of her search; but how to raise herself up became an obvious difficulty. With the speed of an anxious man, Williams immediately ran towards the spot, keeping at every turn of the winding path the point in view. He had already half ascended the hill—his eyes beheld his wife erect, her hands upon the cliff, struggling to pull herself above its surface. Again he stopped, and watched. He saw small pieces of the cliff gradually loosened and falling—he saw the desperate leap of his wife—the soft chalk gave way to the fresh impulse—the piece on which her body rested crumbled below her—he heard the wild shriek which announced her knowledge of the danger, and a moment afterwards the body rolled from the summit down to the shingles below. The mouldered cliff followed as if to bury the dead; for the spot on which she fell, and on which she died, a lacerated, mangled creature, was almost beyond the reach of even a sailor.

Williams gave a shriek which re-echoed his wife's last cry—he struggled to the treacherous summit which had refused to bear her weight, and there, not an inch beyond the ground which had given way, was the fatal bird's nest—the eggs untouched. He had himself advanced so close that he felt the giddy sensation which might have proved fatal to himself, and he turned away, sick with the sight of that place which rendered him a widower.

"Ay," said he, as he afterwards pointed

out the nest, which he never removed. "see what a woman's affection for her child can dare! It was to gain this nest, the eggs in which she saw, that she risked her life; and look, Jack," he continued, as he led Adams towards the precipice, "she dared to look over that steep point, and to trust herself beyond it. We may talk, Jack, of love and affection, and we may wind ourselves up to do deeds of desperation in the smoke and bustle of an action; but show me the person amongst us all, be he father or brother, who will even walk to the edge of that point without fear! But out of us all—and we, Jack, have done some deeds which startle us in darkness—we have risen against our captain—sent him adrift in a crazy boat—cursed him—hooted him,—I say, Jack, it must have taken some courage for a scaman to have done *that*, and yet what is it to that which my wife dared for her child? I am sick, Jack—very so, indeed—and I return to my child without her who used to nurse and suckle it. If we had been in the midst of many others, I could have borne it; but here in this island to be left for ever without a companion—it is hard to suffer, and harder to remedy the evil."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next day every one of the seamen made fruitless endeavors to descend the cliff, in order to inter the body. Death had come amongst them when least expected; and the superstitious dread which seamen ever entertain for the departed, was in no degree lessened by the certainty that the corpse remained unburied; add to this the general good understanding which at that time existed between them, and which prompted them, as far as was in their power, to alleviate the woe, or compassionate the sufferings, of their bereaved shipmate.

All hands severely felt the misfortune, and none more so than the Otaheitan. They sat down in one group, men and women, with their chins resting on their knees, and their hands clasped round their legs. It was silent grief, for none spoke, although all sighed and groaned. One of the small number had gone, and in an occupation which was very general. The unburied remains attracted the sea-birds, which hovered on the coast; and the place, so well guarded by land and sea that no

human being could reach it, seemed now, from the flight of birds, and the noise of the gulls as they rose from or approached the unexpected repast, sounded ominously in the ears of the islanders.

This accident produced a religious feeling amongst the English, and on the Sunday following Christian read prayers in his house to all on the island. Some thought, such as Quintal and M'Koy, that the ghost which they feared would by these prayers be quieted; but others, such as Adams and Young, felt a conviction that such services would best prepare them against afflictions not far distant and inevitable. At this meeting, the first and last which occurred for some time, there seemed a gloomy despondency over all. Christian, having read the service of the church, interrupted the intended departure of some, by warning them that they had yet another service to perform. He explained to the Otaheitan that the prayers, now about to be offered, were for the soul of their departed sister, and he requested them to join in the procession, which he led himself, and which proceeded to the nearest spot they could reach where the unfortunate remains still attracted the birds.

"You have your customs," he said, "but these are now to be laid aside. You will find ours more consonant with reason. We pray that the great God, in whom we all believe, may pardon the sins and receive the soul of your countrywoman."

Each man nodded assent, and the whole inhabitants of the island slowly wended their way to the appointed spot. Here Christian, who was much overcome by his feelings, requested Young to read the service, and he himself knelt down, and covered his face with his hands.

Adams and his wife stood together. She had long since been converted, and could read well; and the first response to the prayers from the Otaheitan came from the mouth of this woman; and such was the impression of awe at the ceremony, that at its conclusion, when Young shut the book and knelt down, every one imitated the example, and one and all cried aloud—"The peace of God be with her for ever!"

On the return to the village, Adams's wife was the first to render assistance to Williams and his child; nor were the other Otaheitan slow to imitate so excellent an example. Every kindness which could be lavished upon him was lavished, and the unfortunate man found some relief in the generous efforts of his neighbors.

"I tell you, sir," said Adams, as he walked slowly towards the house of Christian, "that we must now prepare for misfortunes. They never come alone, and you and I have seen enough of life to know that those who are most in need are the most trampled upon. This unfortunate death will be the cause of great disquietude, and we must be ready to act in concert, should any murmurs be heard from the Otaheitan."s.

"I can see no danger, Adams," replied Christian. "The blacks know the circumstances attending this accident—they cannot believe Williams pushed her over the cliff—and the respect we have shown her is the best proof of our sharing their affliction. What do you apprehend?"

"My wife, sir, who you know is one of us, not of them, has mentioned that the blacks have already murmured loudly against us all for bringing them here. They now think that they, like her, may be left on this island to be eaten by the birds when dead, and deprived, whilst living, of any prospect of return to Otaheite. They never thought but a return was probable until now; and they have already expressed their wish to seize the boat and trust themselves to the sea, rather than perish here."

"That is bad, Adams, and we must still this feeling. But how?—that is the difficulty. Reasoning with savages is sometimes the way to raise the storm you wish to quiet. But one thing is certain, that if they seize the boat and put to sea they will inevitably be drowned, whilst we could survive their loss, as long as the women remain. The soil here has well repaid our first exertions. We have on this island every vegetable almost which grows in England—we are in no want of pigs or other animals, and as far as food is concerned, here we may hold on until it is our turn to be buried."

"Ay, sir, that is true; but we have overlooked the greatest calamity; the women are more intent on going than the men."

"Then, Adams, your wife is the best person to reason them into remaining. Set her about it—instruct her to lay great stress upon the impossibility of their finding Otaheite, and likewise that the boat would not contain one-fourth of the water or provisions they require. Perhaps, after a day or two, they may forget the poor creature; for it is wonderful, Adams, how employment tends to lighten any load; however severe. If they get idle, they will get clamorous. We must

keep them employed, as much apart as possible one from the other, and we must encourage some dancing, or tell them some anecdotes of an evening. Rely upon it, that if they once get over this, they will remain contented."

"I'll do my best, sir, rely upon it, and so will my wife, to keep all quiet, for we are quite in their power; they are more numerous and more active—they have acquired the use of fire-arms, and have them always within their reach. Depend upon it, sir, we are setting on a volcano, and hardly know how soon we may be blown into the air."

Adams soon made his wife acquainted with the part she was to play, and no one in the island imagined herself of more importance than did Polly Adams. She was a woman of strong natural talent; she could easily perceive that any disorder on the part of her countrymen would be attended with fatal consequences, and she took care to impress this on the willing and unwilling. The result was, that in a short time, as Christian had foreseen, all murmuring had ceased, and the island was quiet.

When Saturday night came, Christian persuaded all hands to join in some game. It was afterwards turned into a dance, one of the Otaheitan, named Timoa, playing the flute, whilst another shook some stones in a calabash. To this exertion a general lassitude succeeded, of which Adams availed himself by inviting the rest to sit in a circle, saying that he would spin them a yarn which they all would understand. To this they assented, with the exception of Williams, who sat apart, apparently in great grief, and who had been throughout the evening an indifferent spectator of the amusements. The long residence of the Otaheitan amongst the English had rendered the language quite familiar to them, and Adams having told Christian of his intentions, proceeded to relate the following fanciful story, the object of which will be easily perceived.

"It's many a year ago now, my friends," began Adams, principally addressing the Otaheitan, "that our country, England, became acquainted with another country, much larger than ours, called Africa. The inhabitants of the first one, you know, are whites, and those of the latter were as black as coal. Our countrymen were always well dressed, the Africans were as naked as the day they were born: we had every advantage on our side but one, and that one was the possession of certain

rivers, where gold-dust was found in the sand. Of course, to get at this, which the English so much wanted, a trade was established. Now all the people of the lower orders who worked in Africa were slaves. They believed in a foolish thing called Mumbo Jumbo, and whenever they went out on a journey, they hung a piece of rag upon a certain tree, in order that they might have good luck. Whenever a war took place between the rival nations, all the prisoners were made slaves; and if provisions fell short, it was the usual custom to murder the people, rather than give them a chance of escape. In short, they led the most wretched of all lives. They were ignorant of everything excepting the necessity of labor. They were oftentimes beaten for amusement, and not unfrequently murdered in a momentary fit of passion. The English nation became possessed of some islands called the West India Islands; and here the heat of the sun was so great, that no white man could work, and they turned their attention to those unfortunate beings, who were goaded and driven like beasts of the fields in Africa. The masters of these poor creatures were willing to sell their prisoners, and the English bought them. They carried them across the great sea—they settled them on islands of nearly the same climate as the land they had left—they taught them how to till the ground, and reap the produce—they made them Christians, gave them clothes and provisions, and asked from them in return merely a little labor in the fields. At first some felt a little remorse at leaving their own country, where they had hardly remembered all the toils and hardships they had undergone, but could not forget their parents and their native soil. By degrees they grew accustomed to the life of the Englishmen. They found themselves possessed of snug cottages, lands, and cocoa-nut trees. They married and had children—they grew populous and happy; and now there is not one man on the island, if he had permission to return to Africa, who would return, but would consider it a punishment, second only to death, to be removed from the islands. Now, my friends," said Adams, "it appears to me we are all much better off than the Africans. We have our wives and our children—we live happily together—you do no more work than we do—and in time we, who have taught you how to cultivate the ground, will leave it to your children and our children. All the difficulties of life are over—here we

can rest, all being nearly on an equality; and each year renders our labor less. I have spun you this yarn because I have seen how dejected you were at the loss of Betsy Williams, and how much you wished to return to Otaheite. If you did return, you would be miserable. You have been taught to employ your time profitably, and if you returned to idleness you would become unhappy. Come, cheer up—we must all die one day, and the respect we have shown to your poor countrywoman is the best proof of our attachment to you all."

Plain as the anecdote was, it had the desired effect upon all who listened; and they felt convinced, from the kind manner of Adams, that they might make a happiness which was rarely to be found. Some got up cheerfully and kissed the sailors—others took to dancing—and the evening promised to have closed over the week's labors in joy and hilarity, when an unexpected declaration was made by Williams, which ultimately led to fatal consequences. He was the armorer to the *Bounty*, and the most useful man on the island. Without him, the houses, which were now complete and commodious, could scarcely have been reared; besides which, before the accident already alluded to, he was of a kind disposition, and ready to serve his messmates to the best of his power. But affliction had soured him, and solitude had rendered him reckless. He had listened to Adams's tale of the African slaves, and had occasionally manifested some interest in its recital; but when Adams closed it by remarking that happiness was to be made on Pitcairn's Island, he started up like a maniac.

"How," he began, "can I ever be happy? how am I to linger through life without a companion, or grog to get drunk? If I could drink until I forgot myself, I might be happy. But what do I see around me? I see my old shipmates all with their wives, who, when the day's work is over, retire to their cottages, and I hear the voice of merriment shouting loudly in my ears, whilst I retire to my own home, and creep to my lonely bed, without a hand to assist me, or without a voice to join me in my prayers. I tell you, Adams, I would rather die than remain as I am; and as I live, I will either have one of the slave's wives, or I'll cast myself adrift in the boat, and trust to God to land me upon another island."

On hearing this fearful threat, the blacks all crowded together. They began to

chatter with a rapidity which defied the slender knowledge of the seamen; whilst their clenched hands and curled lips were indicative of a revenge premeditated—predetermined. Adams instantly took Williams aside, and implored him to go to bed, and leave the further discussion until the morning. "One night more," Adams said, "can easily be borne, and to-morrow we can see how far this matter can be managed."

"Can be!" ejaculated Williams—"I tell you it shall be, by God!"

"Don't swear, Williams," said Adams, interrupting him. "God's vengeance will fall sufficiently heavy upon us without our adding to our sins. Trust to us—whatever Mr. Christian and Young think best, had better be done; for you are too much excited just now to speak about it. Go home, and go to bed."

"Home, indeed!" said Williams, his eyes flashing fire and fury. "Home!—do you call it a home where a man creeps in at his door, and no human being welcomes him? Is it a home, where a poor forlorn creature lays down to rest his legs, not his mind?—where the night wind howls about the house? and where, if sickness overtook the tenant, he might die ere his voice could summon assistance? Why, my child is even taken from me, and I have not even its little voice to cheer me. I tell you, Adams, you, nor any one else can imagine all the loneliness of my situation, without they have experienced it. Give us your hand, Adams—you're a good soul, and have ever tried to keep us together and contented since we did wrong—so I'll follow your advice, and try to keep quiet until to-morrow."

Christian had not been slow to observe the manner of the blacks; but he knew that a trifle would render them earnest in their manner, whilst a kind word restored them to friendship. He now sat down amongst them, and in spite of some reluctance on their part, soon won them over to cheerfulness. He told them not to heed the mad words of Williams, and plainly pointed out to them that this arose from his excessive love for his wife, who by her kind manner had won upon him, as they all had done upon their husbands, who, if they survived the loss of their women, would be equally dejected, and difficult to be solaced; and as he took the hand of Mainmast, (for so he had ever called his wife,) he continued—"I call her Mainmast because she principally serves to conduct me. I look upon her

as my best stay—my best support—and if I lost her I should be ill at ease in spite of the growing forwardness of Thursday October," (this being the name by which he designated his eldest son, he having been born on the first Thursday in the month of October.)

However sulky the blacks remained, it was evident the women were quite appeased; and in spite of the looks of their husbands or brothers, they again began to dance, and the evening closed in without any further circumstance calculated to disturb their conviviality.

No sooner had the blacks retired to rest, than Young, Christian, and Adams met together. They saw and knew the difficulty in which they were placed. If Williams volunteered to guide the blacks in the boat, one and all would have gone, with the exception of Adams's and Christian's wives. Young was a general favorite of all the women but his wife, whom he had much neglected in paying his addresses to the others; and there was no doubt but that she would have been one of the first to have led the way, and to have prompted the rest to trust the guidance of Williams. Anything was considered better than such a risk, and the three argued and argued the case over and over again; and being quite unable to come to any very satisfactory conclusion, they sent for Quintal, as being one of the best at any desperate measure, and who was known to have said that he had often heard tell of happiness, but that he never knew what it was until he got ashore on Pitcairn's Island; and that if they could but grow tobacco, and make grog, he would rather live where he was than be Admiral of the fleet, with his flag flying at Spithead.

Christian told him in a few words why he had sent for him; and when the rough vagabond was seated, and had made himself comfortable, out he spoke. "I see you are all expecting me to come the officer over you and give you advice—so here's my opinion, do you see—and there's no mistake. You don't want to lose Williams—no more do I—I'm blessed if we could do without him. Well, if you can't do without him, the next question to argufy is how to keep him. He says he'll stay if he gets another wife—give him one."

Here the whole council manifested some dismay.

"Don't be frightened," said Quintal; "I was not going to propose that any of us should give up our wives—no, I thank

you. But we have got plenty of women on the island; and as we have made the blacks our slaves, why it follows in course that we have a right to all they possess. Don't we feed them?—don't we keep them on our properties?—and have not we a right to their women?—sartainly we have—and if they don't like our taking one, why we will hang the husband, and then the pair will be disposed of. That's my advice. Let them niggers see that we are masters, and intend to be so. What did that old rascal, old Bligh, say?—somebody must be captain, and somebody must do the work. To be sure the old blade was right—we are the captains, and they do the work. There, that's my advice—don't stand asking this or that. Let Williams take his choice—choose his wife—and without any compliments, take her."

CHAPTER XXVII.

QUINTAL, when he had delivered himself of this feeling speech, took up his straw hat, and kicking out one leg as he made a bow, said, "Good night to you, gentlemen,—and one last word before I haul my colors down and part company. If you don't keep those niggers down, you will find they will soon be captains, and we the crew."

"There's a deal of good sense under that rough speech," said Christian; "and one consolation, which is, that he spoke the sentiments of McKoy; for they are never out of hearing of each other."

"And an immense deal of daring," said Young. "We have been too familiar with these people to make them pay us the respect we would inspire; and if the woman, whoever she may be, dislikes the change, depend upon it the niggers, as Quintal called them, will make common cause against us. What say you, Adams?"

"I never was so puzzled in my life, sir," said Jack. "But I suppose we must let Williams take a wife; for that is the lesser evil than allowing him to leave us."

"Then let it be so," said Christian; "but we may delay the evil by humoring him."

"He is past all words," replied Adams. "We may get rid of his complaint to-morrow, but on Monday he will begin again."

"Sufficient for the day be the evil thereof," remarked Christian, as the parties withdrew to their own dwellings.

A description has already been given of the island, the climate, the religion of Otaheite; but no particular mention has been made of the different persons who were decoyed on board the *Bounty*, and who were conveyed to Pitcairn's Island. Amongst these unfortunate wretches was a man named Talaloo, who had not long been married, and who was induced by the representations of Ohoo, his nephew, to visit the ship on the night when the cable was cut. It was to gratify the bursting curiosity of his wife that he consented to the expedition, and bitterly he was repaid for doing a kind action. Talaloo's pedigree is out of our reach. He was stout, well formed, and, for a savage, accomplished. He had, like the rest of his countrymen, an ardent wish to be reckoned amongst the warriors of the island—such constituting the aristocracy of the island. He had distinguished himself when very young; but as peace prevailed between his ages of sixteen and twenty-two, Talaloo fell into the general indolence which prevailed; and although the possessor of some hogs and fowls, he was reckoned by Menalee as a bad match for his sister, who was reckoned, although lowly born, one of the finest specimens of beauty in the whole island. She had been named Obarea, after the queen who reigned during the visit of Captains Wallis and Cook, and who was reputed, at the age of sixteen, to have been the most beautiful woman ever seen on the island.

The inactive and the indolent are ever in danger of falling victims of love. "The devil," says the Spanish proverb, "is for ever tempting the human race; but the idle and the frivolous tempt the devil:" far, however, be it from those who know the blessings of love, to call Cupid a devil. "Love," says Johnson, "has no power over any but those he finds unemployed;" and perhaps it was the indolence of Obarea which first allowed the figure of Talaloo to gain possession of her heart. Day after day, in the shade of the high trees, and fanned by the useful palm-leaf, would this beauty recline in solitude. To her the hum of her kindred was painful; she delighted more in the melody of birds, and was in all her ideas passionately romantic. The presents of the different suitors provided her with Indian broadcloth, and she was dressed in all the fantastic colors which vulgar taste generally desires. Many and many were

the offers made and as often rejected. She had pledged her hand to Talaloo, and in silence and solitude the passion was nurtured.

Her lover, brave by nature, and proud as almost poverty could be, was equally sincere in his attachment; and knowing the spot to which this beauty retired, would leave the little labor the island required, to throw himself at the feet of his mistress; and in security from the prying eyes of man, or even from the penetrating rays of the scorching sun, they vowed their vows of love.

This ardent love-making continued for six months. Perfectly ineffectual were the lectures of Menalee, who pointed out the benefits of a union with one of the most powerful men in the island, who enjoyed a situation near the person of the king, and who was the only man in Otaheite so far favored as to be allowed to brush the flies from his majesty's countenance during public audience.

The more people are lectured who are in love, the more resolute they become; and if the parties are already so blind that they cannot distinguish between a fly-flapper to a king, and a mere feeder and breeder of hogs and poultry, opposition will only make the business worse. Menalee fed the flame he was endeavoring to extinguish. Every time the name of Talaloo was mentioned, poor Obarea's heart beat wildly with excitement, and after listening with the patience which mildness of manner ever knows, the poor girl would say, "You have spoken much in favor of one—can you say anything against poor Talaloo?"

"Yes," Menalee would abruptly say, "you have said for me, he is poor—that is quite sufficient: for what do we labor one whole hour every day?—to become rich—to become powerful. You can make us so at a breath, and you deny it."

After this, Obarea invariably burst into tears, and Menalee as invariably kissed them dry. Love is much the same in all climates. We, who have seen the savage with his gloating eye, can well guess his feelings; nor does society with all its charms, thank God, alter that one beautiful sensation of the human heart. The cold inhabitant of Iceland, and the burning negro of Africa—the haughty, proud, imperious Spaniard, and the lowly-minded, calm, unruffled Otaheitan—all feel the same throb when the arrow has hit the mark; and all nations, whatsoever they worship, acknowledge this deity.

It was about a month before the second

arrival of the Bounty at Otaheite, that Talaloo sought the usual retreat of Obarea. She was not there. He murmured her name, lest an echo should repeat it. No answer came. He threw himself down upon the spot on which she frequently reclined, and gave vent to his feelings in words.

"She is not here," he began, "and I am wretched. She has listened to the persuasion of her brother, and I am undone. I now no longer care to live, since she who made that life desirable—who lit up within me the flame of hope—deserts, rejects me. But here will I remain—here shall the cold night wind blow upon my dead body—making that which was warm in love, cold and chilly in death."

Talaloo had got thus far in his positive resolution, when a bolt of ice ran hissing through his veins. His hand, which had been stretched carelessly out, was touched; he started up—it was Obarea, and the night winds might howl over the spot in vain.

"You have taken my place, Talaloo,—you have reclined on my couch."

"Come, share it with me," replied the ardent lover, "I cannot live without you; O cease to make me miserable!"

"You never shall know misery, if I can ward it off. This beauty, which has attracted half the warriors of the island, shall become his whose love I have heard whispered to these trees."

"Mine! mine!" said the enraptured savage, clasping her beautiful figure in his arms, and imprinting a warm and fervent kiss.

"Yours," she replied, "and no other's. From this moment I'm your wife, and as such return the kiss."

On that spot the lovers were married. They required no high priest to join their hands; the wilderness heard the vow—the trees were witness to the declaration. They required no ring to remind them of the nuptial. In the sight of the god they worshipped they had pledged themselves. The soft breeze had waited the vow to heaven; and that earthly paradise saw another pair, free from vice, united in love and affection.

"It is done," said Obarea, as she returned to Menalee, "I am Talaloo's wife; go, welcome him—the sun must not go down upon your displeasure; henceforth you are hisayo."

The Otaheitans are generally free and unguarded; boundless in generosity to each other; their tempers mild, gentle,

JACK ADAMS.

...ence: ...g re- ...voca- With this ...atural in ...beautiful ...ther-in-law ...sly slaugh- ...ed in their ...was devoted to ...the island. ...were sincerely ...Talaloo and ...island seemed ...even her suit- ...posed of, joined ...and sincerely con- ...man.

...after this event that ...ed on board of the ...to sea. Although ...bery, which was en- ...alee's desire that his ...novel sight of a ship, ...city of mind so pecu- ...siders, they bowed to the ...not control, and became ...the inhabitants of Pit- ...Every one regarded them ...every one liked them— ...the pets of all—for no one ...saren and not like her. But ...of the Bounty admired her, ...on was surpassed by her own ...They all regarded the beau- ...as the finest specimen of ...beauty; and her joyous coun- ...was lit up by the contentment of ...

...a fatal gift of nature attracted the ...Williams, who, independent of his ...situation, had felt a keen desire to ...this woman. The men and wo- ...had been proportioned out as the ...property of the different seamen, and from ...companions and friends, had been beaten ...down to slavery and to servitude. Since ...this had occurred, the Otaheitan had ...mostly lived together; and occasionally ...even their habitual good temper was ...soured by the recollection of the injuries ...they had received. But still they were ...happy; for their buoyancy of mind kept ...them up under all misfortunes. They ...worked for their masters, and in the even- ...ing danced or sung; and thus two years ...had passed away, during which time both ...cultivation and population had increased.

Monday came, and Williams, who had been kept quiet by Adams and his wife during the Sunday, again became clamorous. In vain Adams endeavored to dis-

suade him from the unfair request; for Quintal and M'Koy had promised to stand by him, and support him in his claims. All hands were summoned to the green in front of the village, and Christian addressed the men, strongly deprecating the step about to be taken, and warning them of what might happen if the blacks were further degraded.

"All gammon," said M'Koy; "what's the use of a nigger if you can't do as you like with him? Somebody else may lose his wife, and then, I suppose, he is to live in solitude. No; I'm for granting William's request. It appears to me to be reasonable and right, and I say give him his choice, and I'll lend a hand to put him in possession."

"And so will I," said Quintal; "for what the devil is the use of niggers if we can't have their wives?"

"It is a hard thing, indeed," said Adams, "to come to this resolution. Williams, by a misfortune, is deprived of his wife, and we force a poor fellow to give up his comfort to supply the place of another, and to see her he always liked torn from him to satisfy another. It is a hard case, I repeat; and rely upon it, sooner or later, the wrongs of these people will be visited upon us. My wife has told me that no one of the Otaheitan will give up his wife without a struggle; and if we once begin to quarrel, who shall say when friendship shall be restored?"

"I say, Father Adams," said Williams, "are you afraid of a nigger? Curse me if I would not thrash the whole six of the men before breakfast. It's no use talking any more about it—I'm determined to have a wife, and Quintal and M'Koy have agreed to support my just claims; so now settle the business like men, and the affair can be managed in a second."

All opposition was useless, it would only have led to a separation amongst the whole, or of the departure of Williams with the blacks. Christian, Young, and Adams, gave an unwilling consent; and Williams was called upon to name his victim.

"Why," said this fellow, "if I am to have one, I'm blessed if I take the oldest or the ugliest; and since you give me my choice, of course I'll take Obarea."

"As I foresaw," exclaimed Adams. "Now mark my words; the result of this will be bloodshed."

"O don't fear, old Croke," said Quintal. "If a black or two is killed, we shall have the fewer to manage; and when they find we are resolute, they will cease

to be obstrepulous. I know them well; for many a time I have seen one black made to whip a dozen others, just because it amused the planter's son to hear them squeak. I tell you they are just like the dogs they eat—the more you kick them the more tender they grow."

"Just so," said M'Koy; "it does them good—they may snarl a little, but they never will either show their teeth or bite—so come along, Williams, and let us hear what Talaloo says of his master for taking his wife off his hands."

The conversation which took place on the Saturday night had had a fearful effect upon the blacks. They knew that their lawless oppressors would not hesitate to carry their threat into execution; and although Adams's wife had told them that her husband, Christian, and Young, were against this violation of all right, yet the marked oppression which they had experienced prepared them for that which was about to happen. It was now their usual hour of dinner. The plantain and banana supplied an ample allowance, which, however, was made more palatable by the addition of a hog, which had been shot by Menalee, the most expert of all the blacks at the use of firearms. This hour of the day was generally one of repose for the whites, and of feasting for the blacks; nor was it unusual for some of the women to sing lively airs after the repast; and in this they were engaged when they were interrupted by the sudden appearance of their tyrant masters. Each instantly assumed a standing position; and the women, fearing their intrusion boded no good, clung close to their husbands. Obarea felt that her beauty was now her worst enemy. Williams glanced at all, but fixed on her; and Talaloo, who at once saw the purport of the visit, folded her in his arms.

"Come, my lad," said Williams, "uncoil yourself if you please, and let that woman loose—I'm going to make her my wife, and save you the trouble of working for her."

"Never, never!" said the poor distressed girl, as she clung closer to her husband. "You won't let him take me, Talaloo; and you, Menalee, my own brother, you will not let me be parted from my husband."

Both the men named were slaves. Whatever spirit might have existed in their free state, had been quelled. They did not dare to stand boldly forth, and tell their oppressors they defied them. Quintal had a gun in his hand, and seeing the sullen

looks of those who dared not to speak, he cocked it, the uncomfortable noise of which operated strongly upon the spiritless people who surrounded the victim.

"Come, none of this nonsense," said M'Koy, stepping forward. "You, Obarea, go to your new husband, and you, Talaloo, be off, and work in my potato patch."

"Save me! save me!" said the half-distracted girl, as she clung round her husband for protection. Save me, as you ought to do, even with your life."

"She is Talaloo's wife," said Menalee, with some little spirit, which, small as it was, gave a little life to the rest; "and who has a right to take her away and give her to another man?"

"I say, my lad," said Quintal, "you had better mind your own business, or I shall take the liberty of putting this ball through your body. Why, here's mutiny with a vengeance! you ought to be hung like a dog, for daring to speak in a disrespectful tone to any of your superior officers."

"I don't know," said Ohoo, another of the Otaheitans, "why you are to take that poor creature against her will, and force her to be the wife of another."

"Holloa, you black lawyer," said M'Koy, "what business have you to shove in your oar where there is no rowlock?—mind your own business. The island belongs to us, and you belong to us, and if we say you shall work all night and all day too, by the piper you shall do it. Damn it, don't we feed you, you ungrateful vagabonds? But it's always so—if you try to make a black man comfortable, he is sure to be mutinous; and now, because we are going to make that woman a white man's wife, I'm blessed if you don't kick up as much row as if we were going to make one of your dingy tribe marry her. Come, no more of this nonsense," he continued, as he advanced towards Obarea, accompanied by Williams, and in spite of the fierce clasp of her hands, which were entwined round her husband, she was torn by force from him; although she never relinquished her hold until that furious vagabond, M'Koy, had worked the sharp part of his knuckles against the back of her hand, and all further effort was useless.

Twice she endeavored to return to her husband, who sat down on the ground tearing his hair, and calling on the name of his wife, whilst a sudden shout of laughter, as Williams passed his arm round the waist of his badly-acquired prize, smothered

ered the sound of grief, and gave a fresh insult to the already degraded men, by whose efforts the whites were enabled to exist.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE cup of bitterness had been full to the brim before this last drop made it overflow. The natives now saw that injury only heralded injury—that their companions had resolved to trample them in the dust, and to make them not only slaves, but victims to ungoverned passion. Adams's wife, although so sincerely fond of her husband, could not on this emergency desert her countrywomen, and she was the only one of the white men's wives who was permitted at all to associate with them; and the reason of this compliment to her was her readiness to impart all communications to her husband.

No sooner had Obarea been forced away than each black looked at his fellows—there was a signal given, more by expression of countenance than by any audible sign—and instantly the whole party, men and women, and amongst them Betsy Adams, rose from their seats, and ran into the woods. Here a small open patch was selected, and on Menalee's seating himself all followed his example.

"This is a bitter day," he began; "and quite unworthy of being Otaheitans should we be, if we tamely submitted to the insult. It is an insult offered to all—for if any other woman should chance to die, we are sure of being deprived of our wives. But it shall last no longer. Look, my countrymen, at our position. We welcomed these strangers with open arms—we sheltered them in affliction, and when they left their ship the first time, attempting to desert, in our caves we concealed them—by our exertions we fed them—by our friendship protected them. They made us believe they loved us, and what followed? Look around us—we are here, slaves, bondmen, deprived of all share of the soil we are driven to cultivate—we are insulted, debased, reviled—although we are, or were, in our own blessed island, men incapable of revenge—men who loitered through the day without exertion, and who every evening made our friendships more binding. Yet now we can find courage to turn upon the oppressors, and as the vilest animals that crawl will offer

some resistance to an attack, so let us borrow the example even from a worm, and curb these cruel devils in their course."

The eyes of all were filled with animation as they heard these words. There appeared a resolute determination to do something; but what, seemed beyond their thoughts. Talaloo, the most injured, and one who in his youth had shared in scenes of blood, leaping up, said with great emphasis—

"All the whites joined in this—let all of them die."

Each man clapped his hands, whilst one or two, having collected some pieces of wood, beat them together, making a loud noise—this being the way that the signal for war is usually given.

"It is well said," ejaculated Menalee; "I am for the death of all—every one."

"And I," said Ohoo. "Is there any one against it?"

There was no answer; for in these meetings the women were never allowed to speak.

"We are all agreed—we are sure of success—these careless tyrants never keep together—the fire-arms are always within our reach; but if we cannot find them, we can sharpen the axes this evening—we can watch for each man as he works in his garden—we can rush upon him, kill him, and then leave his carcass for the birds to peck at. What say you, my countrymen? We must all be united—we must make common cause—there must be none to lip out a sentence of our determination—we must sharpen our weapons to-night, and to-morrow the island will be ours."

There was a general burst of acclamation. The whole plot was conceived in the above words. No signal was requisite beyond the sharpening of the axes. The night was to be spent in quiet repose, so as to lead the whites to believe that they were still the same passive, indolent and irresolute men they had ever shown themselves. The first dawn of day would bring them together, and as each white man came to his work, his death was inevitable. The whole plot occupied not more than a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which time they arose, and, apparently with resigned, if not with cheerful countenances, betook themselves to their usual occupations. Not so the women. When their husbands were gone, they sat still and chattered. Each at first was loud in the praise of the undertaking—Obarea's wrongs, and the prospects that they might themselves be forced from

their husbands, blinded them to all the consequences which might ensue. They saw only the death of their tyrants—they gloated in imagination over the mangled corpses of their foes, and they worked themselves up into a savage fury which bound them to assist the men, or perish with them.

There was one, however, in this noisy group who carefully looked at the danger and the consequences of so rash a step. This was the wife of Adams. She foresaw that if all the white men were murdered, there would be six women unprovided for; and with the quickness of her sex, she turned this to advantage in saving her husband. "It is a bad and a rash plan which our countrymen are pursuing," she began; "and it would be better to bear the insult than to revenge it in the way proposed. We shall have more women on the island than men—we shall have jealousy and envy let loose amongst us, and from the moment that our men begin to dip their hands in blood, who can tell where they will stop? Revenge is very gratifying to let loose, but very difficult to stop. I think we shall better consult our own comforts by frustrating this plan; for, independently of what I have already mentioned, how are we ever to get back to Otaheite?—who amongst us can direct the boat through the big waters?—who can measure the distance?—or who can understand that mysterious card which these white men use to point the way they are to go? If once we kill them all, here we must be content to die. No ship, you see, ever passes this island, and so fiercely does the great sea dash against its sides, that none would be tempted to land. With an eternal discord amongst us, and with a barrier against escape, we should continue to linger out our lives in wretchedness and in anger. Come—our feelings were too much excited at first; the injury was very great, but the consequences of revenge would be greater. Let us, without saying one word to our countrymen, tell the whites of the plan, and save them."

"No," said another, "that would bring the murder on our husbands; the white men would soon reduce them, to secure themselves. There must be no word breathed of this, or the blood of our husbands will be amongst us. We do not wish to deprive you, Betsy, of your husband; and we wish to secure our own."

"Well," replied Betsy, "that is generous, right, and just. Let us all agree not to say one word about it, but to convey a

hint which will place the white men on their guard. This I will do this evening, and so cautiously that no one shall be singled out as having planned the destruction."

After much conversation, in which it was more than once observed that they all spoke together, no one being a listener, it was agreed that Mrs. Adams was to take the case in hand, for she was a great favorite, and with one or two had already made great progress towards a conversion to Christianity. With these the commandment from God himself, "Thou shalt do no murder," had great force; for when she found they wavered as to the right of violating this in revenge or self-defence, she repeated, "Thou shalt do no murder," and the waverer became a convert.

"Let us be gay—let us dance and sing to-night—you shall all bear witness that I keep my word faithfully—our countrymen have resolved upon the same course, and thus our mirth will not appear forward or impertinent."

Christian, Adams and Young, shortly after they saw M'Koy and Quintal convey the prize into Williams's house, met as men of liberal feelings meet when an unjust action has been connived at. That they had been placed in a difficult position is true, and that they had tacitly consented to this violation of all right to save their own lives, is an undoubted fact. Had Williams, with his dingy crew of followers, reached Otaheite, the Pandora might have paid Pitcairn's Island a most unwelcome visit, and conducted Christian and his followers to the foreyard-arm. Although it was highly improbable that he could have succeeded in reaching Otaheite, yet there was that one chance, however high the odds might be against it; and men who have forfeited their lives, never run any risk which can by possibility be avoided.

"It will not end here," said Adams. "When blacks are surly they plot mischief, and they clap a smile on their faces when they are about to cut your throat. I have no faith in a dark man's face."

"Nor I," said Christian; "for you may watch them as close as you like, and you never see them change."

"And yet," said Young, "I have often seen them blush. These men are unlike African negroes: they have the hearts of the best Christians, with the countenances of darker beings. I doubt much if they have the courage to resist, or to revenge."

"And yet, Young," said Christian, "they have done many bold things in

their own island. Their warriors—and Talaloo was one—oftentimes, when infuriated with the juice of the ava, committed deeds which would have made us blush, and in their wars they have ever shown great courage."

"Still they are a meek and unoffending race," resumed Young—"always more ready to forgive than to revenge—with the good qualities of human nature far outbalancing the bad. They will take this a little to heart; but, with a little music and dancing, all their gloominess will disappear. See how quietly they sank down to be slaves; and once down, as Quintal said, it is easy to keep them so."

"I wish us well over it," said Adams. "We bore a good deal in the Bounty before we rose up against our officer; but having once been persuaded that we were injured, see how quickly we resented it; and what we did ourselves we may expect from others. My safeguard is in my wife. To-night after prayers I will fathom the mischief, if mischief there be; and if any danger is to be apprehended, we must keep together above all things, as a security, and forewarned is forearmed, they say. We must keep the fire-arms for the future from the Otaheitan. They use them now as well as we do; and Menalee could hit a hog on the trot, when we might blaze away a brilliant basket of cartridges without wounding the grunter."

"That is a hint worth attending to," said Christian. "At any rate, happen what may, we are alarmed, and therefore prepared. To-night, in front of the village, we will get up some amusement, and watch these gentlemen narrowly; until then good-bye."

Young and Adams again and again talked the matter over; Young felt convinced that all the women would favor him, and Adams felt assured that his wife would be his best and his nearest shield.

The day passed—the trifling labor which the willing soil required was done—the blacks from the different working places returned to their respective shelters, and, as was customary after the sun had set, all parties assembled on the open space in front of the village. Here stood the grindstone; for it was in common use, and almost every night and morning it was customary to sharpen the axes in order to fell the trees—this latter operation being requisite, not only to give more room for cultivation, but for the supply of fire-wood.

The hint of concealing the fire-arms had

been given to all the whites; and of the whole, the only one who disregarded it was M. Koy—a man above all fear of any sort or kind—who believed black men incapable of any courageous act, and who would have faced the devil himself by day-light.

The wary Otaheitan instantly perceived that they were no longer able to arm themselves as they had wished, and Ohoo, who was the most violent of that peaceable nation, was the first to give the signal, by grinding his axe. When he had done, another replaced him, and as each succeeded, they whispered "To-morrow." Wishing to gain more communication upon this subject, they all surrounded the stone, laughing and giggling, and volunteering to turn it one for the other. This necessarily employed much time, during which the women were seated in a circle, the white men standing behind them. They had been playing a kind of hunt the slipper, which Young had taught them, and which, from the lively manner in which the game was carried on afforded considerable amusement.

When Adams's wife perceived the men intent upon sharpening the axes, she volunteered a song, declaring she was too fatigued to follow up the game. The rest manifested the same disposition, and as Polly, as she was familiarly called, had never before warbled her song, every one seemed disposed to listen to her voice; for the Otaheitan have almost all a sweet intonation, and very correct ears for music. She prefaced her song by saying she had made it herself; and as she said this, she gave her husband a look to be attentive, which he perfectly understood, and approached nearer to her.

"Grind away, grind away, my countrymen dear,
And sharpen the axe for to-morrow,
And it used with the arm of revenge—never fear
But the white man shall feel it in sorrow."

Grind away, grind away—mind you sharpen the edge,
See the handle be strong and be new;
Remember our insults—remember our pledge,
And to-morrow our foes shall be few."

"That's all," she said as she rose; "is it not a pretty song, Jack?" and she whispered to him as she passed, "You will find it as true as any prophecy you have taught me."

Almost all the women looked at Young, their favorite. Mainmast, Christian's wife, who had not been let into the secret, laughed, and being a silly woman, kept repeating the last line, and pointed to the men who were still busy at the axes. Fools very often say most uncomfortable things, and when they tell the truth one is inclin-

ed to think that they are under the special protection of Providence, and are enriched by the gift of tongues.

Christian started up, and taking Adams by the hand, said, "What does this mean?"

"What the song says, sir—you may rely upon it—a deep plot has been laid—to-morrow at daylight we are to be murdered."

"They dare not do it," said Christian.

"There is no foe like a secret one," said Adams. "When men boldly affirm their wrongs, and stand forward as we did to resent them, the object at once is developed; but here the savages have laid their plan, and we know how capable and cunning they are in revenge. Their women have either overheard or participated in it, and our moments are numbered. I did think once, Mr. Christian, that time perhaps might have restored me to England—that when my face and features were altered by age, I might have built a boat and tried my skill at navigation, and have died a reformed man in England. But this now is over—here we must fight it out, and here we must lay our bones. Still there is one way to avoid it—to return Obarea to her husband, and endeavor to make the blacks contented by giving them for their own small pieces of land."

"That's all nonsense," said M'Koy, who had taken a little alarm at the song, and who, watching Adams and Christian in close conversation, had advanced cautiously behind them. "It's all nonsense, Adams; if you let these people see they can frighten you into any alteration, we may go to sleep as well cased as a ship's magazine, and they will get a knife through to cut our throats. I tell you the only way ever yet discovered to rule savages, was to thrash them on all occasions. Never allow them to say one word, and occasionally hang one to frighten the rest. I should like to see the whole six of them come to chop my head off. It's all nonsense, I tell you; Obarea will soon like Williams better than ever she did that log-headed booby Talaloo; for you know that black people always consider the whites as their betters, and look upon living with them as a greater honor than marrying their countrymen."

There was a certain knowledge of human nature in this rough speech, which came home to both Adams and Christian. They well knew that civilization elsewhere held savage life in degradation—that the whip and the torture had often been used to repress insubordination, and that conciliation, or the least retreating from a pur-

pose, however tyrannical and oppressive such might have been, was a tacit hint that it was fear, not regret, that occasioned the retraction. Again, there was much truth in regard to the honor in which the whites were held by the blacks; for there are few people well informed of the West Indies, but know that no mulatto woman would condescend to marry any one of a darker hue and shadow than herself, but would use all her fascinations to ensnare the love of one a shade lighter.

"Let us keep together," said Christian, "and put down this mutiny by force; for, in spite of the injustice which I feel we have committed, I feel also the necessity of maintaining our determination. To-morrow morning before daylight I will be on the alert, and I dare say very few of us will sleep after that time. We must be ready to assist each other, and one shot will be a signal no one can misunderstand."

It was now growing fast towards darkness—the Otaheitan had retired to rest, or to plot mischief, and Christian and his companions separated to seek their own houses. No one felt the horror of his situation more keenly than Adams. It was now, as he told his wife, that they were likely to find the arm of inferiority and insubordination raised against themselves; and having by these very means brought themselves into the precarious predicament in which they were now placed, he felt the necessity of enforcing obedience, although when Bligh had done the same thing, it had been stigmatized as tyranny and oppression.

His wife now, without any reserve told him the whole plot, and mentioned the manner in which the first signal was to be given. Ever active to avoid bloodshed, Adams repaired to Christian, and put him on his guard, and then returned to his usual prayers. He deplored in all sincerity the act he had committed—he saw before him years of crime, which the morrow would let loose—he knew sufficiently human nature to be well aware that discontent once engendered, is seldom perfectly eradicated, and, with heart humbled by adversity, he laid his head on his pillow, and prayed for the protection of Him whose laws he had set at defiance.

Before the first streak of day had given notice of the coming of the sun, Christian was out and standing near his garden. He was armed with a musket, which he had loaded only with powder, for he was duly impressed with Adams's remark, that if once blood was spilt, no man could stop its course. Adams was likewise standing

at his door, but was unarmed, and prepared to try the effect of words before he resorted to violence. Scarcely had Christian taken up a position which concealed him from the sight of the blacks, or from the place where they slept, when he saw Ohoo creeping along the ground with a stealthy pace, armed with an axe. The wary savage advanced close to Christian's door, as if to see if he had left his bed. He listened attentively, but hearing no noise, retired and concealed himself behind a tree. Christian immediately advanced—

"Here I stand, Ohoo," he began—"here I offer myself a fair mark for your axe. I know your intention—I know the object of this early visit—and now be prepared to meet the death you merit. You have persuaded your countrymen to rise against us—you have become their leader—and as such you are the man who shall fall first."

Ohoo, alarmed at the discovery, and not less so at the vicinity of his foe, armed with what is to the blacks the most dreadful of weapons—certain that he could not approach without facing the muzzle—at once lost all his resolution and courage, dropped his axe, and flew to the woods, whilst Christian, resolved to frighten him the more, discharged his gun, the noise of which added to the fright of Ohoo, who having, as he thought, escaped the shot, concealed himself in the wood.

CHAPTER XXIX.

No sooner was the report of Christian's gun heard, than Talaloo was seen creeping towards the wood, taking the same direction as Ohoo. The whites, on hearing the report, instantly assembled, and having Adams for a leader, rushed towards the remaining blacks, and secured them.

It is strange how cowardly a man becomes when in the commission of a crime. Ohoo, the leader, who had the night before instilled courage into the breast of the Otaheitans, had fled; and Talaloo, the man injured, and who had, in the bitterness of his agony, sworn to plunge the knife deep in the heart of Williams, had, like a cowardly cur, sneaked away without daring to return to those who might have been led on to the attack.

Finding themselves surrounded and surprised on the one hand, and deserted or betrayed on the other, they surrendered

at discretion; but whilst M'Koy flourished an axe he had taken from one of the revolvers, and swore he would chop off their heads like branches from a tree, Menalee, who was the nephew of Ohoo, prostrated himself before M'Koy, implored forgiveness, and added, that if pardon was extended to them, they would consent to murder their two leaders, who had forsaken them, and left them to the mercy of their masters.

"Are you not," said M'Koy, who, having got the foe down, was inclined to keep him there,—“are you not all, I ask, our slaves—our servants—our dogs?”

"Yes, yes," they all replied.

"Are you not an ungrateful set of curs, who would bite the master who has fed you?"

"Yes, sir, yes," said the poor craven creatures.

"Then listen to me. As slaves we might treat you now, and, for the cowardly determination to murder us, hang you all to the branches of the trees, to rot in the sea-breeze as you swung about as scarecrows. But we are above that—we never take the life of men who lie down as culprits to be beheaded. Mind the terms on which we forgive you—it is that you murder those who would have led you on to murder us. Away with you, and do it; for if you return without the scalp of one of them, by all that is holy and good, every mother's son of you shall die like the dogs you are. Away!"

As he said this, he moved his foot from of the neck of Menalee, and giving him a kick, dismissed him on his unholy occupation.

"This will turn out well," he continued; "do you, Williams, make the most of it. Laugh at Obarea concerning the valor of her former husband, who did not dare to stand forward in her defence. Move her pride—say he did not consider her worth the risk. Paint him as a coward—stamp him as ungrateful, and I would not give one biscuit out of a purser's storeroom for my knowledge of that sex, if before night she would not murder him herself. Above all things, speak of him as a poor craven, cringing, crawling mongrel. The comparison will be favorable to you, who for her rushed out to fight. One half hour's conversation, and she will be our best ally, and the worst enemy of her countrymen."

In all scenes of violence M'Koy was the foremost. Christian, who most sincerely repented the rash step which had humbled him to be the associate of men

far beneath him in birth and education, was fearful of any advance which might lead to discord. Young was becoming a serious man, and, although the favorite of the women, was for ever brooding over their forlorn situation—men self-banished from the world, and dreading even the sight of a vessel which might restore them to the companionship of their own countrymen. Adams, the wisest and steadiest of them all, was for ever insisting that kindness would make the Otaheitan friends: whilst Quintal and M'Koy both urged the rod of the master, to insure the obedience of the slave. The rest of the crew of the *Bounty* were led by every whisper. Men who all their lives had been taught to obey, and who could not command, they were inclined to follow the advice of Christian or Young; for they never could believe themselves equal to those who had been officers; but they now and then manifested rather a mutinous tendency, when M'Koy and Quintal thought proper to make them discontented.

In the mean time Menalee, with his other pardoned friends, went in pursuit of the fugitives. Impressed with the belief that M'Koy would put his threat in execution, and believing that the whites were all waiting with loaded muskets to despatch them, the four Otaheitans resolved upon the death of Ohoo in order to appease the wrath of their masters; and they proceeded with this murderous intent, with all the cunning and cowardice for which an Otaheitan is famed. As they advanced into the woods, they gave the long, low whistle which communicated to Ohoo and to Talaloo that their friends were near them. With caution was the signal answered. The low brushwood was heard to move, and the six Otaheitans stood together.

"Who betrayed us?" said Ohoo; "how could the white men know our intention, and provide against it?"

"Some of the women," replied Menalee, "must have done it. But come here, Ohoo, and let us sit down and grieve over our forlorn condition."

As friends in distress they herded together; they groaned over their misfortunes. They sat down close together, and not a word was said to startle or alarm the first fugitives.

"You watched all night," said Menalee to Ohoo: "come lie down; place your head in my lap, and you can sleep now in safety."

The unconscious savage, thanking his

nephew for the attention, stretched himself on the ground, and reclined his head.

"You had better, Talaloo," Menalee continued. "walk slowly towards the village, and give us word if the white men are on the alert."

The desire was executed, and Talaloo crept almost inaudibly in the direction indicated. The eyes of Ohoo were now closed—not in sleep; for the time was too short even for fatigue, when fanned by friendship and secure in confidence, to have found repose. Menalee looked at his companions, and Tenina drew from its concealment a common dinner-knife. The eye asked, and the eye was answered, that all was ready. Tetaheite and Nehow fell across the legs of Ohoo and held him fast, while Menalee, grasping his uncle's hair with his left hand, held back the head, straining it over his legs, as Tenina endeavored to cut his throat. In vain the poor wretch attempted to struggle—in vain his voice, in the agony of execution, gurgled out a cry for mercy; the blunt weapon was drawn across his throat, and the mangled neck streamed with blood. Still, however, the murder was unfinished; for the knife was not sufficiently sharp to cut through the opposition. The eyes of the poor sufferer almost started from their sockets—the tongue seemed extended to twice its length, as the torture continued; and pang after pang, and struggle after struggle succeeded, until Nehow took a marlingspike, which he had concealed for the murder of a white man, and dug the point deep into the breast of his countryman. One sudden convulsive motion, as if the body would have leapt upon its legs, followed the cruel blow, and Ohoo was a corpse.

Talaloo returned at the very moment the business was completed, and on being seen was greeted with a shout of exultation from Nehow, who held the rough weapon which streamed with blood, and shouted out, "And now for you!"

Talaloo, finding that the arms of both whites and blacks were extended against him, preferred trusting to the mercy of his masters, and flew to the village. He rushed to the house of Williams, who had already converted Obarea's former love to hatred. As yet, her heart was not sufficiently hardened against her husband to betray him to death. She concealed him, after having branded him with every opprobrious epithet she could command.

"Did I," she said, as she stung him to the heart by the reproach, "did I give up every warrior in our island to cling to

you, who so basely deserted me? Could I have ever credited that the man I selected, and to whom I clung with all the fervor of attachment, could have felt me torn from his arms, and not make one desperate effort to recover me? And now, when all our countrymen made common cause on our account, and stood ready to sacrifice their lives, what did you do, you worthless coward, but turn your back upon your friends, leaving them, unprepared, to be slaughtered? whilst you, for whom the sacrifice was to be made, sneaked away for concealment to the woods! If ever I loved you, know that now I loathe and abhor you. The white man who took me from you went out to risk his life for me; but you, too poor in spirit to fight for her who sacrificed all for you, crept, like a cringing culprit, to a covert. What will Menalee say? what ought I to do? There—stay in that corner; my husband, the white man, is too brave to strike such a trembling creature. The spirit of Talaloo is gone, and death will soon take the body.”

That Obarea now hated and despised him with all the hatred of a disappointed savage, was evident. She told Williams, on his return, that she had for the moment sheltered him, but that the sight of him was painful to her eyes. It was evident M’Koy’s words, repeated by Williams, had turned her love to disdain; and in the fervor of disgust she swore that the love she had sacrificed to Talaloo could only be obliterated by her hand destroying the cause. Williams looked at her with amazement. All the beauty of the woman was lost in anger of the savage, and she uttered her maledictions in a tone and with a rapidity that almost frightened the British seaman.

“D—n it,” said Williams, as he told the marvellous tale to M’Koy, “if I did not think she was going to murder him in the corner, and make soup of his black head. Don’t you think, if she swaps her love so easily, she might one of these fine nights cut my throat by mistake?”

“You have got as much as you can manage, my lad,” said M’Koy; “but follow my plan—a good tough stick does wonders and works miracles.”

Murder was now loose on the island; the peaceful people of Otaheite had been taught to shed blood, not the blood of their oppressors, but of their own countrymen. From that moment all the kind disposition which they had ever manifested was curdled. They now became sullen and morose. They worked, it is true,

as they were desired; but there was no joy in their countenances, no evening’s amusement to beguile the hours between labor and repose. If they considered Williams as the indirect cause, or if they felt more keenly the conduct of Obarea, who unhesitatingly rebuked them, it was kept well a secret; but they had by their own hands weakened their own party; and the white men had now not only a larger majority, but were much more cautious of their arms. It was evident that this murder had engendered mistrust. The seamen, who looked upon the Otaheitans as a kind of milk-and-water men, were alarmed at the boldness of the measure, and at the savage cunning which had been employed in the commital of the act.

The disposition to murder did not subside with the act. The life of Talaloo was declared forfeited; and M’Koy, whose tyrant disposition was ever on the alert, frequently would warn them of their promise, and his threat, in regard to Talaloo. “He was the occasion of all this,” he would say: “he first promised to lead you on, and then left you.” And when Quintal, astonished at this continual prompting in order to get the life of Talaloo, asked M’Koy why he did it, he was answered, that if one more black was destroyed, they might go to bed without fear of awaking in the morning and finding their throats cut. “Leave them alone,” he would continue; “they will do it, and we shall reap the benefit.”

Amongst the savages, no one felt more for the degradation of his countrymen than Menalee, and amongst them all there was none more headstrong and intemperate. Instead of venting his vengeance upon those who had purloined them and driven them into slavery, Menalee turned his hatred against Talaloo. This poor wretch, despised by his own countrymen, and buffeted by his masters, still kept secure in the house of Williams; and this did not exalt him in the esteem of Obarea; for what man of any spirit could live in the house of him who had been the cause of his dishonor?

There was no doubt but that his presence was hateful to Obarea: for however much her savage dignity might have been hurt by his behavior, yet there was the man, even before her eyes, who had shared her love—nay, was the father of her only child—the man whom she had called God to witness was her husband, and whom she had held in her arms and blessed. This hateful object was to be removed.

She sent for Menalee, and his feelings accorded but too well with her own.

"It is all owing to that fellow Talaloo," he began, "that we now suffer. Had he been true to you, and to us all, we should no longer have been slaves."

"And he lives," added Obarea, "in the house, fed by the man who has abused him. Do you think, Menalee," she added, as she put her hand upon his arm, "do you think he has the courage to die?"

"We can ask him," coolly replied Menalee, "and I can provide him the means. Some berries which grow near the cliff where our poor countrywoman fell would soon work into a poison; and perhaps it would be as well to give him that before we ask him the question, and then we might be indifferent about the answer."

Strange as it may appear, yet it is strictly true that this woman was so incensed against the poor wretch, that she agreed to give the poison; and her own brother gathered the berries. How and in what manner these savages compounded the draught is unknown; but after the lapse of a few days the villainous production was given; it failed—no cold shiver announced the presence of the drug—no parched, dried mouth caused suspicion: Talaloo ate of the dish in which the poison was mixed, and greedily devoured it all: but he lived through it, a trifling indisposition followed, and good health soon returned.

"He must not, he shall not live," said Obarea; "although whilst he lives I feel myself debased, I scarcely can bear his look, which now is humbled; I cannot continue to feed the imploring wretch, when as he takes poison from my hand he looks grateful, and as if he loved me. I could kill him if his back was turned. But though I detest him for his base surrender of me, yet his mild, meek, unoffending manner still makes me think of days past, when he was mine, and I was happy in his love. It is this which kills me, and I would live yet to wreak vengeance on the white man. Menalee, do you think the time may come when these white men may bow to us? Are you, too, so dead to common vengeance, that you cannot spur up your blood to a murder? O that I was a man, with the spirit I now feel, and this arm should free us all!"

Menalee, a little stirred by this appeal, which, like most women's arguments, comprehended half a score of circumstances, modestly replied that he could not exactly fathom the intention of Obarea, who, having begun by a wish to murder

Talaloo, ended in the desire to murder all the whites.

"I think," he continued, "that, as Quintal says, one at a time, they will last the longer."

The mild, meek, excellent Obarea, had become a fury—every vein of milk was turned to gall—she had no happiness left but in revenge—and her countenance and manner were dangerous in the extreme.

"I think," said Menalee, "we should better consult our own safety by first sounding the disposition of Poll Adams. If she is with us we are safe."

"Who cares for Poll Adams?" roared the excited fury, "she is a weak, vacillating creature. No—I have been wronged—we all have been injured; and if no arm is bared to resist the whites, I am the woman who will caress and stab them. But I must feel myself free—and Talaloo must die!"

Menalee shook his head in token of assent; but he was far from volunteering in such desperate service as sweeping the whites from the island. He was heartily sickened with the murder he had committed, and was as yet totally unfit and unnerved for any similar act.

"Have you, too, no spirit?" began Obarea, with a sneer. "Are you like that cringing, crawling cur, who dares not strike one blow to be free? What are we here?—the slaves of outcasts—men condemned by their own laws—miscreants who built houses in ravines lest the roofs should be seen—fellows afraid of themselves and of their neighbors; and who, if we were true to ourselves, would soon seek security from us. It is true they are more numerous; but the first blow would make us more than equal. Menalee," she continued, as she placed her hand upon him, "whisper this to our men—let them bear in their minds that one of our islanders has been murdered to save the rest, and that another must follow to save an Otaheitan woman. Henceforth let the tayo be the worst enemy—we have no friendship with such despots. In secret we must plot, and in secret we must act. Go tell all our countrymen that I—Obarea—their friend—will also be their leader. And tell them, my brother, that it requires but one effort to shake off this tyranny, and that the example will be given by a woman. Let them dream but of revenge—let them forget they are fathers, brothers, or friends; all ties, however sacred, must be abandoned; we have but one object—our freedom and the death of Talaloo."

"One at a time," replied the cautious

Menalee. "Your injury must be revenged—and I am willing to rid you of the man who is so hateful to you. But as to a general massacre of the whites, that is quite another affair. You see how badly our last plot succeeded, and how the evil has rolled back upon ourselves; besides which, however much I love you, my sister, I am in no ways inclined to place you above our sex. Upon one point we seem agreed—that is the death of Talaloo; how shall it be done?"

"You refuse me as a leader," said the spirited woman; "but you ask me how a life is to be taken. I will show you—dare you see it done?"

"I have seen one close enough within these few days; but even now I would not see another, did I not fear a greater injury from that devil M'Koy. Come, I am ready—but I marvel at your change of character."

"A woman," replied Obarea, "can love with a fervor of which your sex is incapable: she can therefore hate in an equal degree. I loved that man with all my soul—it was my pride to see his manly form walk amongst his companions; I gave him all I had to give—my heart; but that was his wholly, undivided. The time came when his attachment was to be put to a severe trial—he saved himself by sacrificing me. Then rose all the hatred of an injured woman. All my love I cast aside—my pity he may still enjoy—the fallen Obarea now seeks consolation in revenge; and that revenge would be incomplete if any hand but my own inflicted the blow. He is now at my house, afraid to trust himself among his own countrymen—ashamed of his own cowardice. His life must be a sorry burthen. Come—in five minutes I will relieve him of it."

CHAPTER XXX.

It is hard to say how far a woman's love will lead her; but no man can imagine the interminable gulf of a woman's revenge. It seems as if nature had implanted in them all that is soft, meek, modest, amiable, and desirable, inextricably mingled with all that is opposed to these. When the female mind is well moulded, what an angel is woman!—when warped and led astray, what a demon! We have instances on record sufficient to prove that the female sex are capable of nobler actions than the male, and

yet of much more deeply criminal ones. In proportion as she loves, so can she, when that love is slighted, hate.

In Obarea there was no real patriotism. She cared but little for the slavery of her countrymen; she could hold her hands to heaven, and invoke its aid to guide her hand in the cause of freedom; but her heart was filled with the blackest hatred against the man she once as firmly loved, and who had resigned her to another without risking his life in her defence. It was now she was resolved to rid herself of a sight she loathed and detested; and having wound up her courage to desperation, she entered her house, in which her former husband was concealed, and where he believed himself secure even from more acknowledged enemies.

Obarea greeted him kindly—told him to rest in concealment—and that in a short time she would bring him something to eat and drink.

She was interrupted by Talaloo, who asked if still the white man wished his blood, and if the rest of their countrymen dared no longer to persevere in their plan?

"It is needless," answered Obarea, "to talk of that, which for a moment is lost; but you will soon be free, even from the white man's chains. Remain concealed a few minutes more, and you will be at liberty; your friends await your coming—hush, I hear a noise."

She heard no noise; it was but the quickness of the woman's mind to frame an excuse. With steady hand she reached from a shelf a small gourd, and singing one of the songs which she used to sing in her youth, when her heart was her countryman's, she passed the place in which he was concealed, and rushed into the woods. Here she culled those flowers which, like herself, were fair to view, but poisonous to taste. Expert in this art, she soon collected sufficient, as she imagined, speedily to release the unsuspecting Talaloo, who, confident of the good feeling evinced by his former wife, remained anxiously awaiting her arrival.

There was still more time to be consumed in the preparation of these drugs, and calmly and collectedly did she pursue her task. No flash of conscience illumined the darkness of her intention—no recollection of earlier days, when both were free, and both sincerely loved, passed over her mind, recalling the affection of the past; but as she stooped over the boiling poison and stirred it with anxious hand, her voice was without falter, and the song she sang came forth without the tremor of crime.

She chided the tardy flame which flickered without heating, and she pressed the herbs against the side of the gourd, to drain from them the least remaining poison. Her task was completed; the useless leaves were thrown away; a bottle held the juice, and this was plunged into cold water. It still required to be disguised, and some sugar was added. She then took some cold pork and placed it before her victim, who, hungry from long abstinence, greedily devoured the meat—which food was rare on the island, and generally used only on great occasions. Obarea then offered him the bottle. It was given with a careless air—the hand which proffered it was firm—the lip which uttered the words of invitation never trembled; she saw her former husband take the bottle, greedily press it to his lips, drink a long draught, and return it half emptied, with grateful thanks; and yet she was unmoved! Strange, strange indeed, the almost superhuman hate of those who have loved, and whose love has been neglected!

"'Tis done!" Obarea began. "Before an hour, Talaloo, your spirit will be with your father. You will return to your friends—the boat of death will bear your spirit back to Otahete, where mine will shortly follow."

"What words are these?" inquired the trembling savage. "The white man's anger soon passes; it is our people who treasure up revenge—but these are my friends."

"Friends indeed—for they release you from slavery! That bottle contained poison; and who gave it you but her whom you thought unworthy of your love!—the woman who would have given her life to have saved yours, you basely deserted without a struggle—gave her up to the arms of another man without an effort to rescue her—and when a trifling danger was to be faced in order to get her back again, ran howling into the woods like a wounded hog. I, who loved you as few women ever loved, now hate you—now despise you; and as I would not have such a miserable creature as yourself looking at me—once your slave—your wife—I have taken these quiet means of ridding myself of the annoyance."

"What sudden cold creeps all over me!—and now I feel on fire!"

"It is the poison doing its work—sit down and die like a man, without a murmur. You have seen your prisoners leave the world with all the torture you could invent, and yet never complain; do as they have done—die without a groan."

"Save me! save me, Obarea! I would yet live to free you."

"Never! I would not accept freedom from such hands as yours. You would not dare to meet the white man in single contest, and no one shall murder my husband as he sleeps. You do not tremble—here, drink again. What! afraid of death! Listen. When I first consented to marry you, against the wishes and advices of my friends, did I not run the hazard of their displeasure? You know how sacred we hold our duty to our parents. I disobeyed their wishes for you; by you I was decoyed on board that hated ship which left us here far from home, and from my parents. To whom had I to cling but to you? on whom had I to rely but you? With you I could have shared all dangers, all slavery. What happened? A woman died; the white man, Williams, wanted another wife; we were then superior in numbers to these men who have stolen us. I was fixed upon as the victim; the others were ready to join and to assist us in a struggle against slavery and shame. The man who should have stabbed me rather than have sacrificed me, and stood across my body ready to let his spirit loose with mine to roam over the lake of the big waters, at the very first show of resistance, deserted his wife, his companion—ran to the woods, and left her to the white man. We follow the brave. When you were brave I followed you. Slavery has broken your spirit, withered your courage, degraded your mind. I am too proud to be the wife of a slave, or to remember he was ever my husband. I gave you the poison—die!"

If, in the hurry to mix these herbs, Obarea had plucked those less powerful than she intended, is uncertain; but the first shiver of the venom had passed away, or only returned in a lesser and lesser degree, until Talaloo felt his strength returning, and hoped yet to avoid his fate, and show the woman now before him, that he was capable of revenging on Williams the insult he had received. "I am better," he said, "and will not yet die. The insult you have received I will avenge, and together we may again return to our homes."

"Never! the deed is done, and cannot be undone. I have to choose between the brave or the coward. I will never return to you—never regard you with affection—your doom is fixed; the hand which gave you the consent of the wife, now offers you the poison—drink, I say."

Talaloo took the bottle, and as he pre-

tended to lift it to his lips, let it fall, and it shivered to pieces.

"So let our animosity end," he said; "forgive what appeared cowardice. I am as eager to be your defender as ever; and you would better become your sex, if you learnt from the wife of Adams, that forgiveness of injuries which she had shown to those who decoyed her on board."

"What!" replied Obarea, "live to be the mockery of a white man, or the suspicion of yourself. Never! you sacrificed my honor; I sacrifice your life. But the poison is slow—this is quicker." As she said this, she drew a large knife, which she had concealed in the folds of her dress, and plunged it into the neck of the cringing slave. The blood started from the wound, and the victim fell upon the ground.

"Now," she began, "your death is certain; and the greater the certainty the less will be the pain. I would rather you had died without this stain upon me; but you had no courage, and I wanted not resolution. Spirit of the departing, bear my dearest wish for the welfare of our happy island; there repose beneath the trees, where in happier days we walked together. Thus—thus, I release you from the cowardly clasp which enthralled you. And with this last stab cease your life and my revenge."

She stood gazing at the corpse—her hand bedewed in blood. Five times she had struck him; five times, in spite of the imploring look, the uplifted hand, the faltering voice for mercy; and her first husband rolled a lifeless body at her feet.

"The first crime has unsexed me," she said as she regarded the dead body from which the blood still oozed, running in a quick current towards the door; "and I will yet save my countrymen. I now feel no tenderness, no affection—I stand alone. Here was the only man I ever loved, and now I am armed against fear. And yet I wish he had made one remark before he died. Had I not been the cause, he had never met that end; it was, after all, on my account my poor countrymen rose, Ohoo was murdered and you butchered. Now I feel I once loved; and now, although the slave of another, my heart is with you. O that my spirit may roam with your's in time to come; and the happiness of our first union, before the white man taught us deception and crime, last for ever! I must remove the body—and yet I fear to touch it. Ah! here is Adams's wife, I would rather have met the glance of all Otaheite, than the calm look of this one woman."

"What is this? Your husband murdered!" began the Christian. "The white man has not done this; for it part of their creed, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' Your hands Obarea are bloody; and the knife, which seems warm from the corpse, is one of yours. Who has done this deed?"

"I did it," replied Obarea; "to have struck a warrior in our own country would have been rebellion; to kill a coward a laudable act. How much more praiseworthy, then, is it to free oneself from bondage! It is but the beginning of one great act. Would you—do you consent to live for ever a slave, a bondswoman, on this cursed island—to toil day and night for the sustenance of others—to be exiled from our own country without a crime—to live a slave, and die upon a foreign shore? Have you no spirit, you woman who have taken a Christian's name? If we were only true to ourselves, and assisted those who were willing to fight for us, how long should we be slaves?"

"I am no slave," replied the meek Christian. "I share the toil with my husband, but I share also the produce of that toil. I see my children around me happy—my husband loves me—we have soil enough to support us well. I have learned that I formerly was in error as to my belief; I feel happier in the assurance that if I do my duty here I shall be rewarded hereafter."

"And is this, then, the great reward you seek? Have we not in Otaheite the same belief? Shall not my spirit live with the spirit of Talaloo, and wander with him from the first gloom of darkness to the coming light of the morning? Shall we not commune with each other?—see our friends and relations happy in this world, and wait with outstretched arms to welcome the weary pilgrim of the earth, as he lays down the load of life, and enters into eternity? Then, in our shadowless characters, stoop down over the lips of the departing, catch his last mortal breath, and make him immortal with the breath we breathe upon him?"

"It is, Obarea," replied the wife of Adams, "founded in error—the result of pride, the offspring of ignorance. Can you imagine that now, with those bloody hands as evidence that you have robbed one of God's creatures of his life, you could obtain the same happiness as one who never dipped her hand in blood? You know it to be a crime, or why did you endeavor to conceal your hands from me? Why do you now, as your eye falls upon

them, tremble like a child, whilst you speak as a warrior? It is the conscience within you that rebukes you; your eye dare not even meet mine; the blood of that man will rise up against you. Take away the body."

Obarea stood gazing at the corpse. She did not dare to raise her eyes to meet those of the Christian convert; and when she was desired to move the body, she trembled and turned away.

"I will show you, my countrywoman," continued Adams's wife, "the difference between innocence and guilt. I am not afraid to take this poor wretch to his last resting-place. He died in the ignorance in which he was born; no one opened to him the page of eternal life—and he who rules the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, will not condemn him who acted through life as his parents had instructed him."

"And shall I not see him again?" asked Obarea.

"When you have repented and died. Come, help me to bury him."

It required no nice dimension of grave for the interment of the dead. The whole island was the churchyard, and the hasty grave was easily prepared. No burial-service was read over the departed. Adams's wife managed the interment. She called some of her countrymen, who, without washing the body, conveyed it to a spot near the wood. The dead was placed in the grave, and all returned, with the exception of Adams's wife, to their own homes. Her husband having heard of the murder and the burial, went to the spot, and found his wife kneeling on the grave, with uplifted hands, offering up a prayer for the departed.

This murder, the first committed by a woman, caused the greatest fear to one party and mingled hope and apprehension to the other. The white men saw, in this act of desperation, that they themselves were every night within reach of the dagger. If their wives co-operated with the discontented Otaheitans, each slumber might tempt assassination. On the other hand, the blacks, who nursed revenge with a mother's fondness, clapped their hands—stamped their feet—sung, when no Christian ear could overhear the words, some verses of their war song; and secretly whispered to each other, that if the rest of their countrywomen resembled Obarea, they might still hope for success even against the white men.

Each party now held consultations, the invariable consequence of previous neglect. One party was flushed with success, and the

name of Obarea, although she had murdered one of and reduced their number, was mentioned with all the enthusiasm of a heroine. The hand once bathed in blood is more ready to be dipped a second time. The leaders of the blacks looked at this crime as the forerunner of their emancipation. They resolved to communicate with their countrywomen, and endeavor to persuade them to fix a time for a general attack, when at one moment they should free themselves from their oppressors; and if condemned to linger out life upon the island, at least they should retain the sovereignty of it. They indulged in no merriment—all was silent, all was secret. They had sounded each other's mind—they had resolved to act, and they only awaited an opportunity.

"This is sorry work, sir," said Adams to Christian, as they walked up and down a kind of quarter-distance; "sorry work indeed, sir; the example we set them, poor things, has not been lost upon them, and when the women begin to murder, we are not long for this world."

"How shall we act, Adams?" asked Christian. "To revenge this upon the woman whose fatal beauty has made her a kind of divinity with her countrymen, would only increase their fury. Separated as our houses are, we may be despatched singly; whilst the blacks, who always sleep under the same shed, act in concert, and seem to have but one idea."

"To argue with them," said Adams, "is useless; they would hang their heads sullenly down, and, as is their custom, would, whenever the murder was mentioned, cover their heads with dust, and cower down to the ground. But their hearts would continue to treasure up the crime, which we may endeavor publicly to conceal, but must secretly admit, originated entirely with ourselves. I have often thought that we deserve all the calamities which have befallen us. Since we have been in this island, Mr. Christian, we have never once had church service; and I feel that there is something marked in the log-book of life which one day will be opened against us. Perhaps the very act of prayer might give these blacks a dread of us."

"It would," replied Christian, "I am sure, have some influence over them, if we could all behave as we ought; but of what use would it be to throw ourselves on our knees when Quintal and M'Koy, who have discarded all religion, would perhaps burst into laughter, and make a mockery of that we wish to be most sacred?"

"Try it, sir," said Adams. "We must know we are doing what is right."

"We will, Adams. And now another thought comes to our assistance:—in rummaging over Bligh's books, I find mentioned in the calculation of eclipses, that one of the moon will take place the day after to-morrow, at nine o'clock at night, and be visible in this part of the world. We will work upon their ignorant minds, and infuse a fear of us from that which I will prognosticate. We will have our prayers by torch-light, and I will tell the Otaheitans, men and women, that we are about to supplicate our God to show by some great sign if any mischief is near us. We will take care to finish our prayers by nine o'clock: I will then point to the moon, and their quick eyes will see the surface gradually darkened. This will give us a power even you do not anticipate."

"Alas, sir! they have found us out only to be men; we have lived too long with them to be mistaken for anything more than ourselves; they have seen blood spilt by us, and although you may succeed, I would rather that we should implore God to guide and protect us, and labor to show these poor creatures their error."

"You have the best intentions, Adams," replied Christian, "but there are times when even falsehood may be justified, and when taking the liberty to doubt the understanding of a savage is no very heinous offence. Don't mention this to any one; we had better take Quintal and M'Koy by surprise."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"WHAT'S in the wind now?" said M'Koy to Quintal; "I'm blessed if we had not better look out for ourselves; for if these chaps who sent a boat-load of shipmates to the sharks are beginning to psalm-sing, there's something adrift which is not all right."

"It is always the way, M'Koy; whenever a man is about to get his neck made a little longer, without troubling himself to stretch it, they get a parson to tell him that if he only says his prayer he'll go aloft with a clean bill of health, and not be whipped in quarantine until the health officer hauls down the yellow flag." I remember, some time ago, when a messmate of mine, a precious fellow for what we cannot get, grog, took it into his head to

cut one of his shipmate's throats, and then thinking that he saw one of the fore-castle men reeving the yard-rope to trice him up like a scrubbed hammock to dry, he took the liberty to let a little daylight into his own. Well, the man who had his throat cut against his consent, slipped his wind before he could get the parson to overhaul his conscience, and he was declared to be booked for a hot berth; but the chap who murdered one man, and had taken an uncomfortable liberty with his own throat, had time enough to bob his head when the parson asked him some questions; and when he did I heard one of his messmates say, "It's all right, the dog-shores are cut away, Ben is safely launched, and the parson says he's sure to go aloft."

"This is a cursed life we lead here, sure enough, Quintal," remarked M'Koy; "what do we do from daylight to dark, but work? or if we don't work we fall asleep, and if we fall asleep, it's a chance if those black devils don't save us the trouble of awaking. That woman must be the old gentleman himself in petticoats. To think of her stabbing the only man she ever loved, because a white man honored her by noticing her! It's marvellous! And now they have begun to murder one another, depend upon it they will have sense enough to try their hands on us. If one could only get drunk, what a glorious relief it would be!"

"I'm sick enough of this island," replied Quintal. "It's all very true we have got houses, and got plantations, and got niggers, and got wives; it's true we don't get our backs scratched by a Bligh, nor do we get roused out of a squally night to reef topsails. But this infernal sameness would drive any man mad. Don't you think we could build a boat and take a cruise?"

"We might build a boat, Quintal, and might take a cruise, but the end of it would be the yard-arm. No; we have burnt the Bounty and married black women; we have placed ourselves out of the world, and should do wisely to follow Adams's advice, and be contented. But somehow I never could be contented, and now I feel that if I could do some great deed, or get confoundedly drunk, I should have something to think of for a month to come."

"If I could get drunk, M'Koy, I should be the happiest man alive, for I should forget all my miseries. What is the use of life, if it is to be thus wasted? Adams tells us to pray—he tells us he is contented and happy—that here he is repaid

for his labors—that he can eat and drink as much as he likes—and that when he walks to the summit of yon high hill, and stoops over the precipice which led to our first quarrel with the slaves, he thanks God there is no ship in sight to bear him from his happy home—to take him to a disgraceful death—to tear him from his wife and child. There's a wonderful difference between us. Every blessed day of my life I crawl to that high rugged peak, and placing my hands to shade my eyes from the sun, I carefully sweep the horizon; morning after morning, sunset after sunset, have I done this, and yet so unknown is this wretched island, that no ship has ever neared it. Ay, M'Koy, and when I walk to our village I lift up my hands, and thank God another day of misery is over."

"Let me only catch sight of a ship, Quintal, and see if I don't stick up a signal to show her that the island is inhabited. Curiosity will lead them near; if she's a merchant ship, we might all embark except Adams and his family, and long before we doubled the Cape we might have the vessel to ourselves—do you understand?"

"Why, one can't easily mistake your meaning."

"Just send a few more adrift in a smaller boat, my lad," continued M'Koy; "alter the course to another direction—get to America—sell the cargo—buy some land—set up gentlemen, and I dare say, as we have had some little experience, we might make just as good a set of mutineers on shore as on board the *Bounty*. Let us two stick together; never mind Christian or any of them; we are here all independent—no captain—no first lieutenant—no boatswain's mate—not one is overfond of the other—and if we keep true to each other—stow some arms and ammunition away in the wood—and if any blow-up does take place amongst these black wretches, all of whom are the devil's representatives cut out in ebony, we can wait our time, and pick them off one by one."

"We go the wrong way to work with these devils," said Quintal, after having appeared as holding counsel with himself; "we humor them too much. They were born to be slaves, and we have made them gentlemen. Christian must be a fool, and Adams a blockhead, not to know that to make ignorant people wise—to instruct those who have been slaves through ignorance, is to teach them power—to arm them, by teaching them that if they exert

their energies we are the weaker party. Never should they have been allowed to touch a gun—they should have been persuaded that it was a weapon which a white man alone dare use—that it came down from heaven on a rainbow. They were ignorant enough to believe anything; but we have taught them that although the skin is different, the heart and the blood are the same! Adams, who is, after all, the wisest amongst us, has got up some supernatural machinery to frighten the fools; and you and I would do wisely to forward his views. Come, let us take one more look at the horizon; not a vessel in sight I'll be bound; not a stitch of canvass ever passes above that never changing line which seems to enclose us, and exclude us from all the rest of the living world."

Both now walked towards the peak: they spoke not a word, but with mournful countenances bent towards the earth, as they cleared their way through the entanglement of the small brushwood. On arriving at the spot both lay down: with cautious, careful looks they swept the horizon. It was a cloudless, beautiful evening; the sun was slowly descending in an unclouded blaze of living light; scarcely an air disturbed the foliage; not a sound could be heard; it was the cold and dreary moment of utter seclusion; and there even those rugged seamen, guilty of crimes which would have placed their lives in jeopardy, who had steeled their hearts against all around them, who, steeped in iniquity, and rejoicing only in tyranny, when they saw the equal horizon around them as the sun finally disappeared, offered up a hasty prayer—sincere from the want which prompted it, and uttered in the voice of fear which the silence of the evening inspired.

M'Koy was the first to speak. "Again," he began, "has the sun set, and no vessel has appeared; again must we go back to our companions, and live amongst those who are on the watch to destroy us. It is a cheerless existence, but, cheerless as it is, it is better than death." It will be dark before we arrive at the village. Let us make haste; if anything is to come out of this praying, we might as well be in for our allowance."

Adams and Christian had busied themselves to form a circle in the front of the village. The moon was already high in the heavens, the sky was clear and cloudless, and it almost seemed a mockery to light the long thin pieces of sticks which they used for torches.

"The more we can inspire them with fear," said Adams, "the better; this must not be a hasty affair, and I hope all of our party will appear to feel the profoundest awe as we proceed with the ceremony. What time is it?"

"It is past eight o'clock, and by nine it will be as dark as such a night can be. I have carefully examined the almanac. I cannot have made a mistake. I have prepared myself for the subject, and I will alarm their consciences, if black men are so gifted, and the moon shall be the evidence against them. Your wife, Adams, is not informed of our intentions?"

"No, sir," replied the obedient seaman; "in this I have deceived her by my silence—from her I have learnt all the superstitious feelings of the islanders—and if we are absurd in placing an old horse-shoe on the foremast to keep away witches, these poor ignorant people are ten times as foolish in the belief that if a bird rests upon their shoulders, fortune will never forsake them. Ah, sir! how happy might we be in this paradise! Here we have no wants, and should have few cares. Here the hand of Providence has thickly sown blessings which we, without labor, may reap. Here is a climate none in the world can surpass. Here is health, ease, plenty—all that is requisite for the satisfaction of the mind and the enjoyment of the body."

"Do you never think, Adams," asked Christian, "of times past? Have you no friends to whom your mind sometimes reverts? Are all the ties which ever bound you to your country snapped asunder? And sometimes, Adams, in your sleep, are you not recalled to pleasures which seamen enjoyed, or do you never see the face of him who was grateful for the service you rendered him?"

"I have often thought of Mr. Barlow, and the many acts of kindness he did me. He put aside money for me, and I have, with due caution, thinking that hereafter this island may become better known, that my children may visit England when I am gone, made a kind of a will, which perhaps may entitle them to the accumulated sum. Yes, Mr. Christian, very often I think of his advice, and then think how I failed to follow it. He it was who told me not to fly in the face of my captain, but diligently to do my duty. But what do I see in the retrospect of life but a series of crime, with the murder of all those we sent adrift in the boat?"

"We must not talk in this manner,

Adams; we shall become faint-hearted from an evil conscience. I often think what anguish I have caused, and how I should startle with indignation at hearing men in conversation upon the sad loss of the Bounty say, 'Christian, the mutineer, did the deed.' But Bligh never could have got home, or we must have been discovered. Come, call all the men and women—we are within half an hour of the eclipse: we must leave our thoughts behind us—we have enough on our hands to guard ourselves against sudden murder."

"What's this circle of sticks, Adams?" said Quintal, "and what's in the wind now? Are you going to conjure up the devil, and light his quarter-deck for him?"

"We are going to still the devil in the bosom of the blacks. Ask no questions," continued Adams; "be contented with the good which may come of this night's act. From this hour you will sleep in security, without having a loaded musket by your side. Do as we do—go to your friend M'Koy—bid him remember that by the ceremony about to take place, we shall render the blacks the most abject of slaves."

Quintal shrank back from Adams, and whispered to M'Koy. A kind of superstitious fear had unmanned him, and even the latter, who was brave to a fault, felt how easily fear was communicated, when superstition was the cause.

Adams now busied himself in placing the men. The whites were all placed together, the rest of the circle being filled up by the blacks. Christian now came forward with a prayer-book in his hand; and after lifting his eye to heaven, and watching the moon with more than ordinary anxiety, he knelt down, and read aloud several prayers which he had selected. There was not one man amongst the whole who at that moment was not as frightened as they wished the blacks to be. It was the first time since their crime that they had implored Divine Providence to watch over them, and to assist them in all their undertakings. There was a strange chill which ran through them, as this service recalled to them their neglected religion—their almost forgotten God. Christian read the service with great emphasis, occasionally looking at his watch until it wanted but ten minutes to the commencement of the eclipse. He then shut the book, and made the following speech:—

"Comrades, I need not tell you how we have neglected that God to whom we have

prayed for protection. His forgiveness we have sought, and that forgiveness is never withheld if we in all sincerity confess our sins, and implore protection. Surely never were men placed in a situation which more required protection than ourselves. We came here in all harmony, resolved to make this island an earthly paradise. We began with the energies of men conscious that they had difficulties not easily to be overcome. Our houses, insignificant as they may appear, were made a sufficient shelter—in the course of time the earth returned an ample supply of food for the labor we had bestowed upon it—in short, everything smiled upon us. We knew no wants—we lived without fear. What now has come amongst us? How now are we estranged one from the other? Why has the hand of a woman been raised against her former husband? That blood would in any other island be revenged by the blood of the murderer; but here our community is too small to be lessened in number even by the atoning blood of a murderer. If the crime committed was done, forgotten, forgiven, and she who committed it were sincerely penitent, we might hope that tranquillity and peace might be restored to us. But we are not blind to the secret intentions of some amongst us. We suspect that all is not forgiven—that the most evil-disposed amongst us herd together, plotting murders and destruction. What would become of either party, if the other party were swept away? You blacks would in such case remain for ever in this island; for you could not navigate any vessel back to the island you have left; and, on the other hand, we should but too earnestly implore God to release us from the burthen of this life, if deprived of those to whom we are warmly and sincerely attached. Against you we harbor no evil intentions. We have on our knees called God to witness that our object is to preserve you in peace and quietness. Now heaven will presently testify either in your favor or against you, in regard to your intentions. Let each man and woman take a lighted stake—hold it thus towards the moon—and now listen:—we implore that clear and splendid moon to testify either in favor or against our neighbors here; if it remains clear as now, their hearts shall be declared clear and without sin; but if a black shade shall come over it, that shall testify against them. Watch! for if the hand of Providence points it out, who shall

dare continue in their wicked intentions, nor fear the wrath in preparation for them? Look!"

The blacks strained their eyes towards the moon. Not one of the seamen had been told of the forthcoming eclipse, and, with minds tinged with superstitious fears, they held the flickering flame towards the unblemished orb, neither uttering a word nor attempting to stir.

"Ah!" ejaculated Obarea, whose eyes first caught the darkening shade. "Ah!" she cried as she fell down, "it is true!"

A shout from the blacks followed this declaration. Slowly was the moon's face darkened, but every moment made it more evident. Then had fear done its work. Fearful that universal darkness might prevail, they turned to Christian, confessed the plot which they had prepared, and, bowing to the earth, proclaimed themselves willing servants of their white masters.

"It is sufficient," said Christian; "that moon will witness your vows, and in two hours it will be the emblem of your purity."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was with a strange and mingled sensation of awe and hope that the blacks saw the moon assume her usual clearness; whilst the whites, although conversant in eclipses, were at a loss to understand how the time could have been calculated, and were half inclined to attribute it to divine interposition in their favor. Obarea, although thoughtful, was the only one who soon recovered her presence of mind. She bade her countrymen go to rest; and, waving her hand to enforce her command, she walked towards her house.

From that moment a change came over the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island. There was a general cheerfulness, and a disposition to oblige; and whilst the whites, principally on the recommendation of Quintal and M'Koy, tightened the reins by which they guided and commanded their fellow-men, they took more pains to attend to their wants, and render them happy in their servile situation. Obarea alone cherished a hate against the white men; and her artful manner, backed by her beauty, rendered her intrigues more dangerous than any which could have originated with her countrymen. The

allusion to her in Christian's speech struck her to the heart. The superstition of the moment had passed away; and during the following two years, which passed without a quarrel amongst any of the islanders, this woman steadily pursued a plan, and armed herself for any outbreak which might favor her intentions.

Towards the conclusion of the second year she became more cheerful, but in all her conversations she invariably said—"Do it; you are commanded to *do it*. You are the white men's slaves—it is right to obey them who are not so numerous as ourselves." And she accompanied her remark by an ironical sneer, which sufficiently marked the venom of her disposition. She took every occasion to laugh at their credulity, and hinted that no doubt the moon had remained clear because they worked well.

The tractable disposition of the blacks soon made two of the whites, Quintal and M'Koy, resume their former habits of ill treatment to their unfortunate captives. Obarea clapped her hands with joy when she heard the screams of one of these poor beaten men. It was now her time. Revenge had taken deep root in her heart. Nature had singularly gifted her with a determination of character. Her countrymen were willing to listen—and those who listen are soon seduced.

Amongst the most useful of amusements, inasmuch as it was the means of providing animal food for the inhabitants, hog-hunting was very generally resorted to. The whole magazine of the Bounty had been carefully saved, and gunpowder was plentiful. Although at first the noise of the explosion had been sufficient to keep the inhabitants of Otaheite in awe, yet now, from long practice and custom, they cared little for the effects of fire-arms. The women also frequently used them; and Obarea, whose masculine mind elevated her above her sex, was the most diligent in acquiring a knowledge of this death-dealing weapon. M'Koy had remarked her eagerness to master the instrument, and had frequently seen her shoot a hog, when the shot of a white man had whizzed harmlessly by it. At first no black man had been allowed to take a musket to fetch provisions. Time wore away the regulation, and now, in September 1793, no one was more diligent in the pursuit than Obarea.

During the two years of comparative happiness which followed the last outbreak of insignificant mutiny, the island had undergone a great change. It was

now more cleared of the wood which immediately surrounded the village; the houses, which at first were hasty constructions, now wore a better appearance; the planks were nailed more regularly to the uprights, and the thatching, which had been hastily constructed of the leaves of the palm-trees, was now placed in more exact regularity. Everything, as seamen say, had been shaken into its proper place—there was an air of comfort in the habitations, and the outside appearance surpassed any edifices to be found in the islands from which the black inhabitants of Pitcairn's island had been seduced. But the greatest improvement was in the cultivation of the soil. In all directions where fancy had selected a spot, plants well known to the English gardener might be seen. All the garden-seeds saved from the Bounty had multiplied a thousand-fold, and around the houses of the mutineers there bloomed flowers ornamental and useful; whilst the spot selected for the kitchen garden exhibited peas, beans, potatoes, and other vegetables, in the utmost exuberance.

The island seemed to breathe peace and contentment; and, amongst the inhabitants, those who divided their time between employment and diversion were satisfied with the lot in which they had cast themselves.

Adams was ever steady, ever occupied, ever watchful. He was far more vigilant, far more suspicious, than Christian. The former viewed with disgust the unrelenting severity of M'Koy and Quintal; and although he saw no method of escape for the victims of persecution, either by revolt or attempted flight, yet he knew that one moment's relaxation of vigilance would lay the whole white population open to assault, and that if a warfare once became general, the lives of all were in jeopardy.

Christian, on the other hand, seemed now to consider himself in safety for life. He had dwindled down into the low companionship of uneducated seamen and half savage women. Still, however, he maintained all the superiority which cultivated talent ever insures—he was still looked upon as the first man on the island; and he maintained his pre-eminence by never attempting to force any order upon his shipmates. However much he might have fallen in his own estimation, yet his comrades ever addressed him as *Mr. Christian*: so difficult is it ever to shake off the respect which a superior has once enforced upon those under his command, and so

timidly do inferiors advance to a level with those once above them.

Amongst the whites a good understanding prevailed. There were no useless, idle jealousies. Each man had his own ground, on which no other trespassed. The implements of gardening had been regularly and equally distributed; the wives lived in harmony, and the husbands without alarm and without distrust. This was applicable to all but two—Quintal and M'Koy—who were inseparable. They made the blacks work in their gardens, and they ate the fruit earned by the sweat of another's brow—they idled away their time in sleepy indolence or useless complaint—they were restrained by no law of honor, which even the thief is said to respect. Each day was ushered in by fruitless moaning over their desperate situation, and the discontent of their mind was unsparingly lavished upon their dependents.

It was towards the evening of the 5th of September, 1793, that a tall, commanding figure of a woman might have been seen walking in one of the most unfrequented spots of the island, passing between the long stems of the cocoa-nut trees which grew on a point of land which terminated in the sea. This point was abrupt and craggy, and so little overspread with earth as to be unworthy of the husbandman's exertions. It formed the projecting point of the entrance of Bounty Bay; and on this spot it was that the whole ship's company and their companions witnessed the last flickering flame which consumed the ship. This point was approached from the village through a thick wood, in which trees of better foliage, more especially the banyan, the wide-spreading tea-plant, or the stately palm, afforded a shade; whilst the ground was covered with thick grass or low shrubs. Advancing towards the point, the soil gradually changed; it became much more sterile, and large stones lay half unburied in the long rank grass. The spot overlooked occasional ravines, down which the projecting rocks seemed half inclined to fall.

It was along the edge of one of these ravines that the figure above alluded to might have been discerned. There was a restless impatience, a guarded watchfulness, about her; for as the evening advanced, and the darkness rendered objects less distinct, the form would occasionally rest concealed behind a tree. At last a low whistle was heard, and the woman boldly advanced. She was met

by one of her countrymen, whose panting breath almost stopped his utterance.

"You are late, Timoa," said Obarea, "and the time which might have been better expended has been lost in idleness; but, like our woes and our revenge, they will end at last. Come further towards the sea, and let us look at that turbulent barrier which separates us from our homes—our friends—our relatives."

Having delivered this speech in an authoritative tone, Obarea advanced towards the extremity of the land, and seating herself on the jutting point, made a sign to her obedient follower to do the same. She then cast her eyes round the horizon, and after a long and painful search for what she was not destined to behold, she turned towards her companion, and shaking her head in the action of a negative, conveyed her meaning that there was nothing to be seen but the same unchangeable ocean, which seemed to roll its whole force against the island, as if to sweep it from its position. Timoa, whose mind was far inferior to that of Obarea's, looked round again, and then asked what she expected to see.

"That which perhaps may never come," she replied, "to bear us to our homes; and if it fails—here—here, Timoa—here, upon this spot, unknown to any of our relations, must we rot. We have not even a place set apart for our bones; and he who has gone before us will, before long, be dug up with the weeds which spring in my master's garden."

"Master!" ejaculated Timoa; "perhaps husband would have been a better term."

"If he be my husband, he is also my master; and had I not found that my own countrymen had condemned me, I should have released myself from both. Why are we the white men's slaves? Are we not made like them? Do we not feel like them? The sun that shines upon them, shines upon us, and the cool breeze of the evening, which fans them to refreshing rest after a day of useless care and indolence, gives the same luxury to us, who have toiled and starved for our taskmasters."

"This discontent, Obarea," replied the man, (who might, from his agitated state, have exchanged sex with his companion,) "will surely be discovered. The white man is a being above us, else why does even the moon testify against us?"

"Idiot!" replied the undaunted girl; "are you so foolish as to believe that the moon knows our thoughts, and would

darken its light to all the world, because we talked of freeing ourselves from slavery? It was a trick cleverly done, but not easily done again. We were alarmed at the preparation—perhaps timid from the earnestness of the prayer; and the solemn feeling which overcame us, rendered us unfit to watch all that was passing. I do not believe I saw it.”

“I did,” replied Timoa; “for although frightened, I still retained enough of sense to see the bright clear moon as dark as if I held a cocoa-nut before it.”

“Perhaps you did hold a cocoa-nut before it, or that small-eyed Adams, who works upon his silly wife by a promise that he will take her to heaven, stuck one on a pole, and we all saw the moon darkened, by looking at it in a line with the moon. Be a man, and act as one. Has our unjust captivity so enervated your mind, that you can condescend to live and die a slave? Answer me that question; for if you are contented in your captivity, I must find one who has less gratitude and more courage.”

“Would it not be better, Obarea, to pass our lives with our friends rather than with strangers? Would it not be better once more to rest under the shade of the large spreading trees of Otaheite, and eat without labor, rather than labor to eat? I feel it would; but I know it can never be, supposing we agreed to—”

“Ay,” interrupted Obarea, as she placed her hand on his—“speak low, the trees might hear us, and the moon might get dark again!—why, you tremble like a child! I’ll finish the sentence for you—murder them; well, supposing (let us get accustomed to the word) we agreed to murder them?”

“What then?” asked Timoa, “are we not kept prisoners by that everlasting lake? Is not the large house which brought us here destroyed? We have not even a canoe, such as would take us from yon rock to the one on which we sit; and can we travel home, when there are no trees to show us the direction?”

“I have thought of that. One part is easily done: we have all the materials to build the floating house, and we might keep one white man to make him conduct us in safety.”

“If we must keep one man to direct us, we are inferior even to that one man; and how should we know where he was taking us?”

“Enough, Timoa,” replied the woman; “you make more difficulties than need exist. *Revenge is first to be gratified;*

all our injuries are to be redressed, and this can only be done by our being masters. Are we not worthy of the slavery we endure, when we, being the most numerous and far the most active, by far better adapted to the climate, allow ourselves to be slaves of those whose only merit is in deceit and duplicity? I know we shall have a hard task to persuade the rest to join us, and the work of preparation must be done in secrecy. These woods offer a shelter and concealment which will baffle all discovery. We know of caverns where one man might resist a dozen. You must to-morrow talk to your companion in drudgery. It is the easiest thing in the world to make a man discontented; but it requires much time and more persuasion to make a man happy and comfortable. To all he may urge as to fears from the moon, do you answer by calling him a slave. It’s a harsh word, which grates even upon the weakest mind. Recall to him the time past—contrast it with the present—point to the future. We must meet again here; but mind, never to be seen speaking to me before any of the white men. The time is not far distant when we shall be owners of the island; and the few who are left shall be our servants. Be cautious, Timoa—advance steadily—be ever watchful—gain over but one to our cause, and leave me to work upon him to gain another. Now we must return. It will be very late before we arrive at the village. Be cheerful—appear contented—wear the angel of meekness in your countenance, but nurture the venom and the viper in your heart. I tell you, Timoa, only join me in this—make me again a free woman, and when that white man, who is now my husband, shall be there, (pointing to the earth,) I will be yours.”

“That is the reward I seek,” replied the man; “for you I would undertake that which for myself I would not venture; and if you promise, I know your word will not be violated. In this matter I submit myself to your judgment, and fear me not. I will try my companion, although I remember the moon, Obarea—the moon—”

“The cocoa-nut—the cocoa-nut!” replied the girl, laughing. “Walk faster, we are some way distant, and we must go different ways when we get down. Ah! what’s that?”

Both parties stopped—it was a man advancing towards the village. Obarea took the hand of her companion—

“Go round at once,” she said, “I

will follow him—away—with the caution of the wild hog, and with its speed.”

They parted, and each soon lost sight of the other. Obarea now hastened her steps to overtake the person before her, being well aware that she had been seen. It was Adams, who appeared carelessly sauntering through the wood, carrying a gun, which had doubtless been loaded for a hog.

“You are late to-night,” he began, as the handsome woman overtook him; “where have you been?”

“In the wood, praying to be forgiven for the hasty crime I committed.”

“Well, then,” replied Adams, “take care you don’t do it again; for if the moon does not foresee it, I shall.”

At this moment they were interrupted by the screams of Timoa, who, having just reached the village, was saluted by Quintal with a shower of blows and curses, for being absent when he wanted his supper.

“Lazy vermin!” said Obarea, “how easy it is to do the little required of you, and how hard you find it to perform!”

CHAPTER XXXV.

“Oh, who would have thought, when we first spread the sail,
And the Bounty was surging along through the gale,
That this island would furnish our house and our home,
And our hearts spurn the thought of all danger to come?

That here we should live,
And should flourish and thrive,
And amuse ourselves daily by hunting the hog;
No care and no sorrow,
No thought for the morrow,
Whilst the evening of life should be cheered up by grog?

“And who ever thought, in the midst of the sea,
That islands had grog stowed in every tree—
That our kettles, when formed into stills, would supply
What rejoices the heart, and what brightens the eye?

’Tis the liquor of life
For man, maid, or wife;
It’s a generous spirit, which savors our food;
In the tempest or storm,
In the breeze or the calm,
It cheers up the soul and refreshes the blood.

“We were doleful at first: we had nothing to do
But to eat and to sleep, and the day to get through;
When the sunset was passed, we all hurried to bed,
With cares on our minds, and with thoughts in our head.

When the sky was o’ercast,
We looked back on the past,
For the clouds were the emblems of the crimes we had done;

We trembled with fear
Lest a ship should appear,
And our sentence be that which we’ve labored to shun.

“Away with the past—’tis the present we court;
A life of enjoyment, of ease, or of sport—
No toll and no labor, no care and no strife,
With our food ready dressed—with our friend—with our wife—

We’ll empty the glass,
To our shipmate and lass
To our country—the island—ourselves—for our king,
No master to fear—
No enemy near,
We may drink and rejoice, and be merry and sing.”

“Well sung, M’Koy,” said Quintal, as he fanned himself with a large palm leaf—
“well sung, my boy! This puts us in mind of former times, when we had a good stiff glass of grog under the fore-castle bulkhead, and sang a song to the wind’s accompaniment. What a blessed thing surely is liquor! and what a lucky thing it was that you had been in a Scotch distillery! Now if we were to go home, and tell the people on Common Hard that we had found grog in a tea-tree, depend upon it all the seamen and old women, either of the navy or the shore, would take to drinking tea, in hopes of getting the liquor the stronger.”

“It is a blessed thing surely, Quintal. I take it there’s nothing that grog cannot do. First of all, it makes a man speak his mind, and hiccup the truth; and when he has got an idea, instead of rummaging the storeroom of his head for words, out they all bundle as thick as fleas in a Spaniard’s blanket. Well, then, see a chap who’s so great a coward that he’d point his finger at himself, and run away from it—see him when he has boused his jib up, and he’d face a devil by daylight. Then again, only think what a miserable, discontented set of dogs we were before I tapped the trees! There we were night after night fancying Bligh’s ghost was hovering about the island—without ever having the decency to be stitched up in a hammock for a shroud, but sticking out his long hand, and beckoning us to follow him. I’ve never thought of the old boy, and his drowned rats of shipmates, ever since I found out this precious liquor; but I have laughed at the idea of a dead man—pitched all care and sorrow over the left shoulder, and, from being a sorrowful fool, have become a jolly tar—contented with myself and all around me.”

“I had a precious headache this morning, M’Koy, and you have left that out from the list of good things to be got from grog.”

“What does it signify? if grog gives it, grog takes it away, and replaces it like an honest fellow the next morning. Why, it steals our senses over night, but the next day puts them all back again, and in much

better order than when they left us. It's a wonderful invention—it beats a balloon hollow—for it makes a man in two places at once, without the trouble of going aloft. I've known a man speak four languages when he was drunk, who never knew one word of them when he was sober. It's your turn, Quintal—give us a song. Lord, how I pity that milk-and-water chap Adams, who sits all day singing psalms with his wife, just as if there was any chance of a nigger going to heaven!"

"There's that Young—he's another of those steady chaps who talks about the church as if he wanted to build one here. He has been talking to Mr. Christian about stopping our still; but hang me if ever the still shall be stopped, until it's stopped from the fire being unable to move it."

"Ha, ha!" laughed M'Koy, "when the bottom's burnt out—eh, old boy?—Come, tune up."

"Blow away, blow away, jolly old breeze—
Waste your strength on the ocean—your spite on the trees—
We've no canvass to shiver—no bark to career—
No storms to encounter—no danger to fear."

CHORUS.

Blow away, blow away,—blow high or low—
For the breeze blows the same on the friend or the foe.

"Blow away, blow away, our life's but a breath,
And the breeze becomes calm as our life becomes death.
So we've storms in our lifetime, and calms when we're dead;
We have struggles in daylight and stillness in bed.
Blow away, blow away, &c."

In the light of our breeze—in the storm or the strife—
Let us spread out the sail of contentment through life;
Let us merrily send o'er life's changeable wave,
And a fig for the calm when we rot in the grave!
Blow away, blow away, &c."

"I wonder," said M'Koy, as he listened to the song, "who taught you English, and where you'll be buried?"

"That's just what I cannot answer," replied Quintal. "I had a hedge-school education, and I have parted company with the village sexton. Talking of that, before we get lazy, I should like to know if we could not set up a churchyard; for when I'm gone, I should not like to have my skull rolled about, as the black girl was doing with her husband's the other day."

"How precious odd it would be if we were all to die, and not a soul to know where we were stowed away! D——n it, that makes me melancholy, and I often think I could sooner be hung, and be buried in a kirk-yard, than live and die with these black devils, who know no more of reli-

gion than a Yankee pedlar does of a Colchester oyster."

"If they are as quiet down below as they are on the island, M'Koy, I'm thinking they won't disturb us much. That's a fine woman, that Obarea. She's such a soft, kind creature. She must have had a breeze out of Bedlam when she killed her black man."

"Not a bit of it—of course she loved the white man better, and so she got rid of the other. But she is above the others as high as the Peak of Teneriffe over the Irish seaman who never could see it."

"What's that, M'Koy, about the Irishmen?"

"Only this—a vessel was bound to the Gold Coast, manned from the Emerald Isle; the whiskey got the better of the lookout man's eyes, and made the man at the helm rather wild in his steerage; so they managed to plant her on shore at Teneriffe. There they remained, doing all they could to keep soul and body together, for about three months; when whom should they meet but three midshipmen on mules, bound on a voyage of discovery over the island. 'For the love of St. Patrick, just pitch us a copper to buy some aqua vitæ, for this sour wine tries our alimentary canal.'—'Whereabouts are you cutting it?' said one of the travelling geniuses, who had got a pencil as long as a marling-spike, and a piece of paper big enough for the station list of a three-decker. 'Faith it's myself, sir, that would be after cutting it, sure enough, but this rock's a hard place for a man to work away his precious soul, with nothing but sour wine to keep it in him.'—'Ay,' said the genius, 'it is hard work cutting a canal through a rock: here's a quarter of a dollar for you, my lad; now tell us whereabouts is the Peak?'—'The Pake?' answered one; 'what's that, your honor?'—'The Peak of Teneriff,' slowly repeated the elder one of the three in search of knowledge; 'the top of that high mountain which you can see one hundred and fifty miles off. If you've lived here three months, you must have seen that—it's what every man sees when he comes to the island.'—'Ah, by my faith,' said the spokesman of the shipwrecked crew, 'you are no wiser than your neighbors, I'll be bound for it. Why it's a regular take in, your honor. There's no Pake at all at all to be seen now. They took it off a high mountain and clapped it on another, so high that no man's ever seen it since. Och, bad luck to me, but they have sent you on a pre-

cious wild goose chase. The Pake, the Pake, who the devil heard of the Pake these last four years, except when the moon's right over the mountain, and you see a black mark in it."

"Well done, Paddy," said Quintal. "Those are the boys to walk all the days of their life, and never look overhead to see if it rains. Let's have another turn at the kettle—that's your sort, we'll have another song in a minute. Tell us—don't you think our ship is just as snugly moored as any island in the world? and arn't we just as happy as men can be?"

"Why it's just this, Quintal, do you see; when I'm drunk or drinking, no one is happier than I am; but when I awake, and get overhauling the log-book of my life, I think of some pleasant days in Aberdeenawa; and when I think that I shall never again see the playfellows of my youth, and that my mother and sisters have perhaps worn the black for me as one who is dead; or if they mention my name, do it in a whisper, lest 'one of the mutineers' should be spoken of with a wink of the eye and a nod of the head to make my shame known; for somehow evil deeds always get abroad, and Providence lands even a Bligh to tell the tale of his misfortunes. When all this comes across me, I get so down hearted that a child or a black woman might kill me, and I never move to ward off the blow."

"Then if this is your feeling," said Adams, who appeared suddenly behind the last speaker, "why don't you labor to make friends with your conscience, instead of drinking yourself into stupidity?"

"There, avast heaving, Adams, or heave and paul. Every man for himself now, and God for us all. You like preaching—we like drinking. We are all safe enough here, and day follows day without any labor or sorrow—without any hopes or any fears."

"I wish I could say as much," replied Adams, sitting down and taking a small sip out of Quintal's cocoa-nut; for this was the vessel out of which they drank their grog; "I'm not so nice as you think, my lads; no one can drink in moderation better than myself, and I see no harm in being merry and happy. Come, Quintal, get rid of that suspicious look. Have I ever done anything that a seaman should be ashamed of, excepting Bligh's discharge without waiting for an Admiralty order? Have I ever played dodge Pompey behind a screen when danger was near? Not I. I fear no man, except when he's drunk; and I have

taught myself to be happy and contented even in this island."

"Well," said Quintal, sulkily, "so are we."

"You are, but how? Your happiness consists in forgetfulness; you have discovered the most dangerous enemy which invention can let loose amongst us. The blacks will soon follow your example; they are more numerous than we are, and you know they never entirely forgive an injury. Now I should like to know (to use an Irish expression,) how you would like to awake in the morning, and find your throat cut?"

"Not at all," replied M'Koy; "but who is to do it, Jack?"

"Depend upon it we live upon a second Etna, and one of these days we shall have an explosion."

"I thought you were not afraid of anything," said Quintal. "Come, be a man—take another sip—give us a song; and then if you don't like to drink any more, you can go home without a guide. Black people cut our throats indeed!—a regular humbug."

"Why, Quintal," replied Adams, "they have cut each other's throats, and I should think one would rather take the life of a master than a companion. Why I urge this upon you is for this reason—if you get drunk, we lose two of our numbers without any fight. Come, I'll sing you a song, and we'll part good friends."

"Twas in the bay, the breeze blew strong,
The yards were manned the sails to reef;
The blustering squall in gusts came on;
We tried to give our craft relief.
The howling wind increased in force;
The useless helm was lashed to lee;
The ship was driven from her course,
And laboring, plunged at every sea."

"A cry was raised—I caught the sound—
'A seaman overboard!' I heard;
'Twas but one leap—one sudden bound—
My head above the sea I reared.
Then how the waves came rolling past!
I struggled 'gainst the ocean's roar;
I reached the man—I held him fast—
We stood upon the deck once more."

"And there were friends with outstretched hands,
And words of welcome for the ear;
Around me thronged our gallant band,
And cheered the tar who knew no fear.
Their words were sweet, but in my breast
I felt the throbbing of my heart.
I felt convinced that those are blessed—
Who act a gallant, honest part."

"Well done, Jack!" said both. "That man ought to have been made a petty officer on the spot, and lived to have served his king as honestly as he served his shipmate."

Adams hastily rose; a tear was trick-

ling down his face; he brushed it away with his sleeve, and turning round, said—"That man might have done better than I have done, and have been of more service to his king and country than I have been."

"He has got a drop in his eye at any rate," said M'Koy. D—— it, how he sings!—he almost made me strike out, and fancy myself overboard. Ah! here comes the queen of the island. Well, Obarea, you shining blacky! What an eye, Quintal!—it's like a gimlet—it would look through a deal plank. Come, bonnie lassie, taste this liquor: it will make you dance till you lose your legs."

"It's not fit for us," replied the cunning girl: "if we were to drink it, we should get saucy, and then get beaten. But it must be good, to make Jack Adams sing a song. How much can you drink and then dance?"

"This much," said Quintal, pouring down his throat the treacherous draught.

"And here's more," said M'Koy, imitating his messmate's folly. "Now you pour out some, Queen; it will be the sweeter for your hand. Here's your health, my lass."

"So say I," hiccupped Quintal. "Long life to your bright eyes! Now for a dance!"

Both seamen, already intoxicated, began now to dance with vigor. The fiery fluid already had secured its victim; each motion of the body gave it a greater supremacy, and in five minutes both fell asleep on the grass.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Now could I do it, and no one see it!" said Obarea, as she drew a large knife from the folds of her girdle. "Now, whilst they remain insensible, and their heads and legs refuse to do their usual office. But what then—it is true we should have but the fewer to master, but we are not ripe enough in union to insure success. The trembling slaves who fear the white man have only to look at this sight before me, and learn that prudence and temperance will overcome inebriety and rashness. How I loathe them, and how grateful is even this revenge! Sleep, hogs," she said, as she kicked them, "you are my victims at any hour. *The very trees from which these tyrants*

distil their poison are my surest, best of friends. Once habituated to this, every night will leave your throats bare for this knife."

She walked round and round them like a savage beast—her eyes fixed upon them. She could scarcely keep her fingers from their throats; and as she turned to leave them, she kicked them and spat upon them. The whistle was heard—she darted through the thick grove, and with panting heart stood before Timoa.

"Speak, and quickly, man," she began; "will your companion join us?"

"He wavers, but he will not decide."

"Fool!" cried the girl with rapture, "those who waver are ever lost—those who listen are always won. Tell me, did he bend his head close to yours—did he whisper and tremble as he spoke of it?—when you put the question to him, did his eyes meet yours, and then turn to see that no intruder listened?"

"Exactly so."

"Then I am happy! leave him to me. But in all your walks, in all your moments of slavery, talk of our own happy island—of the days of ease—the nights of enjoyment we once knew. Then speak of our present situation—of your women taken from you to satisfy others—of the many hours of drudgery, when the axe resounds through the forest, and you return bending under the weight of wood to be consumed to cook their dinners. Hah, there's Adams again! that wily serpent steals along the grass in silence. I will manage to meet you again, and in my absence believe me ever present."

She waved her hand with singular gracefulness, and, walking as if careless of detection, she picked up some flowers which grew spontaneously, and twisting them into a kind of chaplet, playfully placed it on the head of the first woman she met."

Obarea was the favorite of all. Her conversation was measured to meet the ideas of those with whom she conversed. She was believed the most innocent, from her childish manner, and she entered each house without invitation, and without exciting disgust. It was now she sought Adams's wife, to speak to her upon religion—to seem inclined to bow before the God of the white men, and, through the wife, to lull the suspicions of the husband. Betsy Adams was at her door, busily employed in cleaning some of the household furniture. Obarea sat

down at the threshold, and placing her hands together, looked at Adams's wife in that manner which seems to court conversation. She knew the woman well.

"Now are we happy, Obarea," quoth Adams's wife; "now all are friends—all prosper—we see around us a new generation springing up—before many years the whole island will be cultivated—our children will be men—all will be relations and friends—it will be the paradise of which Adams has taught me."

"Teach me as he taught you," said Obarea, with meekness.

"It is easily taught—at least the first law of it: '*Do unto others as you would wish others should do towards you*'—return good for evil—hate no one—be well disposed to all—live in peace and quietness with all men, do this, and the rest will be easily taught."

"It is a lesson easy to repeat, but hard to do; more especially when we learn it from those who preach, but who never practise. Do the white men work? do the white men do for us what they require us to do for them? do they return good for all the kindness we showed them before they stole us away? or have they made us slaves? and how can we live in peace and happiness with all men, when not an evening passes without the screams of a poor black man rising to heaven to bear witness against the oppressors?"

"Their religion teaches also 'forgiveness of injuries,'" said Adams's wife. "If they have injured us, let us forgive them."

"O certainly," replied Obarea hastily, whilst the sneer, the involuntary sneer, made her face more like that of a demon than a human creature. "Certainly," she answered, "we will forgive them; but will they cease to oppress us? Is it written in that large book that innocent, happy people are to be torn from their fathers and mothers—from all they hold dear in the world—to serve the stranger?"

"Look not on it, Obarea, after such a mode. Because they do not act up to it, that is no reason against our doing so. If all forgave injuries, all would be happy. But this book promises more—it insures happiness after death to all who believe in it, and do as it directs."

"That is worth considering," said the artful girl: "and now, as all is quiet on the island—as all are contented—our thoughts might be directed to what becomes of us after our death. Will you instruct me?"

A beam of pleasure was distinguishable in the Christian convert's eye; and so enthusiastic do all people become who undertake the conversion and salvation of their neighbors, that pleasure is a word light in comparison to the rapture they feel.

"All is quiet, God be thanked!" said Adams's wife—"all are contented. Even Adams says he never knew the island so prosperous and so happy. I will teach you now—this minute."

"Not now, good friend," replied Obarea, as she rose, having ascertained all she required to know; "not now—I have dinner to prepare for the whole of our community. Timoa has already scalded and shaved the hog—I must do the rest."

The manner in which the natives of Otaheite prepared and dressed their food, and which had been practised in Pitcairn's Island, merits a description. An oven was made in the ground. It was merely a hole sufficiently large to hold a good-sized pig. The bottom was strewed with dry leaves, over which were placed some stones of equal size, which formed a kind of foundation. These stones were previously made as hot as possible. No sooner was this foundation laid, than it was covered with the broad leaf of the tea-plant, (*dracana terminalis*), and on them the meat was placed. If the animal was to be baked entire, its inside was lined with hot stones; the vegetables were placed close around it; the whole was then covered up with leaves, over which were placed earth, straw, rushes and boughs. An hour and a half was quite sufficient to complete the cooking.

Whenever fortune or skill supplied a hog, the whole population generally assembled and partook of the food on the open ground in front of the rude village; and there, on that day, might have been seen the self-banished men, who once were good and true to their sovereign, squatted on the earth, with their wives and children, all anxious to begin the repast, and apparently happy and contented. No grace was said to sanctify the meal, but each fell to with what appetite he could command. To the cook there was always an increase of allowance; but on this day Obarea forgot her right, and some little children, those of Quintal and Christian, soon picked the bones. This trifling occurrence would have passed unnoticed, perhaps, by any but by her who watched every word and action, to paint in stronger colors to her deluded countrymen the wrongs which were inflicted upon the black population.

"Go," said Obarea, giving Quintal's child a push—"go to your own home, and get fed, and learn not to steal from others."

Quintal saw this push, which parental affection or watchful malice (for his suit had been rejected by this commanding beauty) magnified into a blow, and forgetting at the moment what privilege belonged to the sex, and also that perfect adoration with which all sailors approach woman, he resented the supposed injury by returning the blow with some accumulation of force upon the cheek of Obarea.

"Ha!" she said, as she seized a knife, which she as quickly replaced, saying, "it is right—we are slaves, we must be beaten."

A simultaneous movement was made by the men—they stamped on the ground—their usual signal for a preparation of war; but one glance from their leader's eye rendered them as quiet and as meek as broken-spirited slaves. As Obarea rose without resenting the insult, she passed close to Timoa, and whispered, "Keep quiet, our day is at hand."

Adams had watched this momentary affair, and he saw that, had not the woman interfered, there would have been a serious disturbance. Quintal saw it also, and courted it. He was anxious to cool the hot blood of these blacks by a little bleeding; but he did not hear the shout of derision in which all the women joined. Even Adams's wife, who was the meekest and the mildest of the whole, could not refrain from an expression of her opinion, which was far from complimentary to Quintal. The blacks sullenly retired to the shade hard by, and as the sun was hot, betook themselves to sleep in surliness, fanned by the cool breeze, and shaded by the thick foliage above.

Quintal and M'Koy never slept whilst mischief could be at work. They retired to their favorite avocation, and kept the kettle in constant employment, in distilling that liquor which deprived them of their superiority over the hog they had hunted and eaten. This little variation from their usual quiet was like a squall upon the ocean; it ruffled its surface for a moment, and then apparently left it as calmly treacherous as it was before.

Adams and Young, both growing serious from want of active employment, and perhaps from the better dispositions of their minds, sat down to consult on the best mode of establishing some religion upon the island. They both saw the necessity of some check upon the mind;

and Christian, who had dwindled down from the leader into the companion, felt also that some authority was requisite to govern even so infantine a state as the one in which they resided. Young had proposed a code of laws, but without that accompaniment which makes a curse of laws—the lawyers. As yet no crime, saving that of the murder, had been known; and the Ten Commandments would have been as efficient for them as the Statutes at Large. But Adams saw that the introduction of any law which would check the riotous dispositions of Quintal and M'Koy would be soon abused, without the power of punishing such abuse. The great obstacle was the judgeship: that must place one man above the rest; and as he who might have retained the supremacy had consented to abandon his position, the rest would be unwilling to exalt him again. There was no doubt that the black population would have seconded this idea of Young's, if they could have been made clearly to understand it, and to have implicit confidence in the honor of the judge. But they had been deceived too often; and Adams resisted all the arguments of Young and Christian; expressing it as his belief that at present the minds of the blacks were far too uninstructed to comprehend or justly to estimate the value of equal legislation. For the present, therefore, the idea was abandoned, or rather it was allowed to stand over, but not without some words having been expended by Christian, who, after a rather intemperate display of his feelings, wound up by saying, that if every one was summoned to assist at the reconciliation of a dispute, and each had a vote, all *must* be satisfied.

"Excepting," said Adams, "Quintal and M'Koy. Do you think they would ever consent to be judged by black judges?"

On the score of religion it was agreed to try the effect of Sunday worship. This was done, but with no effect whatever. The blacks considered they were falling away from their faith in joining such meetings, and preferred martyrdom rather than this sudden apostacy.

Adams worked with unremitting diligence to inculcate in the women some notion of Christianity, and he went upon the plan perhaps the best suited for conversion: he spoke merely of its moral—of the doctrine of peace and good will to all men—without encumbering them with the necessity of faith; that, he imagined, would come afterwards. And here it would be

useless to raise the question, whether Adams was or was not a better judge of human nature than those who maintain that faith must come first. Certain it is, that although the laborer worked hard in the vineyard, yet he brought forth no fruit.

With the exception of Young's plan for a religion, and Christian's suggestion of a judgeship, the days and nights passed on in the same horrible monotony. The island was only two miles in length; consequently there was no new scenery to discover—no cavern to explore—every nook and turn of the island had been over and over again examined—each tree might be said to have been named and counted; and in a description of a hog-hunt, the relater of the anecdote could carry his attentive audience through every turn and winding of the chase, and the listener would be as completely master of the intricate drubbing of the hog, as if he himself had seen it.

Thus was the island divided: some anxious to promote a general religion—some anxious to legislate—two, naturally prone to mischief, endeavoring to introduce intoxication as a relief to monotony; and others coolly watching events—burning for revenge; having been startled from their own faith without being admitted into another, and having seen blood shed, and the guilty party pardoned.

These last had an accumulation of injuries every evening to add to their preceding store. No sooner had Quintal and M'Koy become partially inebriated, than they became very tyrannical. They laughed and sung as they tortured their victims; and when the sun set, screams might have been heard resounding through the woods, from the pain inflicted by these brutes in the shape of men.

Many were the secret meetings of the blacks, many were the murmurs raised against their masters; but the white man had inspired them with fear; they acknowledged, in their ready subservience to him, his superiority; they were afraid openly to face him; they trembled lest the quick eye of Adams should detect them; and when Obarea proposed an open rupture—a bold and decided attack—even Timoa, who had been promised this beauty as a wife, shrunk back, and not one would venture in the contest.

"Hear me, ye miserable slaves!" said Obarea, as she rose from the ground, and addressed the group of blacks by which she was surrounded. "Hear me, and tremble! you refuse boldly and manfully

to free yourselves. I propose another plan—and mind if you dare to disobey me, I will this evening relate to Adams all your meetings, and advise him to bind you to the earth as slaves. Why do you tremble? are you not men? cannot you use this weapon of destruction as well as they can? Do not two of these devils daily get into such a state as to be incapable of resistance? It is true that Christian has a place to which he can retreat, and there we could not even with all our force overcome him. He must be taken unawares. We have now arms, ammunition—all but courage. I would have preferred facing them boldly—you drive me to a cowardly surprise. At present they suspect us, and we are to a certain extent watched. You consent to follow my plan, provided you are not forced into an actual fight. Go home; to-morrow evening meet me at the cavern near the point, where we sat when like fools we sat in silence, and saw the only chance of our removal destroyed!"

The cringing cowards obeyed the woman;—they rose, bowed their heads in token of assent, and taking different paths, some loitered, whilst others hastened to the village.

The noise of Quintal's voice, as he roared out his favorite chorus,

"Blow away, blow away; blow high or low,
For the breeze blows the same on the friend or the foe."

was heard half over the island. He had become just as drunk as he intended to be, and his companion was in a state of great excitement, ready for any mischief. They had, during the intervals of their songs, settled that Williams had no business with so fine a woman as Obarea, and that the sooner they released him from so precious a burden, the better for all parties. As to Obarea herself, by her consent, that was of no consequence. Here intoxication misled reason, and a drunken slumber succeeded the evening's repast.

Christian alone of all the party had foreseen the probable necessity of some retreat. He knew that if Bligh reached England, ships would be sent to scour the seas, rather than the mutineers should remain unpunished. Well he knew the consequence of detection; mercy might be extended to some, but none could be expected for him. He was the leader; he himself thrust Bligh into the boat; the yard-rope was rove for him—the greedy noose seemed stretched to fit his neck. With these thoughts continually goading his conscience, Christian sought a retreat

which should defy his enemies. At the northern extremity of a ridge of the mountain, the height of which was about 1,109 feet above the sea, there was discovered by this miserable man a cave. It was so sheltered by the trees, that accident alone discovered it. Here, in the palmy days of his command, Christian concealed fire-arms and ammunition. It was approached by so narrow a path, and so precarious a footing, that had a party crossed the ridge, the mutineer could still have kept them at bay. From this cave there was an unfrequented and dangerous path which led to a peak of land, which commanded a good view of the southern and western part of the coast. The numerous rocks which rose in abrupt confusion formed a barrier of surf, as the ocean roared towards the land, and these were regarded as Christian's best friends; whilst from a temporary hut, erected as a kind of lookout, the distant horizon could be seen. This refuge, in case of necessity, was visited by him almost every day. It was his only hope in the event of a search—it was his only retreat if danger were abroad, or treachery at home.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"THEY never did it in their own country," said Quintal, "and I see no reason why they should do it here."

"Nor I either," said M'Koy. "These black women are more trouble than all the island put together. If these devils, who are hardly decently clothed, sit down and dine with us, of course we shall have words—if they sit behind us and fan us with palm leaves, we shall be more comfortable, and they out of mischief. I vote with Mat Quintal, that the women be kept to beat out cloth. What's the use of the cloth tree,* if we all go about naked? Let them be slaves, as they ought to be—dig and delve, wash and work, cook and coax. That's my idea. We did not bring them here to be our equals. I suppose the next thing they will ask for will be some grog."

"You had much better let them be as they are at present," said Adams. "They seem all happy, all contented. They don't like to be struck; and who does? I vote for making them companions, not slaves;

and if you resolve to make them stand behind us while we are at dinner, I'll dine in my own house with my wife and children, and you may do as you like."

"That's just what I intend to do," said Quintal. "We are all equal here, and I'm blessed if I don't command my own ship after my own fashion."

"I cannot help thinking," interrupted Christian, "that any change now would be for the worse; and although I have noticed some misgivings, and heard some murmurings amongst the blacks, I should be loath to appear to yield. I would give any benefit as a boon, but not be forced into the gift. On the other hand, to put them in a worse position than they stand at present, is uncalled for and ungenerous. All their miseries, if they have any, are owing to us; and we, who rose against tyranny ourselves, should be the last to drive others to the same hard necessity."

"Fiddlestick!" said M'Koy; "there can be no comparison between us and them. We have a right to beat them, and in return there's Jack Adams ready to make them Christians. There's a chance for their precious souls! I tell you what I have observed; and that is, that ever since that dizzy-headed woman fell over the cliff, these creatures have been nodding to each other, and making as many black signs as a heap of crows in England in a corn-field. They ride very uneasy at their anchors, and we had better not to attempt to veer the cable, or it might run out altogether."

"That's what I call plain sense," said Quintal, "and no mystification; and the end of it is this—we will all do just as we like; so I shall set my slaves to work, and make them string some doodoe nuts* on the fibres of the palm leaf; for I go to bed in the dark; and these will burn like a lamp; only they will crack a little, and make the house hot."

"And as they were good enough to tell us the use of the cloth-tree," said M'Koy, "I shall keep mine at work to make a new set of rigging to go over my mast-head; for I'm getting devilish shabby, and not fit for such elegant company as that I see around me."

As M'Koy said this, he arose, and was followed by Quintal.

"These fellows," said Christian, "will yet be our destruction. We are few, and we might contrive to live peaceably together; but that unfortunate discovery of the grog-tree has brought a new enemy

* *Broussonetia Papyrifera*.

* *Aleurites triloba*.

into the field. In our women was our greatest safety, if we could have made them respect as well as love us. They would have warned us of every danger. But if they are to be slighted and cruelly used, the black blood will not circulate quietly until a little revenge has cooled it. We had better get to our homes, and keep our houses quiet."

Whilst this discussion was going on, and which had been mooted by Quintal, in order to make the women regular slaves, the women themselves had called a meeting, in which all spoke at once, and no one listened. Obarea did not attend for more than a minute, and then finding that no temperate discussion was to be expected—that every one chattered—that no one really listened, and that no question was properly put—left this arena of discord to watch the proceedings of the men. They overheard Quintal's declaration, and M'Koy's intentions, and at these she rejoiced. Anything to add fuel to the fire—anything to make the discontent greater—served her purpose; and when shortly afterwards she saw Quintal's wife in tears, and busily threading the nuts, and heard the sobs of M'Koy's wife as she beat the cloth-tree with a heavy beater, she smiled with satisfaction, and withdrew to the place of her own meeting. Here at last she seemed to have inspired her countrymen with some degree of courage. They had been abused by the two drunkards; and even Christian, wearied by the unceasing murmurs, had spoken rather harshly. They had made up their minds before the arrival of Obarea, and with one accord they welcomed their leader. They were ready and willing to follow her to bloodshed and to slaughter; but they wished their fierce-hearted chief to explain what good would result from the attack.

"Let us see," said Timoa, "how the question stands. We have, it is true, some harsh masters—but we have some kind ones. If Quintal and M'Koy ill-treat us, Adams, Christian, and Young ever befriend us. We have learned many things from these white men. We have on the island cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, plantains, bananas, water melons, pumpkins, potatoes, sweet potatoes, yams, taro, peas, sugar-cane, ginger, turmeric, tobacco, and the tea-plant. Upon these, with our hogs and poultry, surely we can live. The cloth-tree supplies us with covering for our persons—the houses are all built—and as far as the actual necessities of life are concerned, we are secure. Now is it

worth the risk we run to breed up a war amongst ourselves, when here we must stay; for we have no means of escape."

"Stay!" cried Obarea—"stay, and be slaves! True, all these trees and fruits grow and flourish on this soil; but for whom do they grow? for the white man. We dare not pull them without permission. The very trees which our God has planted to supply us fruit, are withheld from us; and whilst the drunken lords of the soil wallow in their intoxication, we prepare the beds on which they sleep—we pluck the fruit on which they live; and whilst we could, from our numbers, be the masters, we prefer, because we have not courage to emancipate ourselves, to be the slaves of these idle drones! Arise, my countrymen! be no longer the slaves of men who are slaves to themselves. The hour is come—our women feel the increased degradation. You see that a willing servitude is followed by heavier exactions. Strike but the blow with the bravery of men, and to-morrow's sunset shall see us masters of the island."

"To-morrow!" ejaculated Nehow; "that is quicker than I anticipated. Timoa mentioned your wishes, but I little thought the time so near."

"Does it signify," said Obarea—"one hour, or another hour? To-morrow never comes; and if you would put off the day, the whites will hear of it. They now sleep in security—*now* do the work; but since you fear but to-morrow, follow this plan: you, Timoa, and you, Nehow, must desert to-morrow night from your masters; in the cavern beyond the point, which the whites have named 'the Rope,' (because they cannot descend the precipice without this assistance,) you must conceal yourselves. There remain until you hear that we are ready. Take with you arms and ammunition. Every day you shall hear from me, or see me. Your other two companions shall be placed in communication with you; and on the first auspicious day, and when the whites, driven by your loss, are separated and work in their own plantations, then, whilst they are unable to unite, we will attack them singly, and spare not one. The same stars which guided the ship here, shine to guide us back; the same sun which shines on this detested spot, warms the rich valleys of Otaheite. Once our own masters, and our return is probable. Are you agreed?"

The four men, Timoa, Nehow, Tetaheite, and Menalee, bowed assent.

"Then follow me; for we have yet one ceremony to perform. We are linked together in death, or we rejoice together in liberty. We must bind ourselves one to the other—no traitorous whisper must betray our plans. Follow."

Obarea now directed her steps to a peak of considerable height (to the left of the Rope) which overlooked Bounty Bay. Here the quick eye of the blacks had discovered, when first they landed, that the spot had been, to some others who had visited the island, a marai or burying-ground. To tread near the ground rendered sacred to the dead, was always done cautiously and with great respect. Here had been buried, with the warriors who slept there, the stone hatchets they had used in their wars; and here too was found a rude representation of the human figure, hewn out of a piece of red lava. The Otaheites recognized in the form of the place a marai, such as is seen in their native island, although the dimensions were smaller, and the spot higher, than is generally selected. Towards this spot Obarea led them. The sun was fast declining: no obstacle excepting some tufted grass impeded their steps; cautiously, yet rapidly, they surmounted the trifling difficulties, and soon stood near the hallowed place.

"For what have you brought us here?" asked Timoa.

"To swear by the dead, to swear by yon setting sun, which now looks on us before it falls into the distant ocean, that you will be true to one another—to call upon the dark spirits of the cursed to take you as theirs if you betray this secret—to swear to be true and brave in the undertaking. Bow down to the ground—beneath this soil are the bones of warriors. See this hatchet—does it not resemble the one my father used? Look at this pile of stones—beneath it lie the bodies of those who were free. Now upon this pile, reared by friendship as a monument for the dead, who, living, won their companions' esteem—swear, swear as I dictate the oath. By the dead beneath, by the living sun above, I swear never to betray the plot we have formed, and, on the day and hour which may be decided upon, boldly to stand forward and fight for our liberty. Kiss the pile!"

With reverential awe (for the Otaheites never approached their marais but in reverence) the four men kissed the pile. The last rays of the setting sun witnessed the oath, and the rude figure of lava seemed to bear record of the ceremony.

"Now to the village. But we must do all things cautiously. We must appear gay. When we arrive, I will propose a dance. We must wear on our countenances what ill assorts with our feelings. We will engage all our women in this foolish exhibition, and I myself will begin it. Get home, and remember, Timoa, *the oath*—to-morrow evening—you know the rest."

The blacks were now fairly involved in the insurrection. They had sworn an oath, and death would have been preferable to its violation. Naturally weak and superstitious, they believed that if they betrayed the secret, the sun would never again gladden the hill-top with its splendor, nor the skeletons of the dead repose in peace. They never mentioned the subject, but descended the hill with the lightness of goats. As they neared the village they separated, and approached by different routes, as if coming from the plantations in which they generally worked.

Obarea arrived the first, and sought out Adams. He was sitting at his door, taking his frugal supper from the fruit of the plantain tree. His wife had spread out some bananas, and was carrying some water in a vase on her head.

"A cheerless supper," began the privileged beauty; "I wonder you do not promote some amusement. Why, since we left our own island, we have never had the dance of happiness."

"It is an excellent thought," said Adams; "but as we had little music, it never occurred to me before."

"Music indeed! Why, we have the same here as in Otaheite, and plenty of women to make a pleasant amusement. Here is Mr. Christian!"

Christian was delighted at the proposition; and Quintal and M'Koy, who were just sober enough to understand that a dance was in contemplation, clapped their hands and cut some double shuffles, to show that their legs were serviceable in the cause.

"Who'll play the music?" said Quintal. "I've nothing left but the boatswain's call, and I can't play 'Moll in the Wad' with that."

"I will manage the music," said Obarea. "Let us all get in the square. I will set the example with your wife, Adams, and some others; and this amusement will contribute to lighten any heaviness which may be upon us."

So artfully did this woman accomplish any design, that no suspicion was excited.



ADAMS' EXHIBITION. - Page 193.



She appeared in reality gay. For the last few days she had become not only kind, but cheerful; and now, when amusement was in contemplation, she became animated and excited.

"Come, my lads and my lasses," said Quintal, "I have the largest room, and dancing on boards is much better than dancing on turf. I'll soon light up. My wife Dolly has got plenty of artificial candles. Come, heave ahead—this is something like life; and if we could only get up a public house, we should be as happy as any chap at Point. Now then, my lads!"

Quintal's wife had arranged strings of the doodoe nuts, which gave a blazing light and a proportionate quantity of heat. The company all sat on one side of the apartment, and the musicians took up a position directly opposite to them. Timoa was the leader of the band, although Quintal played the most sonorous instrument. The musicians were thus arranged: Timoa had before him a large gourd; and he balanced on his toes, so that there might be the less interruption to its vibrations, a piece of musical wood, known to the natives of Otaheite by the name of Toron. He struck the instrument alternately with two sticks. Dolly, Quintal's wife, more familiarly called his slave, accompanied Timoa upon an instrument which not even the ingenuity of Strauss could render serviceable to his orchestra. It consisted of a gourd, which had a longitudinal hole cut in one end of it. This was beat rapidly with the palms of both hands, alternately releasing each after the stroke with uncommon dexterity, so as to produce a tattoo in perfect tune with Timoa's sticks. The next and last musical instrument, which was played by Quintal, and comprehended the whole of the bass, was the Bounty's old copper fish-kettle. The half drunken seaman beat down whatever gentle intonation could have been emitted from either gourds or musical sticks; and M'Koy flourished about the room, trying a kind of Greenwich horn-pipe to their discordant sounds. As, however, the whites could manage but little with this spirit-stirring music, Obarea proposed that herself, Mrs. Adams, and M'Koy's wife, should exhibit the real elegance of the Otaheitan dance; and accordingly they stood up.

If any sense was to be gratified by this dance, it was not that of modesty. The ladies were but thinly clad, and the different positions into which the forms of these elegant creatures were twisted as they

shuffled along, passing each other backwards and forwards, and snapping their fingers, gratified the corrupted morals of M'Koy. This indeed constituted all they understood by the word dancing. There was no violent exertion, no particular animation of the features or exercise of the limbs, but the whole consisted of slipping and sliding, looking at each other and those around them with eyes swimming in their own moisture, and snapping their fingers occasionally with a loud and then a gentle noise.

"This is all gammon," said M'Koy. "Why, yon do nothing but walk about and make faces. Side out for a bend—let's have a regular reel—come along, Adams!"

No man in his younger days had danced more reels between decks than Jack Adams. Now his spirit was broken within him, and joy and hilarity were strangers to the man of crime. As, however, this amusement was calculated to relieve the general monotony of their evenings, Adams willingly answered to the call of M'Koy, and stood up with him and Quintal. The copper kettle had now a more lenient performer in the person of Obarea, whose musical ear and good taste allowed the skillful performance of Timoa to be better heard.

The sailors clapped their arms akimbo, and struck out, humming one of their own tunes, shrieking out as they passed each other, slapping their legs as they quickened their motions; and of the two dances, certainly the sailors' jig appeared most like the one so celebrated in the description of Captain Falconer's marriage with a savage squaw at St. Domingo. There certainly was nothing to mark civilization in the laborious exhibition; and when exhaustion overcame exertion, it was hard for the black ladies to understand what recreation there could be in laboring to be fatigued.

Some tea was now handed round, and this night the wisest of the inhabitants could not foresee the lurking treachery of his companions.

"Come," said Adams, "let's have another dance from the ladies."

Again the same women went through the same exhibition, and quietly enough would the evening have passed off, had not Quintal been more and more enamoured of Obarea, as her graceful figure glided close to him, and, forgetting the little prudent restraint which he possessed, he jumped up and kissed her. Williams resented the insult offered to his wife, and

Timoa dropped the balance of his musical stick, and allowed it to fall most inadvertently upon Quintal's thick head. Afraid of the part he had taken in resenting the insult offered to his future wife, he shrank into a corner, and unresistingly received the kicks of M'Koy; whilst Williams and Quintal made certain demonstrations which evinced an appeal to the Englishman's weapons—his fists. Christian now interposed in a tone of authority which he had long since laid aside; and Adams, placing himself between them, declared that no fight should take place. The surly grumbling which ever attends the separation of two seamen anxious to strive for the mastery, made a more discordant sound than the music; whilst the screams of Timoa, as M'Koy practised his legs in kicking him, made the room resound with the cry of pain.

Obarea, who had been the innocent cause of this, kept her eyes fixed on Timoa, and conveyed her wish to him that he should bear the uncalld-for punishment without attempting to resist. The evening, which began in harmony, ended in strife, more especially as Adams proposed that Christian should command the inhabitants, having all the power of a captain afloat, from which of course Quintal and M'Koy not only dissented, but swore a powerful oath that they would never obey any man, whoever he might be; they had mutinied for freedom, and now having got it, they felt very little disposed to place their necks under any man's foot.

The hurly-burly being ended, the slaves were dismissed, Timoa making a more hasty retreat than the rest, and Nehow having his way freshened by Quintal, who lavished, as usual, a wholesale stock of abuse, and swearing the day was not far distant when cats-o'-nine-tails should be as common, and as much in use, as the fruit of the plantain-tree.

Christian took the opportunity of the white population being alone, to propose again that some one should be governor, and that all disputes should be referred to him; for he now learned from painful experience, that democracy never answered when once the people had been subject to proper control. Quintal and M'Koy had no objection, provided they were to be governors; but they would not listen to the upholding of any one else. The meeting soon became a stormy one, Williams unfortunately ripping up the old quarrel about the kiss. A dispute arose, and Quintal, in the most civil manner possible, begged the company would retire,

as he and his bosom friend were about to take a glass of grog together, sing another song, talk over the affairs of the island, and what might be best for their future government.

Both Adams and Christian now began to apprehend that peaceful dominion was not to be expected. Young declared himself of the same opinion, and with a gloomy foreboding as to the future, they returned to their own houses. But again did Christian and Adams condemn themselves for their past conduct, and earnestly prayed that the cloud over the future might be removed.

On Williams's arrival at home he called for his wife, but she did not answer. He became alarmed at her unusual absence, and proceeded to the houses of the different seamen. None had seen her; the other black people were mustered, and found in their proper places, but no one had heard of Obarea since she left Quintal's house. To one of Williams's loud halloos, she answered, and shortly afterwards returned from the wood.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"WHERE have you been?" asked Williams of his wife, as he led her back to his house.

"Saying my prayers."

"Then I am not angry, although your religion is that of the pagan; yet the act of prayer is laudable—I love you the more for it."

"And I," said the girl, looking him full in the face, "could almost love you."

"Almost, Obarea!" why, I have ever thought, since you were mine, that we were happy; fondly happy, in each other's affections.

"The slave must never love the master—the one state is inferior to the other. I have been ever obedient, for I know my duty—this is your due—a more lenient master never lived—a better man never breathed. I wish I could do some deed to make you know how much I esteem you; but I will guard you in danger, and will watch you when you sleep."

"There is no danger near to cause alarm—there is but one danger which could startle me, and from which even your watchfulness would be useless."

"And that is —"

"The arrival of a ship."

"From any danger arising from such an event I will protect you."

Williams was never reckoned the most religious man in the island, and seldom did the sun go down witnessing his evening prayers. He now broke through his negligence, and knelt down before he retired to rest. Obaroa watched him, and as the mutineer sincerely and truly implored forgiveness for his former sins, the black's thoughts ran thus:—"This is a good man, unlike the rest—he seldom swears—he never beats us—there is a woman's weakness grafted on a man's courage. Kind is he always, and, unlike those drunken tyrants, he shares the labor and the produce of the island with those who labor with him. Confident in himself, he places confidence in others; and the very woman who has determined his death, is hugged to his beating heart with all affection and love. But there is a God who watches the actions of both whites and blacks—to that God I appeal for justice—for I could not plunge the dagger in his back, whose heart is overflowing with kindness and humanity; but he must die—I have pledged myself to be the wife of another, if by his bravery we regain our freedom. This man, who forced me from my first husband, led me to the committal of a murder—he was the cause—he shall pay the forfeit; but although I doom him to destruction, I own he has ever conducted himself kindly and affectionately towards me. He has prayed his God to forgive him—I too will pray for him;" and imitating the posture of Williams, this strange woman knelt by his side, and implored her God to forgive her husband.

Williams, when he rose, kissed her fondly, and forgetting he held to his heart one who had already committed a murder, he blessed her and prayed for her.

The morning dawned—the sun heralded its own appearance in the bright and glowing tinge which colored the clouds above the horizon. It was the custom of the islanders to rise early and each to resume his work. At this time a great part of the ground was cultivated, and required continual watchfulness. Every one, with apparent cheerfulness, went to the different plantations. Some, who were the washers for the rest, ran to the wells near the shore, and spread out the linen to bleach. The black men, who were generally employed in cutting wood or digging, cheerfully handled the requisite instruments, and humming some Otaheitan air, which sounded merrily on the ear, betook themselves to their daily labor. Christian al-

ways worked in his own garden. Adams more generally sent the others to their work, and then labored himself. Young, always thoughtful and religious, was slower in his agricultural exertions; he spent most of his time in reading the Bible, and drawing from its pure and unadulterated source the draughts of comfort and consolation which kept him an even-tempered and contented man.

Two still remained asleep—it was the feverish sleep of the drunkards. Everything between M'Koy and Quintal seemed the prompting of one mind. They were disposed to do the little work they did at the same moment—both were ever ready to get drunk—their recreations, which chiefly consisted in some new tyranny over their slaves, always occurred at the same moment. The man who awoke first, awoke his companion in crime and in idleness—it would have been a curse upon one to have seen the other asleep—they slept on for hours, whilst Timoa and Nehow, their two slaves, dug and dived in their gardens.

It was from the blacks being left so much together whilst their masters slept, that the opportunity was afforded of arranging their plans. On this morning little work was done, and both were employed in stealing fire-arms. In this, as those who should have guarded them snored in drunken forgetfulness, there was no difficulty. Before the master awoke, the slave had secreted the weapon in the cavern to which it was his intention to retire. Not only was this done, but fruit was gathered and concealed—wood was cut for their fire, a kettle was taken, and all the requisite preparations for concealment for some time were made before the sleepy hounds, who called themselves men and masters, shook off the drowsiness of their slumbers, and recovered the senses they had lost.

As there was very little variation in either amusement or employment, both Quintal and M'Koy walked to their plantations. It was obvious that little had been done; the ground showed itself untouched, and the trees had evidently not been hewn. The blacks were accused of their idleness, and asked to show where they had worked; and as the answer was unsatisfactory, they were again beaten and again abused.

When the sun set, both Quintal and M'Koy were carousing. They had given up their usual walk to the peak to skim the horizon; they had grown contented since they had discovered the power of forgetful-

ness, and no curse would now have been greater than to have seen a ship. Now it was that Timoa and Nehow deserted. On leaving their work they saw Obarea, who watched their movements. They waved their hands, and darting into the wood, were soon no longer visible.

When darkness came on, Christian, as was his usual cautious practice, went his rounds to ascertain that all were at home. The mind which planned rebellion was ever active to suppress it. That discontent prevailed was evident, but no idea of open revolt had ever occurred. The absence of the two blacks excited considerable wonder; it was unusual for those who toiled the most to be late to arrive at home, and rest after their labors. Inquiry was made, and no one was more active in the inquiries than Obarea. As she spoke to her countrymen, she made known the answer she wished by her glance. The women, more especially the wives of Quintal and McKoy, were active in the search, but it was evident they obeyed a command, rather than acted from a feeling of alarm.

As they night grew on, the suspicions of Adams and Christian became more confirmed. The fire-arms had been missed, and no doubt existed in the mind of the former but that the rest of the blacks were aware of their countrymen's retreat, although with the cunning of savages they evaded the question, or answered with the vacant stare of constitutional stupidity. A watch was kept all night; Christian taking one, and Adams and Young the other watches. The last was on guard when daylight broke. There seemed no hurry on the part of the other blacks—they all went to work as usual—the women gave themselves no uneasiness, and this singular apathy made Adams more suspicious.

"Wait until the scoundrels return," said Quintal, "and I'm mistaken if they won't walk on tender feet for the next month. I'll bastinate them in as much style as any janissary could do at Constantinople."

"I'll make a cat," said McKoy, "and I'll scratch the rascal's back until his skin is as white as a turnip."

"Ungrateful villains!" said Quintal, "after our kindness, to leave us now, when we require their assistance the most!"

"I should not wonder," said Obarea, with a sneer, "if they have not found out the secret of your tree, and have drunk themselves into stupidity, and fallen over the cliffs. One of these days we shall find

you two upon the rocks, with the sea-gulls cawing over you."

"Silence, you black hag!" said Quintal, "or I'll do as much for you as you did for your husband."

"Kiss me one moment—kill me the next," said the girl, carelessly. "When you are a man you can love me. When a brute you could kill me. Never mind, Quintal," she continued, "now your slaves are gone, you will be relieved from intoxication by the necessity of labor."

Quintal stooped down for a large stone, but the girl was off, although the sound of the words which consigned her to a very uncomfortable abode reached her ears.

There was now much caution used by the whites. They never went into the wood unarmed, and very seldom singly. In vain they explored the different caverns with which they were familiar; the one which afforded the present retreat was unknown to them, although the mouth which led to it had often been explored. The continued absence of the men began to excite more and more alarm; for although the other blacks pretended to mourn for them as dead, yet Adams remarked that when no one was suspected near, they ceased to cover their heads with dirt. Amongst the women there was also a very suspicious caution. Adams's wife told her husband that the rest of her countrywomen seemed disinclined to associate much with her; but that they frequently met together, and were more earnest than usual in their manner.

In spite of all the vigilance of Adams and Christian, no trace of the deserters could be found; and, although every man and woman was watched, no suspicion could be attached to any one. The hogs, which had now become very wild and numerous, were left sole possessors of the woods; for had one passed near to any of the islanders, he would have feared discharging his gun, lest one of the deserters should attack him whilst unprepared.

Custom soon gives security. Day after day passed—no tidings were heard of the deserters—the sentinel eye of Adams began to grow sleepy, and the guarded manner of Christian gave way as apparent confidence was restored.

In the mean time the two blacks kept close in their cavern. When night came, they cautiously prowled about in search of provision; but during the day they never hazarded a discovery by venturing from the cavern. Obarea had taken good care to impress upon their minds that they would be made a sad example, to warn

others from the same course; and that therefore, once having deserted, in seclusion they must remain until the plot had matured.

A fortnight had now passed, and they had not seen a human creature. Their resolution almost failed; indeed they had held several conversations on the improbability of the white men inflicting more than a lenient punishment, as they themselves would not benefit by reducing their slaves. It was evident they were heartily tired of their solitude, and would rather have been whipped in company. It was close upon sunset, an hour when they stole towards the mouth of the cavern from which the sea was visible. They heard a footstep, and as hastily retreated to the small dark corner which had concealed them during the search of Christian and his party. A whistle was heard—it was the signal—Timoa ran to the entrance, and met Obarea.

"To-morrow, at eleven o'clock, be close to the large banyan tree which faces the village; only be as resolute at that hour as you have been in your determined solitude, and we are free."

No other words passed. Obarea had glided away with all the activity of the fawn; and the night of September the 18th passed over without alarm or discovery.

The morning of the 19th saw all the inhabitants of the island at work in their several plantations. The loss of the two deserters rendered it imperative on Quintal and McKoy to do as their neighbors did, and work. Christian was always active; but on this day he was observed by Adams (who saluted him in his customary manner) to be low-spirited and dejected. The two friends (for adversity levels rank) exchanged a few words concerning the extraordinary fact that the deserters were undiscovered, and had never returned; and then each went to his own plantation, and commenced his daily avocations. This was done by all. The black women mostly were engaged in their houses; but Obarea was seated under the large banyan, arranging some plantain leaves in a manner used by the inhabitants of those seas for fans. In this art she was very skilful. She sang a few verses, as the fancy struck her, then continued her work, the hands doing the labor mechanically, and hardly requiring the watchfulness of the eyes, which were more directed to the sun than to the leaf. She seemed to chide the

slowness of its course, and then murmured to herself her prayer for success.

It grew fast towards the appointed hour, when Tetaheite approached her.

"Shall we begin?" he said.

"It wants about a quarter of an hour—the sun is not as yet over the left end of Adams's house. They will be here to their time; go, or we may be observed."

"Master," said the black, as he returned to Williams's plantation, "there is a hog close by, tearing up the yams; if I may take the gun, I can kill it instantly."

"Do so, boy," answered the white, as he rested a little from his exertion,—“do so; and if you are successful, we will have a good dinner to-day, after the heat is a little past. Put in some more shot, lad,” he continued, as he watched the black man hastily charge the gun; “that’s right. Now beat the flint before you prime it. Now it will go off; so if the hog escapes, it will be your fault. Look sharp, and come back.”

This was a reinforcement to their strength which even Obarea did not expect. As he repassed her, he saw Timoa, Nehow, and the other black, Menalee. The whites were all separated. The black women cautiously and timidly secreted themselves. They all but Adams's wife, knew that on this day something was to be done, but they were not informed of the extent of the plan.

"Quick," said Obarea, "and before noon all will be done, and we free. Menalee and Tetaheite, begin; go and shoot Williams—my husband shall be the first sacrifice, and thus I show my sincerity in the cause of freedom. He is nearest the village, and the gun being fired here will excite no suspicion. I will be in readiness, and I am prepared also. Go; but when you have killed your master, Tetaheite, Menalee must run to Christian, and be in readiness to assist us there. If we cast off the leader, the rest are easily managed."

Williams had been listening for the shot, and having rested a little from his labor, began again to dig. His plantation was surrounded by trees, one of which nearly touched the rough paling he had erected to keep out the wild hog from his garden. He was now standing with his back to this tree, humming a song which he had oftentimes in nights of yore sang to the listening company of a public-house. With cautious, silent tread his treacherous slave advanced; he levelled

the very musket Williams had too well instructed him to load; and then, as if some compunction stole across his breast, some hint from the internal monitor that the act about to be committed was sinful, he paused and looked.

"Now," said Timoa, who had followed him, "you cannot miss him."

"He shall see the man who kills him," said the black. "Ho!" he ejaculated. Williams turned round—the gun was discharged, and another of the mutineers of the Bounty had cheated the common executioner.

Obarea clapped her hands and stood against the tree watching the progress of events.

"What was that?" said Christian to Menalee; "I heard a musket."

"It was Williams, sir," replied the liar, "who has just been looking for a hog which comes close to his palings."

"Well done," said Martin, who likewise heard the gun, and was nearest to Williams; "we shall have a glorious feast to-day."

"I shall go," said Menalee to his master, "and assist them to carry the hog home."

"Yes," said Christian, "and tell them to get it ready for the oven to-day."

Unsuspecting to the last, Christian gave his consent, which enabled the four blacks to get together. Williams had died without a groan. He was so close to his murderer when he received the contents of the gun that he was nearly blown to pieces.

"Who next?" asked Timoa, who was now ready for any desperation. The first step had been taken—there was no retreat—security was only in advancing.

"To Christian," said Menalee; "for I shall not feel myself free until my master is dead."

"Obarea told us," said Nehow, "to get him one of the first."

This was decisive. The same caution was practised, and the four blacks advanced to the yam-plot in which Christian was at work. There was the man who had led others to the commission of a great crime, and for which four of his shipmates had long before this day paid the forfeit of their mutiny by being hung in Portsmouth harbor. There was the man who had hurled himself headlong down a precipice, the summit of which he could never reach again. All the ties, the endearments of life had been forfeited—for what?—to escape a fancied tyranny, for which he could have obtained redress, had he allowed himself to have re-

mained the officer he had been appointed—to become the companion of outlaws, and low-bred sailors—the associate of illiterate savages—the husband of a pagan—one of a lawless community, doomed to toil, to exist by the sweat of his brow, to live a life of hardship, and to die forgotten and despised.

Cautiously Timoa advanced. The woman who had planned the deed stood by him. "Be steady," she said, "this is the crowning work." She even looked along the barrel, and had said, "Now!" as the gun was fired; and he who had obtained an unenviable celebrity from being the reputed ringleader of the mutiny, was writhing in agony.

When he fell, the party proceeded to the house of Mills. McKoy had heard the shot and the groans, and although Mills declared it was only Christian's wife calling her children to dinner, the latter became alarmed, and called Adams. Adams was soon by the side of the dying man. Who had committed the deed no one knew; he had fallen on his face, and was recovering for a moment before the lamp of life was for ever extinguished. Adams bathed his temples with water; he sat down, placed the head of his companion on his lap, and, undismayed by the circumstance, listened attentively to the last words of him who led him into error.

"It is all over, Adams," said Christian, as he twisted his body in excruciating pain,—"it is all over, I feel—my hour is come—the sand is through the glass—the account is closed; it is useless now saying how truly I repent my former days; I have but a few minutes to live, and those I must devote to you. If ever, Adams, chance should lead you to England, you may tell my friends, that the only man who ever disgraced their name is dead. That will be some comfort to them. They cannot now lead me along the deck, my hands pinioned, my neck bare; I shall not hear the deep-toned bell toll for my death, or see the gunner blowing the match to give the last signal of my life. That is some comfort, Adams, even at this moment. I have escaped the only disgrace I feared. My name may be reviled, but I shall never stand before my judges, or hear my death decreed by those whose equal I once thought to be."

"You had better," said Adams, as he marked the decreasing strength of his friend,—"you had better turn your thoughts to other matters, Mr. Christian; it is needless speaking of what could not

happen, even if at this moment a ship were at anchor in the bay."

"These children, Adams," the dying man continued—"would I could know their end! I leave them to you; teach them what I never knew—the true value, the comfort of religion. If they could be sent to Otaheite, they might yet live to repair my disgrace. But how can this be done? We have had no hope of escape from the moment the ship was burnt, and who knows how long they may live in this treacherous island?"

"Who has done this deed, Mr. Christian?—who has wounded you?"

"I do not know, Adams; I saw no one; and whoever he may be, I could bless him for the assurance that I cannot now meet a more despicable death. You have known these men whom we decoyed on board—from me they have ever received kindness. If by them I have been murdered, McKoy and Quintal have led them to the act of desperation. By mildness we might have commanded respect; but now our own deeds rise up against us. We were oppressed—we mutinied—we placed our comrades to cross the seas in open boats, or to be sacrificed on savage islands—we cheered our own doings—we made ourselves free—and what has happened? We became tyrants—we took our neighbors' wives—we turned our companions into slaves. These slaves have risen—we find the same measure meted to us that we meted to others. It is but retributive justice, and in dying I confess it. Bury me, Adams, in the cave which looks towards the sea. Let the breeze which we have so often mastered blow upon my dead body. They say dying men see into futurity, and are prophetic. If so, you are doomed again to see the flag of Old England wave in Bounty Bay. Be then true and loyal! Oh, I wish I had followed yours and Young's advice, and had made a true repentance whilst my health was good! Now I see before me the entrance only to the grave. God forgive me!—I have been a great sinner. Pray for me, Adams. I feel so very cold—I shiver, and I can hardly see the large tree, which I know is not a fathom from me. Good-night, Adams—good-night! Ha!—it was another shot, and some one else is —." So died Christian, the mutineer.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"He's gone!" said Adams to himself, as the last sign of life vanished. The eye was filmed and dead—the under jaw had fallen—and another of God's creatures, which a moment before possessed intelligence and existence, was a carcass on which the worms might feed. Sorry reflection! enough to humble pride, and make man, in all his pomp and vanity, meditate over the weakness and instability of all human greatness.

Adams gently laid the head upon the ground; and even then, surrounded as he was by his enemies, and certain that this murder had been inflicted by the blacks, before he thought of himself, said a prayer over his departed comrade. The noise and the shouts of the Otaheitans, the loud voices of Quintal and M'Koy, alarmed him, and he rushed from Christian's garden to his own.

Adams was not the only man who had heard the groans of Christian. M'Koy, who was not far distant when the shot was fired, heard the heavy moanings of one in agony, and remarked to Mills, who was standing not far distant from him, that some one was dying; for he knew the sound of agony too well to be mistaken.

"You're wrong this time, M'Koy," remarked his companion; "for it's only Mainmast (Christian's wife) calling her children to dinner—and she's on the lookout for the hog you hear grunting alongside of the garden palings."

"I'm blessed," said M'Koy, in his usual careless manner, "if ever I heard a dying hog grunt so exactly like a dying man. It isn't a black, for those fellows sulk even to the last; and its more christian-like than an animal."

During this conversation, the blacks, after having fired the fatal shot, retired to a short distance, and under the guidance of the fearless woman who had urged them to the deed, they concocted further mischief.

"'Tis well he is dead," began Obarea; "when the chief dies, the herd separate. Now we are the most numerous, and the most determined. Before us is our liberty—our return to our country; behind us is merely the remembrance of an act justified by the emergency which prompted it. Why do you linger here? why not finish the task already begun? Adams lives—he must die, for in him we have a foe who never slumbers."

"And yet," said Menalee, "he has ever

been the kindest; from him we have never had one word of reproach. His wife would be our enemy should we destroy him."

"It is merely your fear," interrupted Obarea, the malicious sneer curling her upper lip; "you dare not face him, because he is brave, cool, determined. The shame may for ever rest upon my countrymen, who feared to face an unarmed, unsuspecting man. Give me the gun, and I will lead you to the contest, then hide your faces and say, a woman did—what the stronger man feared to do."

"I would rather kill those who have injured us. My hand would be steady, my heart firm, even in single contest with M'Koy or Quintal. They make us slaves, but Adams shares our labors, and gives us what we request."

"All—all but *liberty*; and without that what are we? the white man's slave—the ready instrument of labor—the miserable creature which must cringe and bless the foot which tramples on us! We lose time!—yonder is this dreaded M'Koy talking with your friend Mills—he with whom you had renewed your bond of friendship, until the words have grown powerless from repetition. Run, Tenina and Menalee, secrete yourselves in his house. Do you, Tetaheite, walk quietly and composedly up to him—tell him that the slaves who ran away have returned—are secreted in his house, or robbing it; and as he enters to protect his goods, let us see, Menalee, if your hand and your heart are steady. Remember this—we have advanced too far to retreat. If now we hesitate, we are lost. It is but courage wound up to the pitch for ten minutes—and, O heavenly thought! the land which gave us birth, shall once more receive us—the parents who nursed us, once again shall bless us—the morais of our brethren shall at last receive us! Spirits of those who worshipped as warriors in our darling island, once more descend on earth, and instil your courage into these men! Advance, I say!—What! do you hesitate? Then by this heart, which beats for freedom, since my words fail to inspire the courage which in a man should need no spur. I will move you by your fears. The wind that gently fans your palm leaf shall not reach on its rapid wings that spreading banyan, ere I will warn the white man of his danger—of your conspiracy—and I will urge him to swing your craven carcasses to that tree under which you bound yourselves,

by the sacred oath you took, to be firm and true in this undertaking."

The daring woman seemed to tower above her sex. Her eyes flashed fire; her whole countenance beamed with animation, whilst her words flowed uninterruptedly. Some small portion of her courage was by this last appeal and threat transmitted to the men, who, after watching the palm leaf, and fancying how far the breeze had to travel before the threat was executed, consented to follow the plan.

The two who were named by Obarea to secrete themselves in M'Koy's house now cautiously advanced, hiding themselves occasionally behind the trees, until, having gained the rear of the house, they leapt the palings, and gained an entrance. Here they met the wife—the slave of M'Koy—a woman who had long listened to the wily tongue of Obarea; she hated her husband for his neglect—despised him for his drunkenness—and at once comprehending why these men, armed, and yet so cautious, gained her house, she placed them in the best posture to effect their purpose, and then fearing they might fail, and she incur more stripes for her neglect in not warning her master, she retired to the back of the house and began to dig up some yams.

No sooner did Obarea see that her first slaves had gained their station, than she advanced to Tetaheite—"Go," she said, "you have already stained your hands with blood. Your existence beyond this hour depends upon your own coolness at this moment. Advance with apparent frankness, and speak as if you were anxious to serve those fools. Let your countenance be clear as the sky above us. You must by determination keep that heart from too tremulous a palpitation, Go, good Tetaheite! before you is revenge!—think of that—revenge!—and if our color is not belied, we treasure that more cautiously than the great lake its secrets. My eye is upon you!—waver, and you die! advance, and you prosper!"

Tetaheite, although somewhat trembling for the result, and fearing the effects of M'Koy's rage, advanced on his mission, with his countenance not at all resembling the clear heavens above, and with a heart by no means at ease within itself. He came close to M'Koy, at the moment he had concluded drawing his comparison between the Christian and the hog.

"What!" he ejaculated; "those two

villains come back to rob me, are they? By the piper who played before Moses, I'll just hang them without any court-martial; so come along, you black scoundrel. I dare say you are a party concerned. Come and be Jack Ketch, or you shall swing with your black fraternity."

Without the least suspicion of the conspiracy—as yet uninformed of the death of either Williams or Christian, M'Koy ran towards his house, swearing vengeance against the deserters and intruders, and armed only with a stick. His rapid pace saved him. The heart and hand of Menalee were both untrue. Fearing that the object of his vengeance would come too close to allow him to escape in the event of the gun missing fire, he pulled the trigger before his aim was true, and missed his object. M'Koy startled at the near whiz of the ball, and imagining that more muskets were yet to be discharged, leapt his garden palings, and calling to Mills, advised him to fly to the woods, or get all hands together, and take vengeance on the deserters.

Mills, who had lately lived in peace with those around him, paid no attention to the good advice, but answered, "that no black man would harm him, and that hasty executions were against his conscience."

"Conscience!" said M'Koy, "is another word for cowardice. I'll go to Christian, and soon settle the matter."

Long before he reached the garden, he called upon his former commander. Alarmed at not receiving an answer (for he knew that at that hour the chief mutineer was ever at home) he quickened his pace, and darted through the little gate to the house. He nearly fell over the body before he remarked it. At once his mind comprehended the danger which surrounded him. He stood still for a second; then calling on Quintal to make for the woods, he escaped from the garden, and was soon hid by the trees.

This failure on the part of the blacks did not damp the ardor which remained. They saw both Quintal and M'Koy escape to the woods; and they expressed their satisfaction, as they now considered themselves a match for the remaining few. Not that they ever contemplated an open assault; but now the few remaining would become an easier prey.

Obarea knew that now was the time to follow up the blow. She urged her obedient slaves to take advantage of the confidence manifested by Mills, and des-

patched two, one of them was Mills's sworn friend, to shoot him. The unsuspecting sailor, on seeing them advance, called to his friend to hasten towards him, as he had something prepared for his dinner. The treacherous villain availed himself of the unguarded manner of his friend, and shot him dead. His last words were those of kindness; but the blacks, pleased at the deed, turned a deaf ear to his entreaties which concerned his burial, and turning the corpse upon its face, returned to their leader."

"Well done!" she began, "we breathe more freely already, and the remaining work is easy. We must not pause: success is often lost by not availing oneself of the prosperous moment. Go two of you to Martin. He is asleep, unless the firing has awakened him. He will fall an easy sacrifice; for his indolence will overcome even his fears, if he entertains any. From him go to Brown. He requires more caution, for he is the most powerful and the most resolute man amongst them; but he will be taken unawares, and the musket is quick in its execution. Go, go, my worthy brethren. Think not of M'Koy's escape. He will be found drunk with his friend Quintal, if the latter is sober enough to effect his present escape."

She clapped her hands, and the blacks once more left her. She seated herself at the foot of the tree, and watched with vigilance the advance of her countrymen. She was right in her conjectures. Martin was seated on a rude bench, leaning against the house, and was killed without being disturbed. He never uttered a word but fell dead from the bench.

The frequent discharges of muskets, (so very uncommon an event on the island) aroused the attention of Brown, who was diligently at work in his plantation, and who not long before had been apprised by Adams of the death of Christian; but neither believing, or even surmising the state of affairs, although they felt confident that their captain had been basely murdered, they resumed their daily avocation in their yam plots.

On seeing the blacks approach, one carrying a musket, and the other swinging a heavy iron maul, some suspicion crossed the mind of Brown, and he called to his wife to bring his gun; but she, suspecting that her husband would in his passion use it improperly, delayed obeying the order. Tenina and Menalee now approached him. The former made signs to Brown to fall down when he

fired, and gave him clearly to understand that the musket was loaded with powder only. Brown was unarmed, excepting that he held a spade; and his first thought was to defend himself manfully against the two. But seeing Tetaheite advancing with another gun he availed himself of the signal made by his friend, and when the gun fired he fell down as if killed.

"He is dead," said Tenina; "let us go back and see who remains alive."

"I must look at the strong man," said Menalee, "and see where you wounded him; he never struggled the least."

"Come away to Adams," continued the first black; "we only waste time in examining for wounds now: we shall have plenty of time for that when our work is done."

Menalee, rather suspecting from the manner in which Brown fell, or from the sound of the musket, that there was not ball in it, advanced to the spot, having the maul upraised and ready to fall. Brown, seeing that a discovery was certain, made an endeavor to spring upon his legs; but Menalee struck him on the head, and felled him like an ox.

"What!" he said, as he cast a reproachful look at Tenina; "cannot we trust ourselves? He of all others must die;" and he repeated the blow, crushing the skull with the terrific force and weight of the maul, and leaving the brains of his victim sprinkled upon the ground. Nor was this sufficient to satisfy him that Brown was dead: he struck him four or five times, leaving his countenance so disfigured, that no man could have recognized a feature. So horribly mutilated was this poor fellow, that not one of the blacks could afterwards be bribed to touch him. Even Tetaheite, who had approached with his gun, in order to assist Menalee, should he require it, turned away horror-stricken at the disgusting sight, and left the garden.

There still remained alive Adams, Young, M'Koy, and Quintal. The two latter were considered sure and easy victims; but the two former were objects of greater alarm. Adams was considered by Obarea as more to be dreaded than all the rest put together. Young was ever a great favorite with the women. He was ready in his compliments, and was generally attentive to all their wants and desires. The women felt they were indebted to him for the little comforts they had enjoyed, and when any of them fell sick, Young was the most assiduous to console or to cure them.

That such a conspiracy could have been got up without the slightest betrayal to the women was against nature. Hints had been given, but so vaguely, that Adams's wife, who communicated all intelligence to her husband, never believed the explosion so near. The women, if uninformed before, were now quite satisfied, from the death of their husbands, that a general slaughter had been determined on; and having quietly consented to the murders, began to be alarmed as the plot progressed. Brown's wife ran to Martin's. She found the indolent man a corpse, and the wife crying over it; and at this moment Young, who had heard the report of the muskets, came up and asked what was the reason of this firing. The women pointed to the corpse, and intimated that he alone was alive, and that his life would soon be taken.

"You can save me," he said; "and if I must, like the rest, be butchered, I would rather you would do it at once, than that I should be tortured with agony."

A rapid conversation in the Otaheitan language took place. Its result was a determination to shelter Young; and he was forthwith placed in an obscure corner of Martin's house, covered over with all the spare canvass they could find.

Adams was likewise esteemed by the women. The kind behavior he had ever manifested towards his wife, had won him the good opinion of the rest; and Quintal's wife, whose husband had fled to the woods, resolved to apprise Adams of the danger which awaited him. She knew that Obarea feared him, and she was well aware that this furious woman had determined on his death. She ran hastily to his house, and called him. The wife answered that he was at work in his garden. She quickened her pace, for she saw the blacks advancing. She called him, and warned him of his danger. He saw the men cautiously stealing towards his house. Their appearance confirmed his suspicions; and believing that they only meditated his, and not his wife or children's death, he cautiously avoided his foes, and escaped to the woods. Here he might have joined Quintal and M'Koy, for he knew their rendezvous well; but unable to withdraw himself from his wife, he lingered near the spot, but kept himself cautiously concealed.

About four hours had elapsed; the village seemed quiet; and Adams determined to venture to his house to gain some intelligence of his wife, and to provide himself with food for the many days he might

yet have to linger out existence in solitude, until the storm might have passed, and some tranquillity be restored.

Obarea, hearing of his escape, was quick to plan his capture. "Rest, my warriors," she said; "this evening will not pass without our foe falling. Remain concealed; crouched to the ground near his garden, and be careful not to allow his wife or children to move outside the palings. It will not be long before he returns: then you will not be slow to execute."

The blacks obeyed. They were all armed now with muskets; and they quietly awaited the suspected visit of Adams. At last they saw him cautiously advancing. He moved quicker as he neared the home of his wife and children. He was unarmed, defenceless, trusting alone to the affection of those he had ever loved; and brave from the consciousness of never having dealt cruelly to any man. No sooner had he gained his garden paling than the preconcerted signal of the blacks was given. He found himself surrounded in a moment; a discharge of musketry took place; and Adams was shot through the body, the ball entering at his right shoulder and passing out through his throat. He fell upon his side; but before his enemies could reach him, his wife threw herself across the body, and swore to defend him even with her own life.

"Forbear, you wretches!" she began; "what has he done, that you murder him? Hear me, his wife; and respect your country-woman! You shall not harm him more—and bitterly shall you repent this cruel, unjust attack."

"Drag her away," said Tetaheite, "and I will soon finish the work."

"Never!" she said, as she clung round her husband's neck. "Never, until the last drop of blood has left mine and his body."

Menalee and Tenina now advanced, each disposed to finish the day's work by Adams's death; but they found it difficult to drag the wife away, so as to enable Tetaheite to fire without hurting her. She resolutely kept her hold, until Tetaheite's patience being exhausted, he thrust the muzzle of his gun against the side of Adams, and pulled the trigger. The gun missed fire; on which he endeavored with the butt-end to despatch him; but Adams, whose arms were free, parried the blow at the expense of a broken finger.

"He's hard to kill," said the savage, as he deliberately primed the gun again; "but this must do his business."

Again he forced away the body of the wife, and placed the musket to the exposed breast of Adams. "Now die!" he said, "and we are free." The priming flashed in the pan, but the gun again missed fire.

"Tis his God who protects him," said his wife. The words struck the blacks with awe and astonishment; they fell backwards a pace or two; Adams leaped upon his legs, and catching the word "escape" from his wife, he seized the moment of alarm which had been excited by the superstitions of his enemies, and darted off; whilst his wife obstructed, as much as she was able, the pursuit of the blacks.

They soon followed. The wood was near, and there the blacks were afraid to follow him; for M'Koy and Quintal, and for aught they knew, Young, might be in ambush to protect their friend. The escape was now certain; and the blacks, who attributed it to a miraculous interference, laid down their arms, and offered to protect and shelter him.

Encouraged by signs from his wife, he turned and walked boldly towards them. They held forth their hands, and swore by the God they worshipped, and by that almighty power which had protected Adams, not to molest him, but to guard and protect him. They renewed the oath twice; and the day of butchery terminated.

CHAPTER XL.

ADAMS was led to the house of his former commander, Mr. Christian. The blacks attributed his escape to a divine interposition, and were fearful almost to approach him. The greedy desire for blood seemed suddenly stilled; the arms were laid aside; and instead of a desire for slaughter, they manifested a kindly feeling to which the whites had long been strangers.

The day was over. Out of nine Englishmen four only survived: two were in the woods, Adams was in Christian's house; and Young, who, by the desire of his wife, had been secreted by the other women, came from his concealment, and joined Adams. It was a day of emancipation to the blacks, who were now masters of the island, and of humiliation and retribution to the whites.

Such was the wonderful change

wrought upon the inhabitants of Otaheite. They had been taken away the meekest and the mildest of men. Their peaceful valleys had never been stained with the blood of their fellow-creatures coolly and deliberately murdered. Now, like tigers who have tasted human gore, they seemed to revel in it. But the strangest alteration in their manners was their total disregard of the dead. In their youth, the body of a departed relative or friend was approached with awe and respect; now they never even removed the bodies of their slaughtered acquaintances, but actually held their consultation in Christian's garden, within a foot of the corpse. They seemed to have undergone a perfect change, and from the virtuous savage they had become the half civilized monster.

"Now are we free," said Obarea, as she broke through the gate which led to the former abode of Christian. "Now we are the masters, and these are the slaves. Now we will celebrate our victory by a dance; and this shall be the last dance, for it shall be sacred to this day. Now again we may see Otaheite."

As she uttered these sentiments in the wildest manner, her eyes met those of Adams.

"What!" she cried, "has he escaped? Will the ground never close over him? Timoa, what is that?"

"We have sworn the oath of friendship with him—he must not die: if we break our faith with him, who can trust us?"

"How many live?" she asked.

"Four—only four."

"That is only two," replied Obarea, "the drunkards are ours at a moment's warning—they will never conquer the propensity—and we have only to wait until necessity demands their lives. The discovery of the tree makes us superior to the white man; great good indeed has come to us who are sober. Sickness, decrepitude, madness, await upon them who drink to intoxication. Bury these bodies."

Adams now felt himself a slave, and the request he would have made to be allowed to bury his old shipmates and his late commander, was saved by the order that Young and himself should hide the bodies. In this they were left to themselves; not one of the blacks would assist, although they narrowly watched them, lest they should join Quintal and M'Koy, and resume the civil war.

It was a long and painful work to remove Christian's body to the cave he had

selected for his sepulchre. They dug the grave in the spot he had indicated. The cool breeze of the evening blew upon the lifeless corpse; no death-clothes enveloped him—no friendly hand washed the body, or closed the eyes; but he was lowered into his grave, without a coffin or a shell, in the dress in which he died. There for ever sleeps the man who occasioned this butchery. Years have passed—the wind has sighed over his miserable sepulchre—but no monument—no grave-stone records the fact, that underneath that spot lies Christian the mutineer.

Before he was lowered, or rather thrown into his grave, both Young and Adams had knelt down and prayed; and in sincerity they offered their prayers on high, that they might be forgiven for all the mischief they had occasioned, and that the blood so lavishly shed might not rise up in judgment against them. For the dead they prayed; and these rough seamen, as they turned from the mouth of the cave to retrace their steps towards their own miserable cottages, where henceforth no trust could be reposed, no sincere friendship engendered, cast their eyes again and again towards the grave of their departed commander, and in solemn silence returned to slavery.

Even the power of numbers is insufficient to hold in subjection the superiority of mind. Wherever civilization has planted her foot, there, in spite of the myriads of savages who assembled to keep her back in her progress, she has steadily advanced, until the majority have succumbed to the minority—the religion of the many has changed for that of the few, and the power of the strong has been seized by the weak.

Adams, whose mind was far more enlightened than even Young's, at once perceived the difficulties which surrounded him, and saw the dangers by which both himself and his companions were beset. To struggle for the mastery was useless; for it was evident every woman in the island but his own wife had joined secretly in the late insurrection. Obarea guided every movement, for her countrywomen feared her revengeful disposition. Moreover, she had promised them a return to Otaheite, where instead of being slaves, they should enjoy freedom and idleness; and this was the first shout, as it had been with the mutineers when Bligh was cut adrift—"Hurrah for Otaheite!"

To govern, Adams saw was impossible; he therefore unburthened his mind to his

companion, as they slowly retraced their steps from Christian's grave.

"Young," he began, "our case is desperate—our lot is hard; we have done that which is wrong—we sowed in intemperance—we reap in adversity. Our homes are homes no longer—the yoke we imposed upon others is now fastened round our own necks; and our lives, which yesterday we could have defended, are now in the hands of the blacks. We must not murmur, but we must do our labor with cheerfulness. The cruel dispositions manifested by some of the blacks can never be changed by force, or altered by opposition. We must endeavor to guide where we have ceased to command. If we could instil by gentleness and persuasion the least drop of the clear spring of Christianity, it would operate more powerfully in our favor than all the arms and all the men of the Bounty; and if we fail with our wives, we may bring up our children so that they may be the barrier of our protection."

"I," replied Young, "come to that task with pleasure. From the pure source of the Bible have I drunk contentment. Our state is changed; but I am master of my own mind, and no man can deprive me of that; that mind, Adams, even in this awful situation, is happy. I feel within me the hope of more prosperous days. I will begin from this hour with my children. That the devil who has planned these murders shall no longer be my wife—I will patiently bear the load which is placed upon me, and in the hours of relaxation or of rest, I will turn my whole attention to my children."

"The house," replied Adams, catching at the disposition of his companion's mind—"the house divided against itself must surely fall. Our party have ceased to exist as a party. Those drunken wretches who even now bare their throats to their enemies, can yield us no assistance. Henceforth we must struggle together, but we will labor towards one great end. Let us but make one convert more besides my wife, and we shall overcome our difficulties."

Each man held forth his hand—it was a renewal of old friendship, bound together by the cord of affliction.

On their return to the village they found that only the first step towards the completion of Obarea's plans had been perfected. Her great object was to return to Otaheite; but their only vessels were miserable canoes, so ill constructed that they were much more likely to upset than

to maintain a safe equilibrium. On the first spur of the moment these silly people had bethought themselves of these frail vessels, in which they purposed traversing the great seas. But some not quite so insane as the rest, spoke loudly against such a folly, which could only end in total destruction. "Besides," added Timoa, who preferred the peaceful possession of his promised reward on shore to the dangerous forfeiture of the prize afloat, "if we should go to sea and find ourselves in peril, the white men left behind will unite together, and we should never be permitted to land again."

This very probable hint, thrown out at random by Timoa, had the effect of stilling the desire of so speedy a departure; and the victors, contented with their day's work, sat down to their usual repast, to which they invited both Young and Adams. They were both treated with the greatest civility, and no word or sign escaped to show that their situations were dangerous. The fresh tie of friendship had been repeated, and, before dinner was over, Adams had remarked that his fears were over; because he knew the general disposition of their hearts—that if once revenge was cooled, or nearly extinguished, it was not likely to blaze out again.

Young was told to remove into Christian's house, and that henceforth the queen desired not his embraces. She made over her charms—if beauty soiled in blood can possess charms—to Timoa, and the evening closed in with a repetition of the dance before described, in which all the blacks joined, and which, as it hallowed a solemn duty, was declared to be the last dance which should ever be performed by the blacks. It was a kind of ratification of the liberty—a dance which would only be disgraced by any repetition.

In the mean time M'Koy and Quintal, who had escaped to the mountains, began to think seriously of their situation. They could defend themselves, provided they were sober; but each was too strongly addicted to the tea-tree suddenly to relinquish it, and each became so well aware of their danger that they feared to use the kettle.

"It's a bad start this, Matt," began M'Koy, "and the wind has set dead against us for a full one. We may keep watch until we are tired of calling each other; but we shall never see our way out into the harbor again. It's what I have always said—this affair has come entirely

from our being too good-natured to those ungrateful villains. We ought to have hung up the woman as a scarecrow when she murdered the man, and then we should have begun properly. How the devil can we wonder at finding murders continue, when we never took any trouble to punish the first offender?"

"As right as a trivet," replied Quintal; "we have been much too good to these devils, and now they cut our throats in return. I wonder if Jack's dead."

"Depend upon it, we're the only two left, and I dare say they are not a hundred yards off us now. I'm not certain we should not save ourselves and them a great deal of trouble by quietly going home and getting our throats cut."

"We can always do that without any hurry or bustle," quickly responded Quintal; "and I do not feel inclined to stop the course of my grog by letting in daylight. No—I'm for a little sobriety—that is, we will take it by turns—we will be ready for a fight—and perhaps we may yet weather the storm."

CHAPTER XLI.

A WEEK had now elapsed. M'Koy and Quintal had been rendered vigilant from fear, and had escaped all danger. Young and Adams had patiently followed up their resolution of obeying without a murmur, and a deceitful tranquillity had succeeded.

The blacks finding, like most people who have been deceived into rebellion, that only a few gain and the rest remain slaves as before, began to murmur amongst themselves, and when the murmurs became more distinct, each ventured to complain that he had been deceived—that Obarea had held out promises of reward which only Timoa had reaped, and that the restraint which was imposed upon them was unfair and uncalled for.

"Of what do you complain?" said the imperious woman; "are you not free? what else would you have—speak!"

"We are masters now; why cannot we do as the whites did when they mastered us? They took our wives, and we were constrained to relinquish them; now let us return the same treatment to them which we received from them."

"Do it," replied Obarea.

"Ay," replied Menalee; "but as we all ventured equally, we should all be re-

warded alike. Let the names of all the women in the island be placed in a hat, and let us draw lots for them; or let us draw lots for the first choice, and have women bound to obey the men who may choose them."

"Obey!" ejaculated Obarea, "you seem to have profited by the white man's lesson. Make the lots and draw them."

The only woman who looked on with indifference was Adams's wife. She felt quite certain that whoever chose, none would choose her. She had manifested so sincere a love to her husband, and was so publicly avowed a Christian, that not one of those men, whose minds were tinged with the darkest superstition, would unite themselves to one who called the religion of the Otaheitan a horrible idolatry, which only ignorance could believe.

The lots were made and concealed. It was agreed each should draw, and he who drew the first number marked in the paper should have first choice. Each bound himself to force any one dissenting, after this choice was made, to give up the woman, even should she be living with him. The women themselves were summoned to the trial; and as this was believed by the blacks to be the most likely way of reconciling every one to his lot, a general display of good feeling and laughter occurred.

"Blood will follow," said Adams. "No man takes my wife without having first disposed of me. But it is useless my saying so, until some one has chosen her. You may be robbed, Young—your wife may be taken also."

"I must not complain, whatever happens," replied Young. "I reluctantly voted that Williams should take that woman. I suffer in spirit, but I must not murmur aloud. That woman who saved my life has still my esteem; she has taken her own slave to her bed; and we are left to feel the weight of cruelty we inflicted upon these once quiet, well-disposed people. Let us look on."

"First let us well understand our rules," said Menalee, "so that no disturbance can arise. We are all bound to place the man in possession of the woman he may choose. Is that agreed?"

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted all; and in this shout none was louder than Timoa.

"How shall we draw?" continued the first speaker.

"He who has drawn the first number draws first;—who is he?"

Here began a general exhibition as to the numbers, which they had forced Young

to arrange; and as each man handed him the lot he had drawn, the name and number were called aloud. Thus it was, when Young declared that Menalee had drawn the first number, and was entitled to the first choice. The savage clapped his hands with joy, and in a loud voice declared Obarea to be his.

"How!" cried the leader with some surprise, "how dare you name me? I have disposed of myself to him whom I promised. I will not be subject to any regulation, but will regulate you all."

The blacks looked at each other. Their word was pledged, and in the preliminary arrangements no mention had been made that Obarea should be exempt from the general rule. They loudly declared that Menalee had made a fair choice, and that Timoa should relinquish his claim.

"Never!" said the infuriated black, as he rose from his seat and cocked the musket each carried for their mutual safety.

"Then we are all your enemies," replied Tetaheite, "our word was pledged, and we cannot depart from it. Who is the next?"

The next man was declared, who chose Christian's widow, and the rest made their choice without opposition or remark.

"It is finished," said Obarea, as she rose, "and you, foolish man, have no wife."

"You are mine, and shall be so," replied Menalee; "and this night shall not pass without your subjection."

He sprang towards and seized her by the arm—Timoa interfered—and in the scuffle Obarea escaped to her house, and soon made preparations for resisting any attack.

Adams had cautiously watched every action and weighed every word. Now was his time to get up a counter-revolution, in which his weight and that of Young's would decidedly prevail; and much as the Christian spirit prevailed in him, and disgusted as he was at the flow of human blood already shed, he could not help feeling that natural desire of all Englishmen, "to be free," although that freedom should be purchased by another slaughter.

"She is yours," he whispered to Menalee, "are you afraid to take what you have won? The beauty of the island has fallen to you, and, by my soul, you look fearful to touch what fortune has bestowed upon you."

"I will have her," replied the black, as he bit his lips.

"Not whilst Timoa lives," whispered Adams.

In the gloom of the coming evening, Adams endeavored to reconcile the hint he had given with his conscience. Even a black man could not have misunderstood it: there was a stumbling-block in his path, which must be removed before the prize was his. Such was the hint; and Adams, as he reasoned with himself, overlooked the crime in expectation of the consequences. "Every man," he argued, "is bound to defend his own life; mine is in jeopardy: one word from that woman, and I should mistrust even the friendship of an Otaheitan: to guard that, I must weaken her power, by placing one of the blacks in opposition to the other. If either fall, and I can communicate with M'Koy, our power would soon reduce our adversaries. Since, then, every man is called upon to defend his own life, and that defence can only be rendered secure even by a murder, the necessity justifies the act, and I acquit myself."

Such were his arguments, which he afterwards recapitulated to Young, who was at that time quite uninformed of the secret determination of Adams.

That evening Adams walked to Christian's grave. He looked at the hasty mound which Young and himself had raised to his memory; he thought of the days long past, and he looked into futurity with fear and trembling. The sun was gradually sinking, and Adams felt that weight of mind which the hour, the fading glories of the day, ever force upon the spirits. He returned to his wife. She told him that the storm had only commenced—that the blacks had held a secret meeting—that the women, envious alike of the beauty and power of Obarea, were anxious to see her humbled—that Timoa and herself were resolved to live together, and in this resolution they had armed themselves for the approaching contest.

When the Bounty was destroyed, it has been mentioned that every article which could be moved from the ship was landed; and amongst the heterogeneous mass of useful and useless lumber, there was a flute which had belonged to one of the seamen, and which was bundled into the mass when the cargo was landed. Some time after the houses were built, and a trifling relaxation of time occurred after the labors of the day, this flute became the object of attention, inasmuch as it was the only musical instrument, saving those of Otaheitan invention, then on the island.

The Otaheitans were famous for their quickness of ear; almost all the women sang. An air once whistled was soon caught up, and to their own national ballads they were much addicted. Timoa was the quickest of the blacks; and having heard the sounds produced by Christian, who once ventured on the only air he could play, and one which he might have forgotten with his loyalty—God save the King—Timoa purloined the instrument, and by dint of a very little practice mastered the first difficulty. His ear naturally good, his fingers naturally obedient, he soon learned many English airs, and was quite an adept at his own country airs; these, perhaps, had been more firmly rooted in his memory from the continual song of Obarea, who cautiously disguised her feelings under the mask of gaiety. Since the slaughter, Timoa and Obarea had lived together, and they passed their evenings, the one singing, the other accompanying the song. Such was their employment. Obarea had attracted the attention of others by her beautiful and harmonious voice; nor did the flute render that voice less attractive. The round notes of her clear voice broke sweetly through the stillness of the night. Suddenly a musket was heard—the music as suddenly ceased—the flute fell from the hands of the musician, who rolled at the feet of his mistress. The shot had been fired by Menalee: it had taken effect upon the object of his jealousy; but he lingered, and struggled, and seemed not mortally wounded. Obarea fell down at the feet of her wounded lover. All the heroine was lost in the woman. She never attempted to revenge the murder, although her musket was within reach of her hand; but, covering her face with her hands, she gave vent to her grief in the long low moan which is common to savages. Seeing Timoa struggle, she changed her position, took his head on her lap, chafed his temples, and endeavored to staunch the wound.

During this time Menalee had reloaded his musket. He looked with a scowling eye upon his former companion—he rebuked him for his perfidy in having claimed the woman he had won, after the solemn agreement they had entered into: his passion rose with his words, and in spite of the prayers and entreaties of the crest-fallen Obarea, and the useless imploring accents of Timoa, the savage deliberately placed the muzzle of the musket against the side of his former friend, and again fired. A groan—only one

groan—escaped, and Timoa was a corpse. The murderer, as if fearful of punishment for the crime, immediately left the house; his place was occupied by Tetaheite, and some women who had been attracted to the spot by the noise and the confusion. Behind these, in a corner crouched down was Adams, and near the door, ready for immediate action, was Young.

The death-cry was raised—the women bewailed the loss of their countryman by quickly uttering a succession of shrill quick notes, until they terminated in one long-continued shriek. Tetaheite kindly offered his condolence and his protection to Obarea, who, almost unconscious of her actions, had let her long hair fall down, and wept aloud. In the midst of the tears and the shrieks, Menalee suddenly entered. He saw the place he wished to occupy occupied by Tetaheite, and he instantly prepared to revenge this second act of perfidy. The gun was at his shoulder in a second, and as quickly the women bounded on their feet and surrounded Tetaheite—they held forward their hands, and rebuked the infuriated savage, who, after making four or five attempts to point his musket towards the object of his jealousy, threw down the weapon and rushed out of the house.

"It is a pity," said Adams, as he whispered to Young—"that the murderer has escaped. One more life lost, and we are masters again."

"He must return," replied Young. "Who can blame him," he continued, "in having placed his affections upon this singular woman? She has all the lofty spirit of a man—she commands every one—and even now, although we heard the blacks give their pledge of friendship, and swear to obey the laws they themselves laid down, yet we see her surrounded by the very people who held death more welcome than this species of dishonor—all eager to protect her against the man who loved and won her—and boldly standing forth to forward her desires."

"She should have been in a civilized country, and she would have left an imperishable name to posterity. Now she will die with us on this wretched island, and perhaps no soul will ever hear of one who unites so many of the bad with some of the best qualities of our nature."

"As I live," cried this strange woman aloud, "this blood shall be revenged—that man shall die who did it, or the whole island's inhabitants shall be too

few to satisfy the vengeance I feel. This corpse is mine—I will hide it. Leave me to my grief."

Having so said, she threw herself again upon the ground, and burst forth into a torrent of tears.

CHAPTER XLII.

M'Koy and Quintal, although still a little addicted to their distillery, were yet wise enough to know the necessity of keeping a good look out. They secreted themselves every night in a cave, the mouth of which overlooked some yam plots, from which during the day they obtained their food. It was about nine at night when both were disturbed by the loud voice of a black calling upon their names. The sound came audibly enough, for the night was calm, and no leaf rustled to deceive the ear.

"He calls us," said Quintal, jumping up and cocking his musket. "Shall we answer him? or wait until he nears us, and then despatch him?"

"Neither," said M'Koy, with the coolness for which he was so famous; "neither, Quintal. If he's alone and unarmed, we can master him easily: if he is merely the jackall to hunt up the game, we should do wisely to wait here and defend ourselves, if we should be discovered. But as we know where he is by the sound, and he is ignorant of our situation, or he would not bellow there like a bull, there is no danger. Do you go on that side, keeping cautiously behind the trees, and I will go this, keeping you, as well as I can, in sight. Let me seize him, and be cautious on no account to fire. If there are more, steal softly back to the cave. And I say, old boy, as the grog might make you see double, take care you don't mistake me for the nigger, and spoil our companionship."

"That fellow's voice has made me as sober as a master-at-arms at quarters. I'll follow your plan. Look sharp, and keep the mouth of the harbor open, so that we may bear up and move ship before we can be attacked."

"Gently, gently," whispered M'Koy. "I hear his foot-steps on the dried leaves; keep close to the tree."

The stranger was now close to the place where M'Koy and Quintal were concealed. He seemed nearly fainting with

fatigue, for he staggered at each step he took. He was unarmed, and certainly unattended. M'Koy, having carefully listened, in order not to be surprised by others, sprang forward and seized the man.

"Who are you?" he said. "Speak!"

"Menalee, your slave," replied the frightened black.

"And what makes you come screaming through the wood like a frightened peacock at this time of night?"

"To join you and your party," was the reply.

"Likely enough," interrupted Quintal, "that after you have murdered all the whites in that part of the island, you are come here to be our obedient servant. Martial law, M'Koy; I saw the rascal myself come from Christian's house with a musket in his hand. That's evidence enough for any judge; so say the word, and we can either hang him or shoot him."

"Give us," said M'Koy, "a regular account of your proceedings, and then we can see what we can rely upon. Come here to the cave. There, sit down at that end, and I'll trouble you to rummage the log-book of your memory for the last week's transactions."

Menalee made a clear confession of all his crimes. He faithfully recapitulated the different murders, and ultimately mentioned that his life was in danger for having shot Timoa.

"I don't believe one word," said Quintal, "about Adams and Young being alive. These blacks are not such fools as to leave the cleverest of the party; and as for his cock-and-bull story about Obarea, it's all moonshine, M'Koy. Let us believe him as far as the commission of his crimes, and execute judgment upon him for the same."

"M'Koy, having desired Menalee to get into the very furthest corner of the cave, whispered to Quintal the impolicy of talking about executing the black, even if they were disposed to do it, and gave quite another turn to Quintal's disposition, when he stated that if it was all true, it remained with them to recover the island; that, joined with Adams and Young, and with Menalee to assist, they might have an opportunity of retaliating upon the savages—and when that took place, it was quite a matter of indifference if Quintal shot their companion, or allowed him to live.

"I hate long jobs," said Quintal. "I never liked picking oakum, because it

never appeared to end; so that at daylight we march to the village, and take possession of it in due form."

"I agree to that," said M'Koy, "under a promise that the grog bottle is not touched to-night."

"That's a capital idea," said Quintal; "and after we have treated resolution with a drop, we'll lash the black's hands and feet, and take a regular dose of sleep."

They now proceeded to secure the black, explaining to him that in the morning he should be free, but that as latterly his hands had been so addicted to murder, he might forget his manners, and cut their throats.

The black submitted with resignation; his hands and feet were secured, and he rolled upon his side and fell asleep, perfectly overcome with fatigue and excitement.

"It's quite certain," said Quintal, as he took the drop with which he treated *resolution*, "that it's all nonsense what our parson used to tell us about conscience. Now, there's a proof of a black man's conscience—that internal monitor," as Mr. Texty used to call it. Why, I'm blessed if that fellow does not sleep in the very cave where Mr. Christian used to come every day; and he never says one word in his sleep about a ghost, or a Jack Ketch, or anybody else whose acquaintance he ought to make."

"Black men," said M'Koy, "have no more use for a conscience than they have for a pair of shoes. Their hearts are just as horny as their heels, and they think no more of a murder than you do of your allowance of grog."

"If they think as much of a murder as I do of that," replied Quintal, "I don't think that fellow would be asleep now. It's quite marvelous how a man becomes accustomed to anything."

"It is, indeed," replied M'Koy, as he took the bottle from his companion; "so see if you cannot get accustomed to sleep, and hug that musket as close to you as you would your wife. And now good-night. To-morrow we will be kings again, and see if we cannot execute a little judgment upon the murderers."

Very different was the scene at the village. The blacks instantly saw their danger in the escape of Menalee and the murder of Timoa. Two of their party were thus destroyed. Indeed one threw his weight into the opposite scale. Even Obarea for a moment forgot her grief, to ponder over the certain consequences of

Menalee's defection. If M'Koy and Quintal once learnt that Adams and Young were alive, they would certainly co-operate, and then the victory was certain. For herself she had little fear—her personal charms rendered her secure against any revenge on the part of the whites; but she might possibly lose her revenge against Menalee. At once she resolved that he should be sacrificed, and another time chosen to despatch all the whites. She sent for Adams.

"Look at this," she said, as she pointed to the corpse. "When will these acts terminate?"

"You best know," replied the old seaman; "you commenced them; it was at your command my companions were murdered; and now you wonder that the lesson you so ably taught should be occasionally repeated."

"You would not have spoken thus," replied the haughty black, "some few hours past."

"I have little to fear now," answered Adams, "and much to hope. Cannot we contrive to heal up these differences, and live quietly together?"

"Not whilst Menalee lives. He has murdered one of his countrymen, and no time will obliterate that. He must die; and if, when he is dead, you will promise to assist our people in building a vessel, so that those may leave the island who feel so disposed, I will engage that not one of our party shall lift up a hand against yours; but we will live, as we once lived, in friendship and harmony, without envy, and without superiority."

"I fear that the wound is too deep to heal so easily. Besides another murder is to be the stepping-stone to the reconciliation."

"You have known, Adams," said the undaunted woman, "my determination. If you wish us to be your enemies, well. You must never sleep—you must never close the eyes of watchfulness. The woman by your side will be more dangerous than the large fish to the drowning seaman. I have mentioned our terms. Go ponder over them, and at daylight you will find me here by the corpse."

The conference between Adams and Young was long; neither party wished to bear the odium of the murder, yet each saw the advantage to be gained by it. Adams knew the character of the savages well. Their hands had been dipped in blood, now they cared not how indelible was the stain. Young admitted that both their positions were rendered more secure

by the act, but declared his intention rather to die himself than commit it. Quite in vain did Adams urge the necessity of the whites maintaining their superiority—that by them alone the blacks could be brought back from their dark superstitions and idolatrous worship, to a true religion and a better worship. The very act was so revolting to the mild disposition of Young, who felt himself the cause of all the bloodshed, that no arguments could bring him even to consent to any arrangement which might terminate in the death of the murderer.

"Then I must act by myself," said Adams, as he left his companion; "and guide me, O Lord," he continued to himself, "in this awful trial, that I may act as one wishing to avoid the shedding of blood, and choose rightly between the two sacrifices."

Daylight had scarcely broken when the village people were aroused by the report of musketry, and there was no doubt of the disposition of the advancing body; for one of the balls passed the door of Christian's former house. This shot had been directed by Menalee, who knew very well where his greatest enemy resided. The alarm became general—the women and the remaining blacks all huddled together in the open space in front of the houses, whilst M'Koy's voice was heard above the rest, shouting for Adams.

When Adams answered the call, he plainly heard Quintal call out, "That's all right—he's alive, and we are masters."

Obarea had not been idle during the night. She had persuaded both women and men that if once M'Koy and his drunken companion succeeded in gaining the ascendancy, they would prevent any future insurrection by entirely destroying all the blacks, to whom they had ever shown the most undisguised aversion.

"We must make terms apparently to their advantage, and we must nurse the feelings we all wish to cherish, in silence and in caution. Had it not been," she continued, "for this new tie of friendship, which our men have sworn with Adams and Young, we should have adopted a safer plan, and disposed of the whites. Now we must make an apparent virtue of our necessity—sacrifice one for the safety of the rest; urge upon Adams our determination to resist, if any hostility is committed; and finally endeavor, either by force or by persuasion, to make the white man mistrust his former friend."

All the women, with Nehow and Teta-

heite, called upon Adams to come forward. All voices seemed to come from one tongue—each spoke the same words—and Jack Adams was offered one of two choices—either to be butchered that instant, or to go to the other party, and promise a hearty reconciliation; a fresh renewal of friendship, on the agreement that Menalee was to be shot. Before, however, Adams was suffered to depart, he was sworn by all the hopes he entertained of the protection of his God, by the inheritance of the peaceful valley of eternity, and by his desire that his spirit might wander with his heart's best love through the plantain grove of happiness, that he would return. His wife and his children were placed as hostages, should he forfeit his pledge; and having seen his little ones stretched out with bared throats, and his wife tied to a tree ready to receive the knife in her breast, he kissed them all, comforted them by his assurance of return, and started on his embassy.

"Not being very certain, from the equivocal salutation the village had received, of the disposition of M'Koy and Quintal, or fearing that they might be rather too drunk to discriminate the color of a man's face, Jack carried a white rag, which every sailor knew to be a signal of truce, and an invitation to a parley. He was not allowed to carry any arms. He advanced with all the undaunted firmness of a man doing a good action, and to the hail of Quintal, who saluted him with "What cheer, Jack?" he answered, "All's right if we do a little wrong."

Both M'Koy and Quintal received him with outstretched arms, and before he could speak, offered him a musket, and proposed to advance.

Adams's little children were before his eyes—he knew the people he left too well not to feel the certainty of their deaths, if he trifled; he took the whites aside and whispered to them—they listened with great attention, whilst Menalee kept his eyes on the village.

"Are you sure we may trust them?" said M'Koy.

"Certain," replied Adams, "if—"

"Is that all?" said Quintal. He leveled his musket, and the confiding Menalee was shot.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"THERE," said Quintal, as the last breath came from Menalee, "your engagement with your party is complete; but I'm blessed if I return to that village until every blessed nigger is as dead as that chap. I tell you, Adams, they have got so fond of blood, that they will drink it before long."

"I'm of Mat's opinion," said M'Koy. "We are snug and safe where we are; and there we will remain until not a black man is alive. They are all like Virginia snakes, and would sting you asleep. I wish you joy of your companions, Jack; and when you want a glass of grog and a song, make sail to Christian's cave."

"Go to some other place," said Adams; "I buried the poor fellow there myself."

"Did you?" said Quintal; "then you need not look for me there after dark, I promise you—good-by. When all hands are discharged off the books of life, come to us, and we will join you; but until then don't sleep without your neckerchief, or you'll never find your head in the morning."

The return of Adams, and the withdrawal of M'Koy and his companion to the hill, was the signal for the blacks to advance and satisfy themselves of the truth of the report. Accustomed now to blood and murder, the women looked on with as much unconcern as if the dead man were a dead hog. They moved the corpse with their feet, and jessed jokes upon the distorted countenance, which proved how painful must have been the mortal wound. Amongst these savages stood M'Koy's wife. When she heard that her husband refused to return, she followed Adams, and implored him to tell the reason; and Adams as bluntly told her, that both her husband and Quintal feared the treachery of the remaining blacks—that the murders committed by both parties had so estranged them, that it was useless expecting peace and quiet until one party or the other was exterminated.

"Why," replied the woman, "has the drink deprived them of their former courage? We have but two black men left alive, and you are four in number."

"That's true, replied Adams, "but we never cut throats after dark, and never get behind men to fire at them: you will never see your husband again until not a black man is left on the island. If you want him to return,—and he loves you dearly, although he did beat you—you

may see him to-morrow if the coast is clear."

These words were not lost upon the woman, and she summoned the rest of her sex to her council. So strange an alteration had come over them—so hardened were they to scenes of blood, and so familiar with death—that the women actually kept the skulls of their murdered husbands. It is difficult to reconcile the coolness with which they allowed them to be slaughtered, and yet the surviving love which prompted them to guard with the greatest caution this unsightly remembrance of them. But so it actually was—the heads of the white men were retained.

"This is no land for us," she began; "the eagle of death flutters over it, and the sea-gull has dug his beak into the corpse. We are wives and our husbands fear us—we are mothers, and our children call out against us. We must awake out of dark slumbers, and do a deed of justice to ourselves."

"And what is this great deed to be?" asked Obarea.

"The two parties cannot exist," replied M'Koy's wife; "we must mourn for one."

"'Tis easily done—let us cover our heads with dust, and tear our hair, and place all the bodies of the white men in the marai."

Contrary to her expectation, this proposition was at once rejected by her countrywomen. Only two blacks survived, and there were ten women. On the other hand, there were four men—and who were likely to instruct and amuse the women better than their ignorant and emasculated countrymen. Not one liked to propose the sacrifice of their countrymen, but all were against the murder of the whites.

"Why do you remain silent," said Obarea, "when the man is doomed, does not the death-watch warn him of his fate? and are you less kind than it? It is the life of Nehow and Tetahete that you seek. You have condemned them—cover your heads and declare it."

The women still remained silent; and one by one, without communicating their thoughts, returned to their houses.

Adams sought Young. The case with them admitted of less difficulty. The very terms on which M'Koy and Quintal would return were terms of the greatest security to them; yet how were these hard decrees to be enforced? On one point both agreed—that as these men had been guilty of cool, deliberate murder, the

very commandment of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," relieved them from any religious scruples. Every judge of every land would have condemned them—not a hand in any panel in the world would have been raised in their favor—the voice of all living men would have been against them—and death was their just doom.

"I cannot kill them," said Adams, "although I know that our lives hang by a thread. The women all assembled—all but my wife—and held a long consultation what was best to be done. We know their treachery—we know from what has happened, what may again occur."

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly,"

repeated Young, as he seemed lost in thought. He then continued walking backwards and forwards, his head hanging forward, his eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly he stopped.

"It must be done, Adams. That woman's power sways the blacks, and her will is to them a law. Our lives hang upon her breath, and self-preservation is the first law of nature. Let us not stand shilly-shally over this death. It is as irksome to me as to you; but here the hope of life, to make atonement for past deeds overcomes all reluctance, and I will stand by my word. Let us draw lots. If it falls to me, I shall consider myself as executioner, doomed to carry the law into effect; and I will give my victim as little pain as possible. If you unhappily with your fears draw the unwelcome lot, you must, for our mutual good, overcome the excellent feeling which now makes you shudder at the thought of bloodshedding, and do for me what I would do for you."

"Let us only take one life at a time," said Adams. "Let us first cast lots which of the two shall die."

"It is but postponing the evil hour; but I have no objection. One we need not fear; but two, backed by nine women, are awful odds against us two. Be quick—that woman Obarea's eyes are upon us, and even our conversation, so long and so earnest, will excite her suspicion—be quick."

Adams wrote the names of the two blacks upon two separate pieces of paper. There was a fresh breeze blowing at the time, and it was agreed that the hat in which the papers were placed should be reversed, and whatever name fell furthest from Adams should be the one doomed.

The lots had been cut into exactly the same size, and only doubled once, so that each should stand a fair chance. On reversing the hat the breeze took both. One it lifted into the air, and, after various gyrations, returned it to within two or three yards of Adams. The other was caught in a strong current of air, and was borne away far beyond the other. They looked at the name in the nearest, and Tetaheite was saved.

This mode was again resorted to in order to fix upon the executioner. The names were written on pieces of paper of exactly the same size; and Young, as Adams shook them in his hat, remarked that he liked his plan; as the finger of God would best point out the wretched man whose sins merited this punishment, and who would thus be abundantly punished in being forced to take the life of a fellow-creature. Young, always of a religious turn, knelt down and said the Lord's prayer, whilst Adams followed his example, but prayed in silence. The black women, who watched these, to them, strange postures, settled amongst themselves that it was some offering to the dead; and although close to them as were the men whose lives were thus to be disposed of, they looked on in silence, and with a certain degree of reverence which the earnest manner of Young inspired.

Adams held the hat at arm's length, shaking it violently. He then said, "Give me the word, Young, and see that all is fair."

"Now!" called Young.

The hats were reversed, and the lots as before were borne away by different currents. With anxious eyes they were watched—one, as it neared the ground, nay, almost touched it, was caught up by an eddy of wind, and borne high in the air; whilst the other, steadily continued its course, nearing the ground every second, lighted on a small mound, and was caught in the tangles of some under-wood. The other was still aloft, and having been taken by a counter wind, was seen going back to the place from whence it had started; but as it descended, it was again in the regular current, and fell about four feet nearer the spot.

Before either party neared it, they had agreed that the last was the nearest. With trembling hand Adams lifted it saying, "Great God, spare me this awful scene!" He opened it, and Young's name appeared. The joy of the one was only equalled by the resignation of the

other. He kissed the paper, shook hands with Adams, and hastily retired to his own house to pray. Nehow, as he passed, spoke to him; but the mind was conquering itself, and all exterior objects were shut out from its influence.

The evening closed in. Young attended prayers at Adam's house, and no one was more correct than the convert. Not a word was said as to the deed to be committed, and after supper, silent and sad, each retired to bed.

The black women, since the slaughter of the white men, had disregarded the sanctity of the marriage vow, which previous to these murders they had strictly observed. It was now a promiscuous intercourse, Adams alone excepted. M'Koy's wife, the woman of most passion in the island, and who had been christened by her husband as Susan, was resolved to gain her husband again; for Obarea, after her first grief, soon reconciled herself to Tetaheite, and her charms secured her from wandering to another.

The jealousy entertained by the women in general against the one whose beauty and courage were so far above the rest, might have been the cause of the scene which followed. The heat of the weather rendered it necessary for the inmates of the different houses to sleep with the doors open. The blacks generally, before their numbers became so much superior to their companions, slept in an open kind of shed which was raised from the ground, and which adjoined the house; but Obarea followed the customs of those she inwardly feared—hated—but obeyed. By her side slept the unconscious favorite. It was just midnight, yet it was light enough to have read. Obarea and Tetaheite were asleep, when Susan, with cautious step, entered the house. No watchful dog was there to scare away the intruder. She stood by the side of the bed. Obarea dreamt, and betrayed her thoughts. They ran upon liberty and Otaheite. By her side the man was in a death-like slumber. So lightly did he breathe, that Susan at first imagined the deed had been done. She listened—nay, so closely did she place her ear, that the breath came upon her. She looked at the woman she envied—then lifting an axe with both hands and standing on her toes in order to give greater force to the blow, it descended exactly upon the neck of the unsuspecting lover, and his head was severed from his body.

Before Obarea was aware of the deed, the house was untenanted save by her-

self. She started with horror from the bed, and then first beheld by the light of the moon, the severed head, which rolled from the pillow on the floor.

She overcame all fear, for she was above it. Who could have done this but the white men? and what was all the mummery she had herself witnessed, but some prayer for the success of this dark deed? She left the corpse in the bed, and visited the different houses. Not a soul was stirring—all was as still as he who an hour before was her husband. Then came the thought of revenge. Both Young and Adams were in her power. She returned for a knife, and gained the threshold of Adams's cottage. Him she most hated, for the other had been her friend. With steady hand she endeavored to lift the latch; but the prudent seaman had secured the door, and those who deal in murders sleep lightly.

"Who is there?" asked the watchful man.

The guilty woman retraced her steps, and sat down at her own gate to weep.

In the morning the confusion was great, but no murderer was discovered. Young loaded his gun. Nehow thinking the contents were for some hog, requested Young to put in a larger charge of shot, and to take good aim. He obeyed both, and the unsuspecting black was shot, and died without a groan.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THUS fell the last of the blacks—men who had been happy in their earlier days—enticed away in their manhood—made slaves by those in whom they trusted—murdered by those whom they had served. The desert island on which they had been forced was by their labor rendered a luxuriant garden. The seeds of Europe flourished, nature had abundantly supplied their wants, and yet man became an enemy against man, and on the morning of the 3d of October, 1793, not a black man was left on the island.

Painful indeed is the task to trace how crime engenders crime; how soon the human heart becomes callous to sin, and almost impervious to reflection! Williams had, by his claiming Obarea, and forcing her from her husband, been the first aggressor. The woman soon aggravated the fault, and raised it into a crime.

M'Koy and Quintal, forgetful of the offence which made them mutineers, laid the load of tyranny heavily on the backs of those who, by kindness and affection, might have long served them as slaves. Intemperance led to greater tyranny. Murmurs, half suppressed, soon grew loud and violent; and ultimately, those who were the most docile were goaded on to murder and revenge.

This picture of the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island displays to view a more astonishing state of society than the world has ever paralleled. We find the friend of a murdered man quietly taking for his wife the woman who was the murderer. We find one day the whole island rising against the oppression of the whites, and a week after soliciting the death of the blacks; and we find those very white men taking for wives the sisters of the men they had butchered. It is impossible in the records of the world to find men living in such an incongruous state of society; and did we not know every word to be strictly true, not even the most credulous could be enticed into giving credence to so monstrous and apparently so contradictory a history.

Obarea now saw her power was gone, for Susan soon confessed she committed one murder; the other was done in broad day-light, and witnessed by more than five. The intelligence was quickly conveyed to M'Koy and Quintal, but they were slow to believe it; so often had treachery been practised, so common was death, that they absolutely refused to return to the village until they had proof beyond all contradiction of this last murder.

"I don't trust any mother's son amongst you," said Quintal. "When you show me the flippers (hands) and figure-heads of these blacks, then I'll believe you, Adams. But you know since we began to dabble in blood, it's just as well for a man to keep his skin without having an oilet hole worked in it. There's not a day passes without a murder being either planned or committed."

"Mat's the man for a sea-lawyer—he's not to be caught by words—he'll have proof, and so will I," said M'Koy; "for I can't make out why you are so precious fond of us all of a hurry. You used to say we were drunkards, and fellows who idled away life, doing nothing but lending death a hand to kill us; and now it's 'My dear fellows, come back and live amongst us.' Explain this granny's knot, Jack, and be what you were, all fair and above board."

"Why, said Jack, with a peculiar manner of hitching up his inexpressibles by putting on a most winning smile—this it is, my lads, there's only Young and myself left, and there are ten women."

"Why, you are not afraid of the women, surely," said M'Koy: "they won't murder the two last men."

"I'm not afraid of dying that way, I promise you. But listen lads. Is it not better that we should all live together, and mutually defend and assist one another? or would you have us live in continual fear, and as strangers? Come to the village, return to your children, and we may yet live quietly and comfortably."

"When you have brought us the heads and the hands of the two blacks, we will return," said Quintal, who had previously whispered to M'Koy, "and not until then, you may rely upon it."

"Stay then where you are," said Adams, "and I will return almost directly."

This was another trial for Adams. Sailors have a superstitious horror of the dead. The only man on board of a ship, who grows callous to the sight, is the sailmaker, who has to sew the corpse up in a hammock; and he has all the apprenticeship of an undertaker to serve before he is reconciled to his work. It was now no time for trifling. The worst part had been done, and dead men feel no pain. The axe with which Susan had half done the business, was put into service again, and Adams was shortly after seen with Young walking to the path where their shipmates remained, with the horrid proofs so fervently desired by Quintal.

"There's no doubt about it now," said Quintal, as he took the head of Nehow from Young, and held it up before M'Koy's face; we have the island all to ourselves now, and I vote for returning. Whom does Obarea belong to now?"

"No one in particular," said Adams; "I live with my wife, and Young has his wife. I fancy he would not choose the beauty, although she did, when the massacre occurred, save his life."

"I'm not so particular," said Quintal. "I'll take her, and I'll either tame her, or she may serve me the same trick Susan did this poor fellow."

All hands now declared a new charter of government. It was an independent state, with full liberty to divorce a wife at a moment's notice, and to take another. It was agreed that they should all take their meals together, and endeavor to pass the time usefully as regarded agriculture, and beneficially as regarded education;

but each man was to be free and uncontrolled. The island was to be divided—the inheritance of the dead was to be equally shared out. If one man succeeded in killing a hog, he was to lend a sufficient portion to the rest, which was to be returned when demanded;—in short, that each man should have a kingdom of his own, over which no one, or any number, could have any control; but for the general good of the society, a certain reciprocity system was to be adopted. Adams proposed a code of criminal law—short, and not quite so mystified as our own; but it was rejected even by Young, who with all his disposition to do good, seemed perfectly aware of the impossibility of carrying any sentence into execution, and which would lead, after the first failure, to a total abrogation of the law, or render it ridiculous by its being ineffective.

These hasty ideas of a new order of things was concocted on their return to the village, when it was agreed that the whole community should be assembled, and that Adams, as the oldest man, (and in this they entirely overlooked the station Young had held,) should mention the determination of the whites to remain masters, but to govern by kindness rather than by force.

It was noon-day, and the whole population had assembled together to dinner; but there was a marked distrust among all. The women dreaded M'Koy's ungovernable temper, and shrank with alarm from the more revengeful spirit of Quintal. Adams rose after the dinner, and repeated a grace, the amen to which was pronounced by Young; and this was the first outward act of religion since the death of Christian. During his life the population had only been once summoned to church, and then their minds were not much disposed to gravity. But now, after such a destruction of human life, and sitting as they did by the side of those whose hands were imbedded in blood, an awful feeling crept over them, and there was not one of the whites who did not bow their heads in imitation of Adams.

A pause of some moments succeeded, during which time some uneasiness was manifested by the blacks; for the whites had no sooner entered the village, than they collected all the fire-arms, and secured all the ammunition. Thus a little suspicion was caused, but it soon vanished when Adams began his address.

"My friends," he began, "we are all assembled together to reunite ourselves in friendship. What is done, is done—no

language of mine can recall the dead, or undo those things which led to our late disagreements. We surely have lived in open warfare long enough. We have seen our numbers gradually waste away, until only fourteen remain, and the island is large enough to employ us all. Let us begin afresh—let us bury forever the memory of the past—let us live henceforth like friends, like one family, throwing aside all rancorous suspicions, and dwelling in peace and harmony. My friends, we have preserved a book, in which all our laws and regulations are written, and which are summed up in these few words:—'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' I will teach you from the pure source of this book how easily happiness is attained, and show you the promise, that however fallen by sin and wickedness, there is a sure and happy termination for those who sincerely and truly repent. Young and myself will begin from this day to instruct the children. Our example, I trust, will be such that those who are grown up will be eager to follow; and I call upon you all to remember, that idleness inevitably leads to mischief, and that the sure way to avoid sin is to fly from temptation. In the doubt if an action be good or bad, abstain from it; for if it admits of a doubt in your mind, there must be some apprehension that it is improper. May God bless you all, and so instruct your minds, that you may pass the remainder of your days in making atonement for the many sins you have committed."

Young's amen was again audible.

"That's precious dry work, M'Koy," said Quintal. "Let us handle the kettle, and make a small drop of the creature to keep our livers afloat. By the piper, Jack ought to have been blacked and made a parson of. He talks to those niggers as if they cared one straw where they are booked for in the next world. It's like a boatswain's mate trying to get the duty done by palavering with the crew. D—n it, only shake the rattan, and I'll bet Portsmouth Hard to the value of a light collier's cargo bound to the northward, that the stick will do more than all the articles of war ever read, or all the 'Come, my good fellows, in the world. Have you chosen your wife, M'Koy?'"

"I think I shall take up with the old craft after all," replied M'Koy. She's used to my conversation, and when I d—n her up in heaps, she likes it, and does not pipe her eye."

"Well, I'll have the beauty, and tame her; and do you mind, Mat, if she plays

the executioner with me, I expect you to do as much for her; and perhaps if I just let her know how the cat is likely to jump, she won't be overfond of making an artificial mouth in my throat to let daylight in."

Obarea seemed not at all displeased with her fate; nay, she seemed rather pleased with the compliment, but startled into indignation when M-Koy said to his shipmate—

"I say, Mat, before the tornado comes off the coast of Africa, the sea is always as smooth as a looking-glass, and do you mind what those old Spaniards say—'Take care of your horse when it walks; when it trots, it will take care of itself.' So do you look after your wife when she is calm—she will take very good care to take care of you and herself too when she breezes up."

Young, as he had promised, immediately began the arduous task of schoolmaster. He collected all the children, classed them according to their ages, and commenced that most doubtful of all pleasures—"Delightful task to rear the tender thought."

Adams turned his thoughts towards the conversion of the adults to Christianity. But whilst he labored as a worthy laborer in his vineyard of peace and goodwill, he never allowed himself to forget his agricultural duties. He was the first man always at work in the morning; he set the example to all; he ever wore a cheerful manner. At eight o'clock he always read a prayer before he commenced his breakfast. In the evening he pursued the same plan; and on Sundays he insisted upon all attending divine service, which he read in his most impressive manner.

But long—long was the time indeed before this people, nurtured in ignorance, could be brought to the light of Christianity. Adams foresaw it would be a work of time—that no sudden enthusiasm would forward his views; and he steadily pursued his plan in spite of the ridicule of Quintal and M-Koy, or the dogged opposition of Obarea and her associates.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE monotony of the life the inhabitants led soon began to cause some disquietude. The universal sameness disgusted some, and wearied others, until at

last the women once more assembled together, and, through their leader, called upon Adams to fulfill the promise he had made, to build a ship or a boat, in which those who felt inclined might leave the island, and drift at the mercy of the waves to some other shore.

In vain the voice of reason was raised against so preposterous a plan. The whites were far from wishing to venture in any frail vessel they could build; and the blacks, ignorant of navigation, without a man to assist them, could never hope to direct the craft to the only island they again wished to reach—Otaheite.

"We are resolved," said the clamorous jades, "to find our former homes. We do not ask your company or your assistance beyond building the vessel. The canoes are too small: but if they ride in safety over the seas which dash against our shores, why cannot vessels of larger construction roll along to our home, our long-wished-for island?"

"My ladies," said Jack, in his good-humored style, "you must have parted company with your senses, and taken a reef in your discretion. How are you to find your way to Otaheite, when there is not one of you, from that noisy beauty down to Mr. Christian's child, who knows in which direction the island lies. I tell you that long before you get half way you will have to cast lots who is to die to be the food of the others; and how would you like that, Obarea, to have that pretty face of yours cut to pieces for Nancy there to chew like a quid of tobacco?"

"You will not frighten me, Adams," replied the woman, "by any horrible nonsense of that kind, any more than you did when you darkened the moon. We came here, and therefore I see no reason why we should be unable to return."

"You came in a ship, which is destroyed. We had instruments by which we directed our course; they are broken up and lost. We had men to work the ship, officers to direct the navigation; we had a floating home, stores, provisions, books, quadrants, and compasses."

"Raise difficulty upon difficulty," said Obarea; "make the task as hard to perform as to carry the mountain to the other side of the island, or to fill up the various caverns, and I will not shrink from the undertaking. I will tear up the planks of my own house to build this vessel. The island will afford us sufficient nourishment to sustain life without the use of my cheeks. There is the sun by day, and

the moon by night; and as we found our way through the woods where no path existed, so we will sail to our homes without a road to direct us. Fulfil your promise, or be the wretched liar that fellow is;" and she pointed to Quintal.

"Let's lend them a hand," said Quintal. "We never shall have a quiet home until that woman is food for sharks. She will breed up more rows and riots than a ship's company from a foreign station turned adrift on Common Hard. She never sleeps but to dream of mutiny, and she never wakes but to turn her dream to reality. I'll lend you a hand if you'll promise, when you have got half way, not to fall in love with those you have left behind, and, getting tired of your own company, come back to ours."

"Ah!" sighed Obarea, "weary and hungry must I be indeed, to leave a desert to return to you. Angry words will not forward our intentions. The axes are ready, the trees are near—we have strong arms and willing hearts—perform your promise, and leave the rest to us."

The men held a consultation, and it was agreed to forward the views of the women. Adams knew enough of human nature to be aware that idleness always leads to dissatisfaction and uneasiness; whilst the industrious and laborious have no time for unhappiness or dissatisfaction; but he ventured to propose a question in opposition to the one demanded. "Will you," he said, "bury the skulls of our five white men whom we have lost?"

"No," was answered by all; "they are ours, it is all that belongs to our former husbands, and we will keep their heads."

"Keep them if you like," replied Quintal, "and much good may they do you, but I won't lend a hand, chop a tree, cut a plank, or drive a nail, until those five skulls, which you black devils nurse like babbies, are all buried with the bodies. Why, it will puzzle the ribs and trucks of the dead man to find his figure-head, when he's called aloft to answer muster."

The decisive manner of Quintal had the desired effect upon the women; and to gain their ends they gave up the skulls which they had retained from the 3d of October, 1793, until the 12th of March, 1794; an instance perhaps unprecedented of the change in the human mind from all that was soft and feminine, to all that was brutal and savage. Indeed, all the fine feelings these women ever possessed were totally annihilated. They talked of *murders* with delight, and not unfrequently

they held various consultations if it would not be prudent to murder the whole of the survivors, and live by themselves. Even Obarea, with all her hatred for the whites, was averse to this, and as the fashion was to live promiscuously, she endeavored to vary the monotony of existence by varying the society in which she lived.

It was now determined in good earnest to build a ship or a sloop, and every man in the island lent his willing aid. Quintal and M'Koy had given themselves up to drunkenness; Young was fearful of more crimes and bloodshed: but Adams felt secure in the affection of his wife, and that she would cling to him for protection. She was like a tame bird, and would certainly have been picked to pieces, had she left the island with those whose society she had shunned.

On the 14th April, 1794, the tree was felled from which the keel was cut; and from that day, until the 13th August following, both men and women labored to complete the crazy craft at every interval of time they could spare from the requisite duty of agriculture.

Although the women were clamorous that every moment should be given to forward their darling project, yet Adams foresaw the necessity of increasing rather than diminishing the labor of the gardens. If the women left them, the fewer hands would be left to supply the wants of the children; for not one of the black population ever proposed to take one of *them*; they were to be left to the instruction of Young, and the tender care of Adams and his wife. No longer now, when the sun went down, did these poor creatures, wearied with their usual day's labor, recline under the large trees which spread their beautiful foliage as a screen between the earth and heaven; no longer did they assemble to talk over past times or to vary the evening's amusement by the dance or by the song; but no sooner was the garden work finished than the sound of the axe was heard in the stillness of the wood, the saw was busily employed, the hammer resounded, and the island was a scene of bustle and activity.

M'Koy flattered himself he understood ship-building. He was a man who understood a little of everything, and was vain of his extensive erudition. He threw aside all rules of art, and was determined to build this vessel, merely directed by his eye. Adams proposed to him to build a frame-work; to fasten the planks to the frame-work, so as to keep them in their

proper situation; then to cut the ribs, and finally to fasten all together. But M'Koy was determined to go his own way to work; and as he was generally drunk, or not far from it, an eye like Adams's soon discovered that the vessel would never float on an even keel, if she floated at all. But Adams was much too wary to point out this glaring error to any one but Young. They both saw how miserable must be the existence of those left behind, deprived for ever of female society; and, instead of attempting to correct the error, they worked the harder the more evident it became. The black women saw with wonder and amazement the work of their own hands. Plank upon plank succeeded, the decks were laid, the hatchways cut, and the floating house (as they called this clumsy erection) was large enough to contain all they wanted or required.

This vessel was finished on the 13th of August, and preparations were made to launch her. The black women kept a careful watch over her, lest the treacherous white men should burn her; for they distrusted every word, every action; and Obarea, who now saw herself the leader of the desperate few, grew bolder and more arrogant as the danger was nearer. She had wound up her miserable followers to the same pitch as herself; and the night before the launch she buoyed up the drooping spirits of one or two by recurring to the scenes of enjoyment in Otaheite, and the greater blessing of sleeping with their fathers and mothers in the same marai.

Before daylight, on the morning of the 15th, every one was on the alert. Adams and Young both felt that the critical moment had arrived, and most fervently did they pray that some accident, some misfortune, might occur, which would render the departure impossible; nay, they even whispered that, provided the vessel did float on an even keel, or even so little lopsided as to allow of her being masted, that the last alternative, *fire*, should be resorted to.

Merrily the black girls made an echo to the hammer as the shores were cut away. Away glided the vessel of hope and expectation; and no sooner did she run into the sea, which was smooth as a looking-glass, but she gave one heel to port, and capsized in a moment.

A shriek of horror from the blacks, an unrestrained clap of hands from Adams and Young, a mortified look of disappointment and annoyance from M'Koy and Quintal, who had secretly determined

on accompanying the blacks, announced the fact. She filled instantly, and down she sank, in water deep enough to cover her entirely.

There was no loud expression of grief from the blacks after the first sudden ebullition; but they sat down, and in low accents bewailed the misfortune. They now, for the first time, felt themselves to be prisoners for life. The only means by which an escape could be effected had been tried, and failed. It was useless endeavoring to raise the sunken vessel or of urging on their desponding companions the repetition of the undertaking. They sat down and wept—they tore their hair—they groaned over the inevitable captivity, and sank into dejection and apathy.

"I tell you, women," said Adams, "that this is the most fortunate day of your lives. Cold, hunger, fatigue, misery, would have been the forerunners of the dreadful deaths you would have suffered. How could you, who never saw a vessel of that size, or of that rig, work her canvass? The first breeze of wind must have laid her on her beam-ends; and you might have lingered long enough to know the terrors of the death which awaited you. Come, come, girls, home to your houses, and be contented with your lot. We will do all we can to make you happy and comfortable. The all-merciful Father, of whom I have spoken to you, has kindly inflicted what you consider a calamity. He will now teach you resignation and contentment. Think no more of what is past—look only forward to the future—go home to your usual work."

Not a soul stirred; they continued until noonday in the same posture, until their leader, who found hunger stronger even than her spirit, arose and went to her house without saying a word. The rest dispersed to their usual work.

Quintal and M'Koy soon forgot their disappointment. The never-failing still was at work; the temporary oblivion of all care and trouble was ever at hand; they had filled their kettle, and they had sung their songs—they had laughed over the launch, and had already reconciled themselves to their lot.

Young and Adams withdrew to the house of the latter, and there fervently offered up prayers of thanksgiving for the poor wretches who were thus saved from destruction.

CHAPTER XLVI.

It was not long before the blacks meditated the total destruction of the whites; but the plot was discovered, and a pardon followed. The fact was, that Adams, who was now the man most respected on the island, declared that any punishment would only render the inhabitants more likely to continue in their hatred; whereas mild means might restore them to friendship. Every prudent precaution was, however, taken, and arms and ammunition were carefully concealed, in order that force might be applied if it became requisite. But the men were thus always kept in a state of suspense. They dreaded the result of each disturbance; for the women were more numerous than themselves, and more watchful.

Suspicion was now soon excited. The fretful and revengeful character of the leader of the blacks made Adams quite aware that no security could be reposed in their promises; and he soon found that his precautions were requisite; for, on the 30th of November, after many secret meetings and many determined resolutions, the women met and openly attacked the men. To have shot them would have been easy; but where is the sailor who could lift a hand against a woman. And although an excited woman is sometimes more venomous than an infuriated cat, and comes open-handed to deal out destruction, yet a mild word and a steady demeanor can mostly turn away their wrath.

It never occurred to Quintal or M-Koy to think of procuring fire-arms for their defence. They might have done it to excite apprehension, and when the women came rushing in armed with sticks and stones, they both put their arms akimbo, and laughed at the misguided creatures. The contempt did much more than any resistance: the women slunk back as if ashamed; and the gallantry of M-Koy, who happened by accident to be sober, as he gave one a kiss and called her a frolicksome lass, quelled the insurrection and restored quiet.

Thus passed the period between the 15th of August, 1794, and the 27th of December, 1795. Occasionally an insurrection was planned, betrayed, and defeated. Then came more than usual harmony; the one party assisting the other in both labor and comestable; a more general disposition to meet in each other's houses being evinced, and society being much on the footing of a man who

keeps a few pet tigers; he is very fond of them if they happen to be good humored, but in constant alarm lest they should suddenly attack him and tear him to pieces. Though the world had now been for some years shut out from these people, they had formed a state in which every crime which disgraced larger communities had been practiced. They had seen internal woes, separated society, thefts, murders, adulteries; they knew no God—they feared no punishment; uncontrolled in their passions, in their appetites, they drove heedlessly on, as nature or inclination prompted.

On the 27th of December, 1795, they were again convinced that the world was not concentrated on Pitcairn's Island; for on that morning a large ship was discovered close to the island. No words can paint the alarm and fear of the whites on this occasion. In a moment Adams saw the executioner standing on a platform over the fore-castle gun—the great parade preparatory to death—the service he had deserted arrayed to inflict the merited punishment on the mutineer—the finger of scorn pointed at the culprit—the mariners under arms—the chaplain reading the burial-service—the captain and the officers assembled—and (the most striking of all the arrangements which heralds an execution in our profession) the bell, the awful bell tolling its dismal sound!

M-Koy and Quintal soon caught the fearful expression of Adams's countenance, and crouched down to the ground; whilst Young, believing the day of retribution at hand, fell on his knees and prayed. Not a fire was allowed; the women were enclosed in the houses, and the eyes of only three of the inhabitants could have been discerned by the most anxious discoverer. Rapidly the vessel neared the island. The breeze was strong—the swelling canvass grew larger to the sight—the port-holes could be seen—the men discernible; when the natural barrier of rocks deterred a further advance, the helm was put a lee, and the ship tacked.

The suppressed whisper in which the frightened men had spoken, gave way to a kind of maniac expression of joy. With horror they perceived Obarea, who had broken from her confinement, standing on a prominent and projecting point, waving the largest handkerchief she could find, and shouting to the ship for help. Quintal bounded actively to the spot. The ship was in stays, and the necessary employment of the men kept

their eyes upon the sails. The surf roared louder than the woman's shriek; and she was of course much too far off for any voice, even in a calm, to have reached the ship. The head-yards were braced round, the ship had gathered way: the last part of the manœuvre was done before Quintal gained the foot of the rock on which the desperate woman stood, her eyes directed towards the vessel. Even Adams and M'Koy stood up to watch the struggle which they knew would ensue.

"Come down, you hell-cat!" roared Quintal, "or by heaven I will make sure you never escape from the island."

The woman did not hear, or, if she heard, never heeded the man, whose temper and disposition were such as to warrant a belief that he would execute any threat.

"Come down, she-devil!" cried the eager seaman, as he continued to climb the rock, which despair had rendered an easy ascent to the frantic woman. Again was the handkerchief waved, the hands extended, the voice raised; but no answer was given—no ensign was hoisted—and the ship began to grow smaller to the sight.

"I'll stand no nonsense—let me but catch you, my dame, and you shall never live to see us executed."

He was now closer to her, clambering up to the narrow pinnacle on which the woman stood. She looked down, and saw, from his flushed countenance, his bloodshot eye, his revengeful look, that he meditated what she could not avoid. There was no retreat: the high and jutting rock presented a smooth aspect towards the sea on either side; but on the land side it was inaccessible, and the sea boiled its surf at the base about one hundred feet from the summit, rolling over sharp-pointed rocks, which barely rose above the level of the water that hissed and foamed over them.

"Stop!" said Obarea, and, as she looked down, her ankles were already clasped in the firm grip of the seaman. "Stop, I say, and hear me! What harm have I done in endeavoring to retreat from an island, on which you yourself built a vessel for me?"

"I'll answer you when I get my foot one step higher," replied the panting Quintal, who was almost exhausted by the difficulty of the ascent.

"Unloose my foot. I say. How can I descend when you impede my steps?"

"I'll save you the trouble of taking many more steps. Ever since you have

been amongst us, you have bred up discontent and distrust. You are left now to my merciful hands, and as you endeavor to hang me, I see no harm in drowning you."

"Unloose me," she cried—for then she saw his intention—and by a great exertion she freed her right foot, and endeavored to kick him down the perilous precipice he had ascended.

"That won't do, young woman," he said, "sailors hold on by their teeth; and many a time a topsail has flapped against the foot-rope rather more powerfully than you can kick, and yet I held fast. I'll give you a chance. You have always talked about death, as if you cared no more about it than Adams does for a glass of grog. I don't want to do the thing myself: so you may say your prayers and jump down."

"Prayers!" replied the woman, "I have no one to pray to. From all I did revere, you have separated me. But listen: I disdain to lose my life by such a drunken, worthless hand as yours! Hear me! My father's spirit nightly wanders through the groves of trees which shade my native island!—If my hand is stained with blood, the white man has taught me how to tinge it—if I have not knelt by our marai and prayed for the loved spirit of my mother, it is because the white man stole me from my home, my country—if I have grown desperate in sin, bitter in revenge, remorseless in hatred, it is because the tyranny of the white man has driven me, against my nature, to become the devil, the hell-cat which this drunken brute has named me. May the great spirit which watches over the destiny of all men watch with a quick eye upon this island!—may you each wither away in anguish, disease, murder, until the last man shall grow horrid in his own forlorn and miserable sight!—May the punishment which you have escaped by the blindness of those on board that ship, be tenfold more bitter in your existence!—May the spirit of my father hover over your dying bed, and the bad spirit of damnation catch your last breath, and claim you as his own!"

With uplifted arms, as if to commend her soul to a being of whose existence she knew but little, she cried aloud, "My father!" and throwing herself from her awful situation, dashed headlong into the boiling surf below.

Quintal saw the form of that beautiful woman whirled round and round in the vortex—dashed against the sharp-pointed

rocks—the white surf crimsoned with her blood—her motionless limbs extended, and her long hair floating in the foam. For some moments he remained gazing on the scene below; and as the last curse still howled in his ears, even *he* trembled, and dug his nails into the crevices of the rock to clutch a better hold. His knees knocked together with fright, and he became insensible to his position, which partially exposed him to the ship. He recovered but slowly, and watched the corpse as the sea-gulls hovered over it, impatient to begin their repast, and fearful only of the slender dress which scared them from their prey. They desperately dived at the enticing feast, and skimmed away frightened at the waving cloth, as their greedy beaks almost touched the body. Then screaming and shrieking in their retreat, they whirled round and round, and again hovered over the floating body.

"She's gone," said Quintal, as he arrived where his shipmates stood, "and has left a curse behind her, which blows stronger in my ears than this stiff breeze which has saved us. The gulls are at her before this, and the surf has rolled over and over her; yet she floats like a buoy over an anchor, and I almost saw her lips move as she repeated the words."

"Don't think of it," said M'Koy. "We have got rid of two dangerous enemies at once—the ship and the woman; and if the pair of them have only left behind them a few words, I don't think we need fear their ghosts. This gale of wind has saved us. Had it been calm, some boat would certainly have been sent to the island. She has altered her course, and is running free."

By sunset the ship was out of sight.

CHAPTER XLVII.

EARLY the following morning the islanders were on the alert. It was a calm and beautiful day; the sea was smoother than they had known it for months; but there was no ship in sight. The gale of wind had saved the mutineers, and had left them in a frame of mind not the most pleasant, as they feared a repetition of the visit when the wind and sea might not be so favorable.

Adams thought much of this unex-

pected visitation, and he consoled the rest.

"Had it been a vessel sent to discover our retreat," he said, "she would have remained off the island until an opportunity occurred to land and examine it. It was evidently a merchant vessel, a little out of her track, and glad enough to avail herself of the fair wind, but which would have examined the island, if the sea had been smooth."

"I think," said Quintal, "a great deal more of that woman's curse than of all the ships which ever floated. She said we should rot away, one by one, until the last man should be frightened at his own desolation. I'd rather die now, than be left behind by myself."

"A drop of grog will set it all to rights," said M'Koy; "so heave ahead, shipmates, and we'll tap the tree again."

"That grog," interrupted Adams, "will play you a trick yet, M'Koy. I wish you could relinquish it, and become a sober, steady man."

"No sermons, Adams, if you please. Do as you like yourself, and leave me to do the same. Come along, Quintal, we'll soon have a drop to console us."

Although the tree was tapped morning, noon, and night, and the kettle faithfully performed its duty as a still, yet it was evident that neither of the party who so zealously attended at the distillery were happy men. Between the hours of recovering sobriety and of getting drunk again, they suffered all the torments which drunkards ever experience; a lowness of spirits—a perfect prostration of mind—a nervous, irritable disposition—with all the depression that a heavy head and weak stomach can inflict. In the hours of drunkenness they sang their songs over and over again; but always wished to be in England, once more to meet their old friends and shipmates at the back of Portsmouth Point.

One day testified of the other; they were scarcely sober before they sought release from themselves in perfect oblivion. But this ceaseless drain upon health soon brought the punishment due for such an unchristian existence. The features began to grow haggard, though the face was florid, not with the rosy hue of health, but the indelible stamp of drunkenness.

This alteration, more especially in M'Koy, excited the apprehensions of Adams and Young, who occasionally, to keep better friends with the idlers, partook in moderation of the deleterious poison,

which was quietly working its way in the blood of its discoverer. Quite in vain Adams preached up the wholesome doctrine of liquor in moderation; sobriety was a curse, and inebriation a blessing.

It was June, 1798, just as the sun had set, that Quintal, sober enough to stagger to the village, called lustily for Adams. He was the man to whom they all resorted in any difficulty.

"Quick!" hiccupped the half-drunken Caliban; "M'Koy's gone mad, and swears he'll eat himself up, and swallow the still."

Adams, ever prompt to render assistance, called his friend Young, and soon found the miserable victim of drunkenness writhing in all the apparent pain of a fit. His mouth was almost twisted under his ear, and it frothed and foamed most horribly; the eyes seemed starting from their sockets, whilst the whole form was most terribly convulsed.

"It's a fearful sight this," said Quintal, kicking away the formerly beloved still, "and I'm not the man to pipe to grog any more. Hold him down!" he continued, "or he'll bite himself to death."

It was no easy matter for the three men to effect this; the extraordinary muscular efforts made by this powerful seaman, mastered their endeavors for a time. As Quintal was sobered a little by the sight before him, he was sent to get a bucket of water, and the happy application of this common remedy acted like a charm, and restored the patient to partial reason. His first words were—"Give us another tap at the tree"—preserving the ruling passion strong in death.

The recovery was far from permanent: he was no sooner left to the kind guardianship of Quintal, than the kettle so unhandsoinely used was restored to its old situation; he soon persuaded himself that, under every infliction, there was no remedy like grog; and added conviction, to Quintal's readiness to believe, by singing him the following song—satisfied that he never had been in a fit at all, that the whole account of his struggles and furious contortions was manufactured by Adams, in order to frighten him from the tree.

"Listen, Quintal, my lad, and just see if I don't give him chapter and verse, for what I told you, and you'll be satisfied of the wisdom of the nurse who gave a man in a high fever a pint of strong half and half grog—saying, as she pitched the doctor's nasty stuff out of the window, 'If brandy won't save him, nothing will.'

"There's nothing in life like a glass of good grog,
When the mind of a man has got into a fog;

When he's sleepy, or mopy, or downcast with grief,
There's nothing like grog to obtain kind relief.

Oh it cheers up the spirits, it does a man good;
It enlivens his heart—'tis his drink and his food;
It assuages all evils, it drives away care,
And lifts up the wretch from the depths of despair.

It will make a man talk who was dumb as an owl,
And will place a sweet smile where before was a scowl;
The timid will fight from its spirited jog,
And the raven would sing, if it had but some grog.

The far distant mariner ploughing the seas,
Whose life ever changes as changes the breeze,
When away from his true love's a sorrowful dog,
But he'll laugh, dance, and sing, if you give him some grog.

Then grog, boys, for ever! just hand me a glass,
And I'll give you a toast to the health of a lass:
Here's the girl that we love, and who loves us again!
And success to the liquor which drives away pain."

"Fit be d—d!" continued M'Koy, as he drew breath after a long draught of the liquor. "No man goes into a fit but from starvation or over-work, and he does it then merely to rest himself. Come, Quintal, what the deuce are you staring at? Take some grog, my boy."

"Why, I would, M'Koy, if you did not keep making such ugly faces at me; curse me if I'm not afraid to look at you."

It was not long before another fit followed the first, which left the patient in so weak a state, that he suffered himself to be taken from his paradise to his own bed. Still he resolved to persevere in the universal cure for all maladies—at least in the opinion of sailors. As he recovered, he relapsed into his former errors. The malady which had manifested itself soon increased to an alarming height—he now became mad: in his ravings he cursed and swore most horribly. But however violent he might be, his wife, whom he had ill-treated, beaten, and despised, never forsook him. To her the long days and longer nights were one continued watchfulness. The parched lips were moistened—the burning brow cooled—every wish seemed anticipated—every remedy supplied. But the madman was insensible to her kindness, and his wanderings spoke of murder as the means of ridding the white men from the fangs of the Otaheitan. There never was one kind word fell from the maniac's lips; all was revenge, blood, scorn, hatred, disgust for the very woman who was now his nurse—his friend—his only comforter.

"The time will come," said Adams, as he addressed her, "when you shall be rewarded for this Christian charity. You now do what I wished us all to have done—you return evil with good—you comfort the sick and heavy-hearted—you forgive

all the injuries you have suffered—you stretch forth your hand to save him who has ever been your greatest foe. But I tell you the time is not far distant when you shall have your reward.”

“I want no reward,” said the ignorant girl; “I want him to live, and not to live in pain.”

M’Koy gradually grew worse and worse, and it became necessary to have recourse to coercion to govern him. All the remedies within reach were applied; but Adams soon saw that all means were unavailing. The maniac lingered long; his strength gradually failed him, until he was considered so weak as to be harmless; the means of coercing him were removed, and he was left under the vigilant care of his nurse. All the cunning of the unfortunate disease with which he was afflicted, was now directed to get rid of the eye which watched him. At last, in an apparently lucid interval, he asked for some trifling object which was at a distance. The request was made in so healthy a manner, that the poor girl immediately left the room to comply with his desire; when in a moment he bounded from the bed, rushed wildly into the open air, and made the best of his way to the ill-fated trees, which had occasioned the madness he labored under. On reaching them he tore the bark off, and devoured a quantity of it, before he could be pursued, and was only startled from his object by seeing nearly all the inhabitants of the island in pursuit of him. Away he flew, with the speed of an antelope rather than that of a man; whilst the voices of Quintal and Adams only added speed to his flight. He first stopped at Christian’s cave; but perhaps some gleam of reason returned, and he feared the place which had already become a sepulchre. Again he bounded away, setting at defiance the most nimble-footed of the Otaheitans, until he scaled the summit of the highest peak. He then turned back, apparently enjoying the labor the others seemed to experience in mounting, until they nearly reached him, when, uttering a loud, piercing shriek, he jumped headlong down, and was dashed to pieces.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

It seemed now as if the vengeance of God was fulminated against all the miserable mutineers of the Bounty. Hitherto not one had died a natural death. Adams was well aware of this awful visitation of Providence, and he could not conceal from himself, or from his two remaining shipmates, the horrors which crowded on his mind, as one by one they were sinking into total oblivion, without a gravestone to tell when they died—without the long low mound of earth to point out to future travelers where they reposed—without a record that they ever existed. But still worse was the apprehension of survivorship—the dread of being as it were the last man in the world, and of seeing near you nothing but faces dark with revenge for all the accumulated mischief which had been unjustly wrought upon them. At the thought of this, Adams looked at his Bible for consolation, and he endeavored to disseminate its beautiful moral truths as an atonement for his crime.

The island now exhibited the strange scene of three white men governing a community, merely because the community feared their extinction. They remained friends, because they feared to be left alone; both men and women felt an increased horror as the numbers gradually diminished. From this feeling a peace existed—was preserved among them—from this more than from any real kindly feeling one towards another. The school was attended merely to get rid of the children, and they were urged on to study by their parents, solely that they might be out of mischief.

But the head laborer of the vineyard, Adams, had higher and better views. He looked back on his past life with horror and dismay, and he saw no consolation in his future existence. He had severed himself from all his worldly ties, and felt like a captive chained to a rock, with all the mortifying remembrance of happier days, which unwillingly rose to make his misery doubly great. The labor of teaching, the delight of occupation, in a trifling degree alleviated his regret; and as he heard the first Otaheitan child read from the sacred book, he felt that his labor had not been in vain.

There was now a community of women, of goods, and of chattels, on the island; they all messed together; every house was open; and the only act which cast any dishonor upon Adams’s character at this period, was his consenting and being a

party to a grand carouse in remembrance of the murder of the blacks. It was celebrated at Quintal's house, amidst the cheers of the whites, and the groans of the blacks. The latter, had Obarea lived, would have in all probability returned the compliment.

Hunting after hogs was the principal amusement of the islanders, whilst repeated endeavors to extract syrup from the tea plant occupied others. They had also learnt to make cloth; for the Otahaitans had the same tree on their island, and necessity urged on the invention. As some differed in taste as to color, the banana leaf was used, and the garments were dyed brown. A great deal of taste was exhibited in the different ribs of the cloth; and the pieces made were generally large enough to wrap round the whole body. Adams saw the necessity of continued occupation, and he distributed the inhabitants to different labors. To some he gave the charge of extracting dyes from different trees and roots; and they succeeded in obtaining three colors—the yellow, the red, and the brown, although they could never succeed in fixing them; so that it became requisite to dye the garment after each of its visits to the wash-tub.

As far as the absolute necessities of life were concerned, the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island had no cause of complaint. The hogs provided them with animal food; the yam, the banana, and the plantain, with vegetable diet; they had, besides, the tea-plant, the leaf of which was used as food for the hogs and goats, and likewise was serviceable to the natives as wrappers in their cookery. From the root a saccharine liquor resembling molasses was obtained, by taking it in the ground; from this also they made a kind of tea, which they flavored with ginger. From other trees, which they named the porou and fowtoo trees, they made cords, ropes, and fishing-lines. These valuable articles were made from the bark; but in spite of numerous efforts to strengthen them, they were always weak and perishable. The tooena tree flourished on the upper and higher parts of the island; and from this lord of the forest their houses and their canoes were built. The wood is hard and heavy, and well calculated for the use to which it was converted. The wide spread of the banyantree, though useless except as affording a shade, contributed a resin which secured the seams of their boats. The doo-doe tree supplied not only ornaments for the

ears and hair, but likewise nuts which contained a quantity of oil, and which, by being strung upon thin sticks, were not a bad substitute for candles.

The taro, a farinaceous plant, and the yappa, another of that tribe, (*caladium esculentum*) contributed to the use of the natives; but almost all the English plants, such as peas, beans, and potatoes, yielded in spite of the gardener's care, but a scanty crop.

Of fruits, the pumpkin and water melon succeeded best; whilst the bread-fruit, which occasioned all these murders and miseries, gradually failed from the time the mutineers landed.

It is evident that for all the purposes of existence Pitcairn's Island was amply supplied; but the mind was ill at ease; the whites remembered former pleasures at home, in the society of those who had fought and bled with them; whilst the blacks eternally sighed for the idleness they formerly knew, the luxuries to which they had been accustomed—the parents and friends from whom they had been severed.

Misfortune ever follows misfortune. Scarcely had Adams and his companions overcome their grief at the loss of M'Koy, than an accident still more serious in its consequences occurred. Quintal, having lost his bosom friend, and being a little dismayed by the awful tragedy he had witnessed, relinquished his kettle, and sought amusement in bird-nesting. This occupation was generally confined to the women, who were much more active than the seamen, who were clambering the slippery rocks, and less dismayed at hanging over a precipice. Indeed, Quintal, although keen after prey, was not active enough to trust himself in the dangerous places; his wife was therefore his companion in his rambles, for now all differences were at an end, and the little community existed without daily turmoils.

"There's one," said Quintal, "half-way down the precipice; and there it may remain, although I wish I could reach it."

"I have been down steeper places than that," said the adventurous girl, "nor do I fear the little risk which attends the attempt."

"No, no, girl," said Quintal; "some months ago you might have broken your neck, and I should not have known of it until the following day when I got sober; but now we all get on so well together, that I don't want to run the chance of seeing you make a launch of yourself down the cliff. There are plenty more

the moon by night; and as we found our way through the woods where no path existed, so we will sail to our homes without a road to direct us. Fulfil your promise, or be the wretched liar that fellow is;" and she pointed to Quintal.

"Let's lend them a hand," said Quintal. "We never shall have a quiet home until that woman is food for sharks. She will breed up more rows and riots than a ship's company from a foreign station turned adrift on Common Hard. She never sleeps but to dream of mutiny, and she never wakes but to turn her dream to reality. I'll lend you a hand if you'll promise, when you have got half way, not to fall in love with those you have left behind, and, getting tired of your own company, come back to ours."

"Ah!" sighed Obarea, "weary and hungry must I be indeed, to leave a desert to return to you. Angry words will not forward our intentions. The axes are ready, the trees are near—we have strong arms and willing hearts—perform your promise, and leave the rest to us."

The men held a consultation, and it was agreed to forward the views of the women. Adams knew enough of human nature to be aware that idleness always leads to dissatisfaction and uneasiness; whilst the industrious and laborious have no time for unhappiness or dissatisfaction; but he ventured to propose a question in opposition to the one demanded. "Will you," he said, "bury the skulls of our five white men whom we have lost?"

"No," was answered by all; "they are ours, it is all that belongs to our former husbands, and we will keep the heads."

"Keep them if you like," replied Quintal, "and much good may they do you, but I won't lend a hand, chop a tree, cut a plank, or drive a nail, until those five skulls, which you black devils nurse like babbies, are all buried with the bodies. Why, it will puzzle the ribs and trucks of the dead man to find his figure-head, when he's called aloft to answer muster."

The decisive manner of Quintal had the desired effect upon the women; and to gain their ends they gave up the skulls which they had retained from the 3d of October, 1793, until the 12th of March, 1794; an instance perhaps unprecedented of the change in the human mind from all that was soft and feminine, to all that was brutal and savage. Indeed, all the fine feelings these women ever possessed were totally annihilated. They talked of *murders with delight*, and not unfrequently

they held various consultations if it would not be prudent to murder the whole of the survivors, and live by themselves. Even Obarea, with all her hatred for the whites, was averse to this, and as the fashion was to live promiscuously, she endeavored to vary the monotony of existence by varying the society in which she lived.

It was now determined in good earnest to build a ship or a sloop, and every man in the island lent his willing aid. Quintal and M'Koy had given themselves up to drunkenness; Young was fearful of more crimes and bloodshed; but Adams felt secure in the affection of his wife, and that she would cling to him for protection. She was like a tame bird, and would certainly have been picked to pieces, had she left the island with those whose society she had shunned.

On the 14th April, 1794, the tree was felled from which the keel was cut; and from that day, until the 13th August following, both men and women labored to complete the crazy craft at every interval of time they could spare from the requisite duty of agriculture.

Although the women were clamorous that every moment should be given to forward their darling project, yet Adams foresaw the necessity of increasing rather than diminishing the labor of the gardens. If the women left them, the fewer hands would be left to supply the wants of the children; for not one of the black population ever proposed to take one of *them*; they were to be left to the instruction of Young, and the tender care of Adams and his wife. No longer now, when the sun went down, did these poor creatures, wearied with their usual day's labor, recline under the large trees which spread their beautiful foliage as a screen between the earth and heaven; no longer did they assemble to talk over past times or to vary the evening's amusement by the dance or by the song; but no sooner was the garden work finished than the sound of the axe was heard in the stillness of the wood, the saw was busily employed, the hammer resounded, and the island was a scene of bustle and activity.

M'Koy flattered himself he understood ship-building. He was a man who understood a little of everything, and was vain of his extensive erudition. He threw aside all rules of art, and was determined to build this vessel, merely directed by his eye. Adams proposed to him to build a frame-work; to fasten the planks to the frame-work, so as to keep them in their

proper situation; then to cut the ribs, and finally to fasten all together. But M'Koy was determined to go his own way to work; and as he was generally drunk, or not far from it, an eye like Adams's soon discovered that the vessel would never float on an even keel, if she floated at all. But Adams was much too wary to point out this glaring error to any one but Young. They both saw how miserable must be the existence of those left behind, deprived for ever of female society; and, instead of attempting to correct the error, they worked the harder the more evident it became. The black women saw with wonder and amazement the work of their own hands. Plank upon plank succeeded, the decks were laid, the hatchways cut, and the floating house (as they called this clumsy erection) was large enough to contain all they wanted or required.

This vessel was finished on the 13th of August, and preparations were made to launch her. The black women kept a careful watch over her, lest the treacherous white men should burn her; for they distrusted every word, every action; and Obarea, who now saw herself the leader of the desperate few, grew bolder and more arrogant as the danger was nearer. She had wound up her miserable followers to the same pitch as herself; and the night before the launch she buoyed up the drooping spirits of one or two by recurring to the scenes of enjoyment in Otaheite, and the greater blessing of sleeping with their fathers and mothers in the same marai.

Before daylight, on the morning of the 15th, every one was on the alert. Adams and Young both felt that the critical moment had arrived, and most fervently did they pray that some accident, some misfortune, might occur, which would render the departure impossible; nay, they even whispered that, provided the vessel did float on an even keel, or even so little lopsided as to allow of her being masted, that the last alternative, *fire*, should be resorted to.

Merrily the black girls made an echo to the hammer as the shores were cut away. A way glided the vessel of hope and expectation; and no sooner did she run into the sea, which was smooth as a looking-glass, but she gave one heel to port, and capsized in a moment.

A shriek of horror from the blacks, an unrestrained clap of hands from Adams and Young, a mortified look of disappointment and annoyance from M'Koy and Quintal, who had secretly determined

on accompanying the blacks, announced the fact. She filled instantly, and down she sank, in water deep enough to cover her entirely.

There was no loud expression of grief from the blacks after the first sudden ebullition; but they sat down, and in low accents bewailed the misfortune. They now, for the first time, felt themselves to be prisoners for life. The only means by which an escape could be effected had been tried, and failed. It was useless endeavoring to raise the sunken vessel, or of urging on their desponding companions the repetition of the undertaking. They sat down and wept—they tore their hair—they groaned over the inevitable captivity, and sank into dejection and apathy.

"I tell you, women," said Adams, "that this is the most fortunate day of your lives. Cold, hunger, fatigue, misery, would have been the forerunners of the dreadful deaths you would have suffered. How could you, who never saw a vessel of that size, or of that rig, work her canvass? The first breeze of wind must have laid her on her beam-ends; and you might have lingered long enough to know the terrors of the death which awaited you. Come, come, girls, home to your houses, and be contented with your lot. We will do all we can to make you happy and comfortable. The allmerciful Father, of whom I have spoken to you, has kindly inflicted what you consider a calamity. He will now teach you resignation and contentment. Think no more of what is past—look only forward to the future—go home to your usual work."

Not a soul stirred; they continued until noonday in the same posture, until their leader, who found hunger stronger even than her spirit, arose and went to her house without saying a word. The rest dispersed to their usual work.

Quintal and M'Koy soon forgot their disappointment. The never-failing still was at work; the temporary oblivion of all care and trouble was ever at hand; they had filled their kettle, and they had sung their songs—they had laughed over the launch, and had already reconciled themselves to their lot.

Young and Adams withdrew to the house of the latter, and there fervently offered up prayers of thanksgiving for the poor wretches who were thus saved from destruction.

began, as he wrested the weapon from his grasp. "Avast heaving, I say. Are you mad? do you want in reality to be the last man on the island? Give me the ball cartridges, and listen to me. Whenever Jack Adams thinks an enemy is near, he always keeps a good look out. Now tell me why I should not shoot you! you have avowed your intention of taking my life; I have you in my clutches, and common prudence tells me to guard against the meditated attack?"

"You may kill me, if you like," replied Quintal, "and I recommend you to do it; for I'll never sleep till you are dead and your wife mine."

"Let him get up," said Young; "it is useless keeping him down; single and unarmed he cannot hurt us."

Adams allowed him to get up, and in a moment he flew back into the wood, and again was at liberty to arm himself.

"Madmen," said Adams, "are always cunning; he will not come upon us again as he did this first time! We must consult our own safety, and there is no way but that I proposed this morning. It is a sad alternative; but I have yet to live, and to more seriously repent. I have formed an idea that through me the standard of Christianity is to be planted, and to exist for ever in these seas. It is a work of great reward, and a madman shall not thwart me in the determination."

"Where can we do such a deed? If the blacks saw us shoot him, they would become more afraid of us—we should increase the difficulty we seek to overcome. Give him until to-morrow, and I will join you."

"Agreed," said Adams; "but we must not sleep. If to-morrow relieves his dreadful disorder sufficiently to warrant our leniency, good—if not, he must die. We cannot allow the weaker force to annihilate the stronger. I tell you, Young, we should go to our graves if we did; and our epitaph, if any could be raised to our memory, ought to be, 'Here lies a coward.' That was never said of Jack Adams whilst he served his king and his country; and now, to serve himself, he will take care no imputation of the kind shall rest upon him."

The whole night both Adams and Young were on the alert. Four or five times they saw Quintal advance towards the house of the former; but each time, as either Young or Adams called to him, *he slunk back into the woods.* Adams now got Young into his house, and they divided the night into watches. Mean-

time the half maniac never slept; for no sooner was he baffled by discovery, than he took a circuitous route, and endeavored to surprise the house on the other side. But the ground was clear in the vicinity, and the moon shone brightly. At daylight Quintal retired, and Adams and Young, arming themselves, went in pursuit of their victim.

The sun soon acquired great power; and Quintal, who had walked about the whole night, intent upon committing the act, now in all fancied security, and yet with the watchful cunning of insanity, secreted himself near the mouth of a cave, and folding his arms to make a pillow for his head, whilst he firmly retained his musket in his grasp, he fell asleep.

Some time elapsed as Young and Adams silently trod through the thick under-wood, before they discerned Quintal; and they advanced to within three yards of him unperceived; but the ears of the poor wretch were quick; a sound restored him to wakefulness, and he sprang upon his legs, and cocked his musket. But he was only half awake, and before he could take his aim he had fallen on the ground, stunned by the blow of Young's axe—his arms extended—his eyes sightless.

"Finish it at once," said Adams, "whilst he is senseless, and cannot upbraid his murderers."

The axe fell from Young's hand as the last word was pronounced, and he cried out, "I cannot kill a man in his sleep."

"It must be done," said Adams, "and I will do it. I would rather we could awake him and pray; but the prayers of a madman are unavailing. We cannot live if he lives—all prospects of peace and harmony are at an end—the very excitement would banish even the religion which now thrives, and murder would mix itself in the words which we offer to heaven as prayers. Forgive me, God, for this crime, which necessity occasions! There, poor Quintal, rest quiet, and you shall awake in a better world. I had hoped to make you a Christian with the rest; but that poisonous spirit, and the sights you witnessed, have turned your brain. Don't look, Young, as I do it; I would to heaven no eye above could see, and register this dreadful act! He moves—he must not live—great God above, forgive me!"

The heavy axe, which had been poised in the air, fell with tremendous force upon the maniac, and the head was severed from the body.

Thus died another of the mutineers, and by the hands of his companions. Seven of these had now fallen, and had escaped justice only to add murder to their former crimes; for, if not principals in such acts, all had been accessories. Peace and mercy seemed to have been driven from an island where nature had showered in profusion her richest gifts; and horror, remorse, and cruelty had taken possession of the soil.

As the axe fell, Adams fell upon his knees: and Young, who turned round at the heavy noise, lifted his hands to heaven. They prayed for the dead more earnestly than they did for themselves, and implored the God of all to pardon the sins of him they had slaughtered, beseeching him to strengthen them in the way of righteousness and grant them true repentance.

CHAPTER L.

"We have some work yet to be done," said Adams. "We must bury this body where it has fallen. Do you prepare a grave; I will bring with me a prayer-book, and we will read the service over the poor fellow."

Young began with his axe to mark out the spot, and Adams returned with a spade to complete the grave. They took the handkerchief of the deceased, and in it enveloped the head; and both remarked that they worked better when the fearful object was concealed. They were aware that some of the blacks would be in search of them soon, to call them to breakfast; and, fearing discovery, they did not allow the minutes to be unemployed. In a short time they had dug a grave sufficiently deep to conceal the body. Adams, in a slow impressive manner, read the whole service; the body was committed to the earth; the grave was closed; the blood was obliterated; and the first man of this unfortunate crew who had received even the semblance of a Christian burial had the service read over him by the very man who had taken his life.

It was agreed between Adams and Young not to betray what had occurred; and the blacks missing Quintal, imagined he had betaken himself to the grog-tree, and having got drunk, had fallen over one of the many precipices.

The little community now became more sociable. The character of Adams and Young had undergone a perfect change, and nothing remained of the careless jocund seaman but the unsteady walk, some remnants of dress, and occasionally a large quid of tobacco. There was a staid gravity, a heaviness of heart, a melancholy of mind, which contrasted strongly with the ready laugh, the buoyant youth once remembered in Adams. It was during the very morning of the last murder, whilst the minds of both men were imbued with a conscious fear that this last act could not entirely be justified, that the spirit of religion worked strongest in their hearts. The breakfast had been prepared, and the other inhabitants waited the arrival of their comrades. All met at the times allotted for the different meals; the echo had died away which conveyed the voices which called for Adams and Young, almost to the remotest part of the island; and a certain apprehension began to prevail that a new calamity had occurred, when Adams was seen slowly walking by the side of his friend, reading a book. On approaching the table Adams said, "My friends, we have been sadly amiss in our duty to God since our arrival here. I am in hopes a better feeling now prevails among us all. We must not imitate the swinish gluttony which eats its food without thanking the Being who provided it. My friends, for the future we must be grateful, and express our gratitude. Never let your palates be gratified, however hungry you may be, without first repeating a grace."

Adams then instructed them in the words: and, although a murder had been perpetrated, that very morning, religion placed her firm footsteps in Pitcairn's Island.

The settled melancholy, the continued abstraction of Adams, was only to be removed by occupation. Hence the school became his greatest care, and hence sprang up, from an apparent gloom and cloudiness of mind, the most cheerful dispositions, the warmest and most affectionate of friendship. There were at this period several children of the age of seven or eight years. These soon overcame the first and most irksome part of education—the knowledge of letters; and, as they became sufficiently instructed, they took younger children as their pupils: and hence, in a great measure, by teaching others, they learnt themselves.

Soon there was a marked progress, and gradually all the idolatry of the Otaheitan was going away before the pure religion of Christ. Every morning, when the first beams of the sun brightened the eastern hemisphere, the inhabitants were called to prayers; and the same sun, as it sank in the far west, witnessed their evening's thanksgiving. No longer was the food devoured with savage impatience, but all stood up as their high priest implored that it might be blessed to their use; and so strict did they become in this respect, that if one arrived after the meal had begun, all stood up whilst the last comer said his grace. There was now no discontent. Adams had carefully impressed upon their minds that no ship was likely to call off the island. He pictured to them the impossibility of any escape. The vessel had been built, tried, and upset; the canoes were so small and so unsafe, that frequently they were capsized in comparatively smooth water; and no other means could be made available. To be contented with their lot, since that lot was inevitable, was the grand end of his instruction; and he urged them to do their duty steadfastly in the state of life in which it had pleased God to place them. There were now no childish and useless bickerings. Each strove to alleviate the wants of the others; they formed but one family, one mess; and a solemn oath had been taken never again to taste the fatal draught which had been instrumental in lessening their numbers.

The field labor was equally participated by all. But little cultivation was required; for nature produced spontaneously as much as the inhabitants desired. The evenings therefore were generally spent, after religious exhortations, in listening to the early histories of Adams and Young, and in training the women to sing sacred music, in which they soon succeeded, and their clear voices sounded sweetly in the calm evening.

All now passed comfortably. But the curse of Obarea had yet, in a great measure, to be fulfilled. Out of the fifteen males that landed in the ill-fated *Bounty*, two only remained; and as misfortunes and adversities knit men strongly in the bond of friendship, so Young and Adams became like brothers: they were animated with one wish, one desire—to train up the children in piety and in virtue; and *thus they assisted by severe repentance themselves to make atonement for their crimes, and by example to inspire others.*

The first step towards this reformation was the resolution on the part of the men to avoid that promiscuous intercourse which, during the life-time of M'Koy and Quintal, had been established. Prayers, exhortations, a cheerful demeanor, a resignation under affliction, soon became the example which all were inclined to follow.

But even the fortitude and resignation of Adams seemed occasionally to waver, as he witnessed the declining health of his companion. For many years Young had been afflicted with that most painful effort of nature, an asthmatic complaint, which daily and nightly grew worse. He was unable to lie down, and gasped for breath in horrid suffering. His frame began to grow more weak, his flesh gradually fell away; and one year after the sad tragedy of Quintal's death, another of the few remaining grew near to his end.

In this last sad struggle to maintain existence, Adams never forsook his sick friend. He consoled him with words, for words were the only consolation left; there was no medical aid at hand to buoy up hope, or relieve pain. Neither was there any relation near to smooth the pillow of death, and prepare the patient for the change at hand. Young was the first who predicted his own death.

"Adams," he said, as he clasped his friend's hand, "the time is now short, and you will soon be left the last man on this almost desolate island. It looks like cowardice to say so, but I am rejoiced that I die the first. I could not have borne with Christian resignation the loss of my last friend. You are cast in a sterner mould, and will better overcome my loss. I look back at my ill-spent life with horror and amazement. I am of good family, and my education might have kept me clear of the disgrace which for ever must be affixed to my name. God only knows how sincerely I repent every action of my life, every thought of my mind, since the *Bounty* sailed from Otaheite. Often have I endeavored to trace back my former feelings; and I wonder how I could, upon the spur of the moment, have consented to our actions, and actually cheered as our unfortunate commander was sent adrift. In my sleep, Adams, in a vision, such as sometimes portrays in our mimic death the truth of passing events, I saw last night that boat under her sail, heeling over as the rough sea drove by her—I saw her surge over the toppling surf, as some part broke upon

her—and I heard the cry of our former shipmates, as the wind and the sea increased. I dreamt last night that I saw them land on a strange island. They were so gaunt and thin that one was obliged to support the other; they looked like ghosts of their former selves, and I thought that as they passed me they pointed the finger of scorn at me, and cried out with contempt, 'MUTINEER!' I started and awoke; but when I closed my eyes again, I was suddenly at Portsmouth Harbor. It was a clear morning, and round the flag-ship the boats of the fleet were waiting. Marines were in the bows and stern-sheets of the different boats. Suddenly I heard a gun fired—I turned, and saw some of my old shipmates swinging from the fore yard-arm—lifeless corpses, and yet, as it were, endued with another existence. It was strange, but each said, 'You ought to share our fate.' Again I started, and fearing lest I might dream again of the lifeless seamen, blown to and fro in the breeze, I said my prayers, and kept myself awake until dawn. Again I closed my eyes, and again I saw the stern look of our old commander. He held in his hand a list of those against whom he could testify; and there, in larger letters than the rest, his finger pointed to the name of EDWARD YOUNG. Then followed my description: 'Aged twenty-two—dark complexion—with a bad look—strong made—has lost several of his fore teeth!' I felt a cold icy tremor creep upon my cowardly carcass. I knew I was guilty—I strove to run away—but somehow my feet were fastened to the soil—I saw the marines in pursuit of me—in vain I used my utmost endeavors to escape—I could not stir—the pursuers came on—Captain Bligh was the foremost—our old shipmates, who we sent in the boat with him, came next—the vision of the fore-yard was before me—behind me were those who came quickly forward to place me in the same degraded situation—I made one effort, and I fell. The shock of the fall awoke me, and with looks of fear and trembling, lest I should meet the eye of my accuser, I saw you."

"You must not think of it thus," said Adams, partially catching the same fear which shook his companion. "We have done wrong, but we have repented; we have read together how David became acceptable, although his hands were imbrued in blood, and thousands testified against him."

"The guilty, Adams," resumed Young, "never are free from apprehension. Remorse ever attends their steps. I am

thirty-three years of age now; but look at my features; sickness and regret have given me the countenance of fifty. I have lingered on, a miserable wretch; every breath of wind which fanned those trees, has created an alarm lest the same wind might swell the canvass of some English ship, and drag us to a shameful end. Thank God, I die first! My eyes will be closed not by foreign hands, neither shall I be wholly deserted. But for you, Adams, I should be the last man. And yet, think me not unkind in grasping at the only comfort the last ten years have offered me—don't lay me near Quintal, Adams! Mind, it is my last—my last request. A dying man should be favored. God bless you! I am sinking fast. Remember—it is my last request—my last."

So saying he fell back and died.

The women, who had been witnesses to the scene, could not control their feelings, for Young was ever a favorite with them; and in spite of their new religion, and the injunctions given by Adams to discontinue all their heathen ceremonies, they crouched down and howled.

CHAPTER LI.

ADAMS was now the last man. He stood alone, a deserted wretch. The only being with whom he could converse, or who could participate in his feeling, was gone. All his companions—the early associates of his youth—those who had shared his dangers, and assisted in his crimes, were mouldering in the earth—all save one; and he lying a corpse before him, waiting the last office of his only survivor! It was no wonder that Adams looked long and long at the corpse, and evinced a reluctance to part with that which most people abhor even to look at. He knelt by the side of his last friend; and if the prayers of a repentant sinner can avail for others, his were not all lost in air. He arose more calm. He had felt his load lightened; he had found the truth of that beautiful passage—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He betook himself to a retired spot, where none of his former shipmates had resorted; and there, under the shade of a wide-spreading palm, he dug the grave. It was deeper than any other on the island; for now

there was no hurry to hide the body—no daring deed had robbed it of life—it was the first who had escaped the hand of violence; and in this case alone “had the Lord given and the Lord taken away” the life.

There were on the island at this time, besides Adams, ten women and ten children. The latter were all the offspring of the white men. The unfortunate male victims of treachery—the poor oppressed and miserable blacks—left not one child to bear the name, or listen to the misfortunes of a father. All excepting five of the youngest children attended Young to the grave. They were by turns the bearers and the mourners. No useless plumes bedizened the rough case in which the dead was enclosed—no hired menials were there to mimic sorrow, when the heart was not sad. All was plain piety—all was genuine feeling. In Otaheite the dead were never buried. It was the custom to erect a kind of high stage in the morais, and on this the bodies were deposited. So fearful were the inhabitants of meeting a funeral, that they even deserted their houses, if so ill-boding a sight approached their dwellings. Now, however, a change had taken place in this respect; all their former customs had given way before the Christian mode; and round the last resting place of Young, every inhabitant of Pitcairn's Island knelt; whilst Adams, as high priest, read aloud, and with an impressive manner, the finest service of our church.

On that occasion, there might have been seen the rough seaman—the desperate mutineer—the man who had braved dangers and difficulties—who had risked his life for others, and forfeited his own by his crimes,—meek, lowly, dejected, and in tears. Even those who had lived with him for ten years, and had seen him hold his head erect, amidst the storms and strifes which had desolated and depopulated the island, could not control their surprise. They had themselves often wept, but they had never seen a tear on the white man's cheek, and had believed the heart too obdurate, too flinty, to have been the spring which overflowed the eyes.

Moved by sympathy, these poor creatures now surrounded Adams, and by words and actions endeavored to console him. But he had never felt until that moment the perfect wretchedness of solitude—the indescribable desolation of utter, *hopeless loneliness*—the withering despair of being left the last man, as it were, in

the universe; for to him the universe was concentrated in that island. He received their condolence with thanks; pointed to the grave of Young; and warned them that the time was not far distant before all would be tenants of similar graves.

He now called them into employment, to assist in erecting a fence round the future cemetery; and from that moment no foot polluted the enclosure. All the religious veneration which the Otaheiteans practised in regard to their morais, they extended to this last repose of the dead, in which Adams desired that he himself might be buried.

The melancholy natural to such a state was soon dissipated by employment. Idleness is ever the parent of discontent and of crime. The school was Adams's principal occupation. Here he found the children of his old shipmates shaking off the influence of hereditary prejudice, gradually weaning themselves from idolatry; kneeling at the same shrine, and offering the same prayers as their great high priest. Here, too, was no schoolman's disputation, no overstrained demand of the bigot, who, believing himself saved by divine interposition, has the presumption to condemn others. The Bible was offered to the savages unpolled by worldly exactions; it came to them from the pure source of divinity itself; it was its own truth, its own fidelity, which now forced itself to be believed and revered, even by those who before disregarded it on account of the sins and cruelties of those who professed to believe in it.

The ceremony of baptism was performed on all the inhabitants—each person having first expressed a wish to be admitted into the pale of Christianity. No gorgeous apparel enveloped the self-educated bishop on this occasion; there was none of the outward show which catches the eye of the simple, and weighs much in the estimation of the ignorant; but there was perhaps as much sincerity—as fervent a belief—as resigned a heart—as ever adorned a mitre.

Adams led them to a small stream, and on each performed the ceremony, nearly after the manner described by the illustrations of St. Matthew. The convert stood in the stream, and a small quantity of water was poured upon the head. Each became sponsor for the other, and Adams registered himself as godfather to all.

The service over, he retired to the open space in front of the village,—on which

spot murder had been committed and crime planned and executed. Here he delivered a kind of exhortation, calling upon all to observe well the faith they had that day embraced. He also named them all from the Bible. The heathen appellations were from that hour discontinued; and fixed hours were set apart for prayer and thanksgiving.

Adams was sincere in his repentance; and like most men who have been habituated to crime, and become sincerely penitent, he made his chief study the Psalms: in them he found his greatest consolation; for in them he found that the sins which he had committed had been forgiven to another: and in sincere hope that he who pardoned the psalmist would forgive him, he shook off all worldliness of desire, and became truly and sincerely repentant.

His example had a wonderful effect on the others. His voice was sufficient at once to quell any rising quarrel or disturbance; to him all disputed questions were referred; and from his judgment there was no appeal.

At one time he contemplated drawing up a code of laws, which might guide the others should he be suddenly taken away. But he abandoned this intention on considering that the very name of certain crimes might induce some to practise them.

Thus from the parents of crime, grew up the children of obedience. Repentance, remorse, and loneliness, produced upon the only surviving man the true spirit of religion; his example was soon followed by the rest; and from the misguided mutineers of the *Bounty*, and the loose, luscious daughters of *Otaheite*, sprang up a small society, unrivalled for its purity, its sociability, its honor. No crime was committed from the death of Young to the discovery of the forlorn and desolate Adams; no falsehood was ever uttered; no theft was committed. They formed one large family of Christians in the strictest sense of the word. They were regular in their devotions: eager to increase in the knowledge of the Bible; anxious to obey its dictates; obedient to its laws; and kindly in their disposition one towards the other. Day after day they grew more firmly knit together in the bonds of friendship. The labor was apportioned by Adams, who superintended and directed all things; and when the hour arrived that they assembled at dinner, before their participation in the meal, Adams said a grace, and this was repeated

aloud by all. Then (for the sailor was not entirely lost in the king, the legislator, the priest) the order was given—fall to—and the order was not disobeyed.

The progress of each year tended much to alleviate the cares of Adams. Christian's sons and Young's daughters began to grow up into men and women; and the old sailor looked forward with hope that he might yet live to see another generation, who would be the possessors of the soil on which he had landed, and perhaps on which he was to die.

At the age of seventeen Christian's son was married. Here again Adams was the priest; and he gave an exhortation to the young couple to persevere steadily in the course of truth and piety. The whole inhabitants witnessed the ceremony; and the bride was bedizen'd out a little in the style that the patriarch of the island remembered in his former days. But even when this ceremony was performed, not a drop of the liquor from the unfortunate tree was used; the health of the young couple was drank in the pure fluid of paradise, and no dance took place, for that was associated with ideas better left in oblivion.

Soon other marriages took place, and Adams saw himself surrounded by children, who bore the names of their unfortunate grandsires—the grandsires of crime, of mutiny, of rebellion. But with Adams, if he had sinned, he had repented, and led others in the right way; he had permanently planted the cross where heathens alone had trod before, and had made the wretched and blood-thirsty happy and innocent; and although his hand was stained with his comrades' blood, he experienced that inward feeling of satisfaction which alone arises from true and continued repentance.

If ever mutiny led to a good result, this mutiny of the *Bounty* did so. That no just cause for it ever existed, is beyond a doubt. Bligh might have been harsh, and sometimes low and vulgar in his abuse. But had any act been committed by him which was so serious in its effect as to impel the crew for one moment to think of rebelling, a court-martial on the ship's return would have given satisfaction to the complainant, and the due punishment to the offender.

But what do we finally learn from this history? Why, that liberated slaves make invariably the hardest taskmasters; that those who are so eager to disturb discipline, are themselves driven to greater acts of tyranny in order to support

their own authority; that popular clamor or encroachments upon regular government, lead generally, step by step to a nation's decay, or overthrow.

This also we learn—and it is consolatory to all who bear about them the hell of a bad conscience—that there is a power above who listens to the voice of the repentant sinner, and who can raise up even from him, who had violated the laws of both God and man, one man just in all his actions—a laborer worthy in the

vineyard of Christianity, and one whom the historian may point out as a proof that good may come out of the greatest evil—that there is no crime so heinous, but it may obtain forgiveness, and that the stings and workings of an evil conscience may, by God's mercies, be turned into repose of mind, which may cheer up the repentant sinner, and give him courage to yield up his soul without fear and without remorse.

CONCLUSION.

YEARS had elapsed since the death of Adams's last English companion, and those years had been devoted by him to religious thoughts and purposes; he had become resigned to the fate which seemed inevitable—that of dying before he could transmit to his countrymen his sincere repentance of the rash act in which he had been engaged. The satisfaction of beholding the order which chiefly by his means had grown out of disorder—the calmness and tranquillity which had succeeded to perpetual tumult and hostility—the good which had begun in evil, and the heathenish idolatry which now bowed before the cross of Christ;—all these contributed much to assuage those bitter pangs of conscience which for ever agitate the mind of guilt; and Adams was at length resigned to his apparent fate—to rot in oblivion—to have his corpse carried to his distant grave by strangers to his native land, and to know that all which he had done in atonement, would be as nothing to those in whose opinion he desired to stand the highest.

Such, however, was not to be his destiny. On the 28th of September, 1808, Adams again awoke to the world. An American vessel, the *Topaz*, was seen off the island; but now it caused no painful sensation to Adams. With the telescope which had been landed from the *Bounty*, the old seaman soon saw, in the polished sides of the stranger, the white canvass, and the general rig of the vessel, that she was a merchantman and an American; and he felt himself restored to the world to which he had been so long as it were dead. He now feared no yard-arm executioner; there was about him the upright assurance that he would be pardoned. His head was silvered with age; and he knew that all the feelings which prompt men to take the life of a culprit must have long since subsided into pity and forgiveness.

Those barriers to all intercourse,—the pointed rocks and boiling surf,—rendered Captain Folgar, who commanded the *Topaz*, fearful of approaching too close

to the shore. He knew the savage disposition of other inhabitants of islands not far remote, and with great caution he allowed his boat to near the only place which seemed to offer a safe landing. He saw the natives running to the beach; he counted their numbers,—he observed a different attire; and to his much greater astonishment than that which was excited by the eager welcome which awaited him, he recognized a white man clad in the garb of a sailor. He pulled quickly to the landing place; he leapt on shore; and as he took the proffered hand of Jack Adams, he heard the old seaman's hearty English salutation of "What cheer, master?"

The surprise occasioned by this sudden salutation was only increased when he found himself surrounded by women and children, all asking him in English whence he came and where he was going. Each took his hand, and with the hospitality of savage life (for we are told as a nation progresses towards civilization, hospitality dwindles in proportion) they dragged him and his crew to the houses.

Adams at once confessed himself the only survivor of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. He related with faithful accuracy the history of past times; and, pointing to the inhabitants, who listened with attention to every word, he said,—“These are my children, and I have taught them to do that which is right. You may be come to cause me great pain,” continued Adams, “but I have learnt to bow to all misfortunes. Perhaps some of my few companions may wish to leave the island; at least I must offer them the alternative. Come here,” he continued, turning to the natives; “you have long lived on this island, and you have shared with me in dangers and in difficulties. You now have the chance of leaving it. That vessel will bear you to another land. Those who are disposed to go, now speak out, and bravely.”

Every one looked at him with apparent astonishment; and as if an electric shock had given them the simultaneous

idea, they called out together, "I will not leave you!"

"Nor I you!" replied Adams with emotion. "On this island, where the tree falls there must it lie. I have seen enough of the world's troubles not to court a repetition of them. Here and with you I have all I require; with you I have lived, and amongst you I will die. —I can be of service to you, sir," he continued, addressing the captain; "and you can be of service to me. Take this chronometer. It carried Bligh in safety over the sea—it may save you from shipwreck. I would not have you perish for all the world; for through you this little community must become known. Take it, and when it has brought you safely to your port, remember Jack Adams, and let others know that he still lives."

The inhabitants gathered fruit for the strangers, and an exchange of commodities most required took place. The hours fast ran on towards sunset, and before it had set, a farewell—a long, an everlasting farewell had been taken.

Adams stood upon the pointed rock—he saw the vessel which could have restored him to his native land gradually decreasing in the distance; he waved his handkerchief, muttering, as absent men are wont to do, words which never could reach their destination—and darkness had covered her before he left the eminence on which he stood.

"Now," he began, as he approached the evening meal—"now, like David when his son was dead, I rejoice. Whilst the ship was in sight I felt my heart burn to be on board of her; and in spite of my words I suffered my grief almost to bear me down against my resolution. I could have wept; but sailors must not play the child. Now she is gone—thank God she is gone! Not all the words ever uttered could restore her. Come, my children, let us take consolation again from that book, where we have already found it so often. This visit will cheer us after all—it will make a point from which we take a fresh departure; and now we can reckon from something more consoling than the day on which we burnt the *Bounty*."

Six more years elapsed, and Adams had almost forgotten the face of the last white man he had seen; when, on the 17th of September, 1814, he was alarmed at the intelligence that two large ships were in sight. The Otaheitan women, who communicated the intelligence, said they were as large as four of the other ship they had last seen. Adams hurried to the usual point;

and there—for his quick eye could not be deceived—there were two frigates. Their neatness aloft, their man-of-war like appearance, convinced him that they were English. Now, indeed, a cold shiver came over him. He was again to face an officer. He might have easily concealed himself, and defied the search. He might have tutored his obedient companions to a falsehood—to have declared him dead; and if requisite to have pointed to the grave of another. But his mind revolted against the falsehood—he had trained others up in the way of truth, and was not disposed to be a liar on his own doctrine. That his own request to Captain Folger had been complied with, he did not doubt; and these were ships, perhaps, to drag him to justice, and to point out to others that no time is sufficiently long to obliterate the act of mutiny; that after such a long period the very circumstance of an example would be the best warning to others to avoid the same errors.

He nerved himself to the task, and he met it manfully. Determined not to appear afraid, he directed the boys, as the young men were familiarly called, to carry the canoes down, and he desired Thursday October Christian, then twenty-four years of age, to go on board, without fear, for they were Englishmen.

Instantly the canoe was launched—she was paddled through the surf—and great, indeed, was the astonishment of Sir Thomas Staines, who commanded the Briton, and Captain Pipon, who commanded the Tugus, on hearing the lad—who wore no clothes excepting a piece of cloth around his loins, and a straw hat ornamented with feathers,—calling out as he came alongside, "Won't you heave us a rope?"

With Christian was George Young, the son of Adams's last and truest friend. Hitherto, although Sir Sydney Smith had transmitted to the Admiralty, from Rio Janeiro, Captain Folgar's account of his discovery, yet were the two captains in ignorance of it. The war was then at its height, and in May 1809, when the Admiralty received the account, they were too busily employed with preparations for the Flushing expedition to care much for the solitude of Jack Adams.

Much pleased with the frank manner of the youths, Sir Thomas Staines took them to his cabin; and on his offering them something to eat, they both rose from their seats, and one, placing his hands in a posture of devotion, pronounced distinctly and with great emphasis—"For

what we are going to receive the Lord make us truly thankful."

Those who are acquainted with the lives of seamen, and their general disregard to these small observances of thanks, may easily imagine the surprise this act occasioned.

The captains landed, and Adams, having ascertained that they were unarmed and alone, descended towards the beach and met them. On his arm was his wife, now old and blind. The uniforms alarmed him—for he could not shake from his mind the bitter remembrance of past days. His fears were stilled by Sir Thomas Staines, whose humanity overcame the strict rule of naval discipline.

To have torn Adams away would have been to have entailed certain ruin on the rest of the inhabitants; and when the sailor, comforted, perhaps, by the assurance that he would not be taken, offered to go to England, a scene which might teach more civilized people what is gratitude, occurred. All crowded round him, unmindful even of the respect which dress inspires; they clung to his knees, and conjured him by the many long hours they had passed—by his promises on a former occasion—by his word—not to leave them. They called him father—friend—instructor—and they added tears of sorrow to their words of supplication.

Adams, who it is believed volunteered to go much against his intention of so doing, allowed himself to be overcome by the solicitation of his old companions. A shout of joy now arose as he mentioned again his determination not to leave them, and prayers of thanksgiving were offered up by all in the presence of the two captains.

It was impossible for officers so conversant in the world and its ways not to be startled at beholding this community; nor were they slow to admit that in all their voyages through life they had never before witnessed how much good may survive accumulated evil, and how possible it is to turn away from the sins which have been committed, and do that which is lawful and right. It was, indeed, a strange event to stand amongst a community where an untruth was never told; where even the embellishment of an anecdote was considered a crime; where all the rising generation were virtuous and honorable; and where so much friendship existed, that all the former love of the sunny island which had given birth to the older, and all the curiosity which must have excited the younger branches, gave

way before the love, respect, and duty they owed their great benefactor and teacher, JACK ADAMS.

Again had Adams to behold the canvass spread, and swelling in the breeze—again he heard the merry tune as the seamen worked the capstan—again he saw, perhaps, the last link which had bound him to England struck from the chain.

The last signal at parting—the wave of the hat—the flutter of that ensign and pendant from which he had estranged himself—caused emotions of regret not easily mastered. But Adams's religion came to his aid. He had pledged his word not to leave the island, and he faithfully kept it. But within his breast there still remained the tie which bound him to his native land. His inquiries concerning his former benefactor had all been fruitless; and not one of the men with whom he conversed could tell of the fate of Sam Sampson. He lived in the hope that one day would restore him to all he held dear; and not unfrequently he thanked God in all humbleness of heart, that his former commander had been, as it were, by a miracle restored to his family; that so far no blood was on his head, saving that he had shed to maintain his own life.

The execution of his former shipmates was a blow from which he never recovered. He considered himself as partially the cause of the mutiny in the first instance; and some of these unfortunate men who paid the penalty the martial law affixes to such a breach of the articles of war, had been seduced from their duty by Adams himself.

He now saw around him a thriving colony; and he enacted legislator so far as to prohibit marriages until the man was twenty and the woman eighteen. He then gave his consent, and was the priest who united the lovers. There was but one ring on the island, and that ring had united every pair who had entered the marriage state since the death of Young.

So far all prospered. No discontent was ever manifested. Years again rolled away, and Adams had reached his sixtieth year, when another ship hove in sight. It was an American, and one of her crew, John Buffet, became so infatuated with the behavior of the islanders, that he settled amongst them, was made clergyman of the island, and soon became its oracle.

In 1825, the island was again visited by an English ship of war. The Blossom, under the command of Captain Becnay,

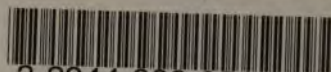
appeared off the island on the 4th of December. Adams was then sixty-five years of age and in perfect health. He still retained his authority, although John Buffet was considered as the best point of reference in all disputes. This scientific explorer, Captain Beechy, had many opportunities of examining not only the island, but likewise the manners and customs of the inhabitants; and in his voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Straits, he has entered fully into the subject. He found Adams and his subjects not fallen away from their religion, but rather clinging to it with greater zeal; he found them happy and contented, appearing to live together in perfect harmony and friendship—being virtuous, religious, cheerful, hospitable, patterns of conjugal and parental affection; prone to good—averse to evil.

Adams never attempted to palliate his great crime; and in all his discussions to his people he unhesitatingly confessed that his life was forfeited to the laws of his country, and that any day he might with just cause be called upon to suffer its extremities.

"Speak for it, my lad," said Adams, "I know to Adams. I have learnt, that to the really

days of youth; but even in those the brightest and the best, I never felt the calm contentedness I experience now. In penitence and prayer I hope I have atoned for my hours of levity or idleness; and I look forward to the day of my death without any fear of its approach. Look around me: from murderers and mutineers have sprung up a people who hold the Christian law in veneration—who never rise without thanksgiving—who never lay their heads upon a pillow without a prayer. I see my poor wife withering in age. I know all she has suffered for my sake—and when I, in all gratitude, thank her for her self-devotion, she owns herself under greater obligation to me, for having been taught her duty to her Lord.

"But the signal is up for your boat. Good bye! good bye! This is the last painful farewell I shall ever take of my countrymen! go to your ship with this advice from one well entitled to give it—for experience is the best preceptor. Do your duty cheerfully—to your God, your king, and your captain;—and remember the words of Jack Adams the Mutineer:—No man sleeps soundly whose conscience is seared by crime—no man knows the value of sincere repentance, but he who reads attentively this holy book,—from which I have learnt, that to the really precious the hand of salvation is given when he prays for is



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